July 22, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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1972 Pinto Wagon, shown at top with Squire option, optional whitewall tires, and luggage rack; shown at bottom, with optional whitewall tires and Base Accent Group.

The Pinto Wagon. For people who'd like an economy car if it carried more. Or a wagon if it cost less.

It's a solid Ford Pinto.

Under the hood, you'll find a tough little 2000cc overhead cam engine as standard equipment.

The body is welded solid. Then electrocoated against corrosion. Then painted five more times.

There's rack and pinion steering like on some expensive sports cars.

In normal use, recommended maintenance is only every six thousand miles or every six months.

So if it's economy you're after, you'll find plenty in this new Pinto.

It's a convenient Ford Wagon.

You can get it as a basic wagon (below), or with the Squire option (above).

It's only 10 inches or so longer than our Pinto Sedan: easy to handle and park. But put the rear seat down and you get over 60 cubic feet of cargo space. VW Squareback and Vega Kammback both give you about 50 cubic feet.

The lift gate swings up out of the way. The spare tire has its own well under the floor. The rear seat passenger windows flip open for ventilation.

In short, the Pinto Wagon gives you the kind of convenience and usefulness you'd expect from any Ford Wagon. Only it gives it to you in a basic little Pinto size.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION Ford

BERMUDA

...an open letter to those who love it.

In the past 40 years only two major hotels have been constructed on the island of Bermuda. Unlike many resort areas which have become popular, the traditions, environment and ecology of Bermuda have been protected by Bermudians who love their island and, to the best of their ability, have prevented the indiscriminate exploitation of its natural beauty.

For example, the automobile. Debates over its introduction to the island raged for years. When small cars finally were permitted, their number was rigidly regulated. They were leashed to 20 mph and few concessions were made to accommodate them. The winding, scenic roads were left to their beauty.

When the construction of a new hotel is approved, building restrictions are formidable and planning progresses under constant supervision of the Bermuda government. The needs of the people as well as the orderly growth of the island are carefully considered.

So it was with the new Southampton Princess Hotel, Golf and Beach Club which opens August 17 of this year.

Every effort was made to design the hotel to complement the natural terrain, a magnificent setting near Gibbs Hill Lighthouse on the famous South Shore which affords every room sweeping ocean views. Natural coral rock formations at the beach and the island's own foliage have been retained in their original state, with construction adapting to them rather than replacing them.

The site extends across the entire island. It begins at the Beach Club on the Atlantic, stretches across the rolling fairways of its own 18 hole golf course, and meets the sea again at historic Waterlot Inn. It is a self-contained resort world which will not bring congestion to the picturesque roads of Bermuda with additional motor bike and taxi traffic.

Within the property it is possible to go leisurely on an internal tram system from the hotel to the golf club, tennis courts and beach on one side; to Waterlot Inn and the private dock on the opposite side of the island. Fishing boats and cruisers stop at the dock and Bermuda's water sports as well are enjoyed here. The hotel also has indoor and outdoor pools, men's and women's health clubs and saunas and its own water distillation plant.

The Port Royal Golf Course is just 10 minutes away, along the South Shore Road; Riddell's Bay Golf Course the same distance across the island. Guests who want to explore the island's many sightseeing attractions are only 20 minutes from Hamilton and its lovely shops. Here too is the sister resort of the Southampton Princess – the popular and fashionable Princess Hotel, which overlooks the harbour and where guests of the Southampton Princess enjoy full exchange privileges.

So Bermuda has a new hotel, but it is a new hotel that we believe Bermudians themselves will enjoy and one that those who have loved Bermuda over many years will appreciate for all that it contains and all that it adds to the beautiful island.

For information or reservations, consult your travel agent or Princess Hotels International, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019, Phone (212) 489-1700. Offices also in San Francisco (415) 392-3933, and Toronto (416) 863-1087. There are Princess Hotels in the Bahamas – the Xanadu Princess and International Hotel; in Mexico – the Acapulco Princess Hotel & Club de Golf; in San Francisco – the Sir Francis Drake.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Corner—A trio of effective one-acters by black dramatists, and very well performed by a black company. The title play is by Ed Bullins, the two others by comparative newcomers, Clay Goss and Oyamo. Each of them is set on the street of some urban slum, but there is great contrast of mood and style. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—A surprisingly conventional comedy, with occasional songs, by the unconventional Melvin Van Peebles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Few musical comedies can stand being revived; this one turns out to be even better than the original. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden and lots of pretty girls. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Joan—St. Joan is a militant revolutionary who spends most of Act I in the East Village and most of Act II in the Women's House of Detention. The show, which falls somewhere between an opera and a musical, was written—words and score—by the gifted Reverend Al Carmines. Lee Guilliatt is impressive in the title role. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Present Tense—A bill of four plays by Frank D. Gilroy, with Lois Smith and Biff McGuire. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Art Carney and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sugar—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was bor-

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rowed, but Robert Morse is worth watching, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—Four loosely linked playlets about married life. Sada Thompson plays four women, to surprisingly witty effect, and is surrounded by an exceptionally good cast. The author is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH:** A great shout by Melvin Van Peebles, mingling social protest with the usual difficulties of people falling in and out of love. A musical with an all-black, all-wonderful cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,086 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, July 19: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 20: "Petrouchka," "The Moor's Pavane," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Some Times." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 21: "Petrouchka," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Grand Pas Classique," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 22: "Variations for Four" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 22: "Paquita" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, July 23: "Petrouchka," "Some Times," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, July 23: "Pulcinella Variations," "Pillar of Fire," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 25: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 26: "Les Sylphides," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 27: "Romeo and Juliet," "A Soldier's Tale," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 28: "Les Noces," "Intermezzo," "Dark Elegies," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 29: "Les Sylphides," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 29: "The River," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Fancy Free." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

Ukrainian Dance Company—A company of a hundred and twenty-five in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, July 25, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 6. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Soul at the Center—A two-week series of programs of black theatre, dance, poetry, and music that will run through Saturday, Aug. 5—Sunday, July 23, at 9: Barbara Ann Teer and the National Black Theatre, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society, and Nina Simone and her quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424.) . . . ¶ Monday, July 24, at 8: Dance soloist Diana Ramos, the George Faison Universal Dance Experience, and Bobby Womack. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25, at 8: Nikki Giovanni and the New York Community Choir. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 8: Marion Williams and Sister Rosetta Tharpe. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8: New Birth, Nite-liters, and Love, Peace & Happiness. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 8: Poets China Clark, Jayne Cortez, Mae Jackson, Kain, Felipe Luciano, Carolyn Rodgers, Askia Muhammed Toure, and Camille Yarbrough with music by Umoja. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8: Nick Ashford & Valerie Simpson, and Eddie Palmieri & Harlem River Drive. (Alice Tully Hall.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Taj Mahal, a city boy who sings country blues, will be onstage through Monday, July 24. Linda Ronstadt, tambourinist and full-throated singer, will come in from the country on Wednesday, July 26. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Thursday through Sunday, July 20-23, the Harold Mabern trio will entertain. Wednesday, July 19, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 25-26, pianist Renée Arden will be playing and singing. Pianist Ray Bryant brings in a trio on Thursday, July 27. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mike Abene, a spirited young pianist, will work with a bassist through Saturday, July 22. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Sundays through Tuesdays, from nine to two, Jaki Byard is at the piano. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four, Monte Alexander is at it.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Marian McPartland, for whose seemingly innate technique the piano might have been invented, is doing jazz a service six nights a week from eight until one. Her bassist is Rick Petrone. On Sundays, Dick Hyman, an intelligently facile pianist, takes over. Dinner in casual surroundings.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Trust Me and Southern Conspiracy will be on the stand through Sunday, July 23. Monday and Tuesday, July 24-25, an assortment of contemporary talent will perform. Guitarist Larry Coryell arrives with a quintet on Wednesday, July 26, together with singer Marc Jonson.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, surroundings, and circumstance has turned this new little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, another duo takes over. Music from about nine-thirty. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter, who are again demonstrating that they can do no wrong, will remain through Saturday, July 22. Starting Tuesday, July 25, Sam Brown and Bill Salter will be on guitar and bass, alternating with a skilled classical guitarist named Bill Matthews. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the sheltering warehouses. Through Sunday, July 23, cornettist Ruby Braff will lead his sweetly swinging quartet. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jazz City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—Ordinarily known as Folk City but temporarily renamed, this casual place has a long bar and, in the back room, varied entertainment. The Pat Martino quartet and the Eric Kloss quartet will appear through Saturday, July 22. Pianist Steve Kuhn and guitarist Neal Creque will each bring in a quintet on Tuesday, July 25. Music from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Elephant's Memory, fresh from cutting an album with the Lennons, will be here through Sunday, July 23. Fanny, which is fired by June Millington's strong rock singing and lead-guitar work, will turn up on Wednesday, July 26. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, there is a showcase for new talent, after which patrons may dance to recordings until two. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—

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More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Mondays, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Jerry Scott is at the piano. Music from nine. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Pianist McCoy Tyner will conduct his forward-looking sextet through Sunday, July 23. Freddie Hubbard, a trumpeter to be reckoned with, will come in with a high-energy group on Tuesday, July 25. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Billy Taylor, a first-rate pianist and all-around jazzman, will be in charge of his trio here through Sunday, July 23. Junior Mance, another remarkably good pianist, brings in a threesome on Tuesday, July 25. From nine—and between sets—Bill Rubenstein produces some neat pianistics of his own. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pharoah Sanders, an avant-garde musician who plays soprano and tenor saxes and several other instruments, will be here with his sextet through Sunday, July 23. Singer Jon Hendricks (once of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross) will move in with a combo on Tuesday, July 25. Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band shows that the Big Band Era is not so dead as once was thought. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson play Mondays through Wednesdays. Nina Sheldon and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from seven to eleven. On Sunday, July 23, clarinettist Kenny Davern will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side, but the live entertainment often has a Caesar's Palace quality. Three times a night, the Jesters do pop songs. Between sets, people move to records. Dancing begins at five. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Almost everything is on another level here, but that seems to be the point of the whole thing. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. A fairly full menu. Dancing to tapes from 11 A.M. until 3 A.M.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. On Thursdays and Fridays, Will Jordan fills in for Mr. D. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The summertime fare here is a potpourri of young singers and comedians, who supply continuous entertainment from nine-thirty to closing. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing nightly in the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex. Ten to one are the hours. Drinks and snacks.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—"Curley McDimple," the 1967 Off Broadway parody of the Shirley Temple musicals of the nineteen-thirties, is enjoying a second career. At eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays; at five and eight Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

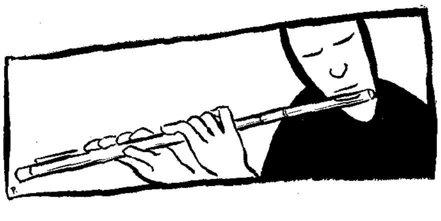
Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—One-big-happy-family is the attitude of the everlasting Chavales de España (all for one, one for all, and free-for-all, too, when it comes to singing and prancing). Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco room,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne spends Sundays and Mondays in the **café** with a trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **green tulip,** singer-guitarist Robert Miano disports himself from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. Every night but Sundays, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is on hand from five to seven and eight to midnight Wednesdays through Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In this almost topless tower of Ilium, there is music by Lionel Hampton's bursting-with-energy band during dinner and supper. Dance music, by other hands, begins at eight. Closed Sundays.



St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **roof** is currently housing the Count Basie band. In addition to their dinner and supper shows, the Basies are playing for dancing, spelled by Anthony Terini's quartet, from seven-thirty to one. On Thursday, July 27, the Buddy Rich orchestra will become the showpiece. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Hazel Scott, pianist and songster, is heading a trio in the **penthouse,** from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays. No dining.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

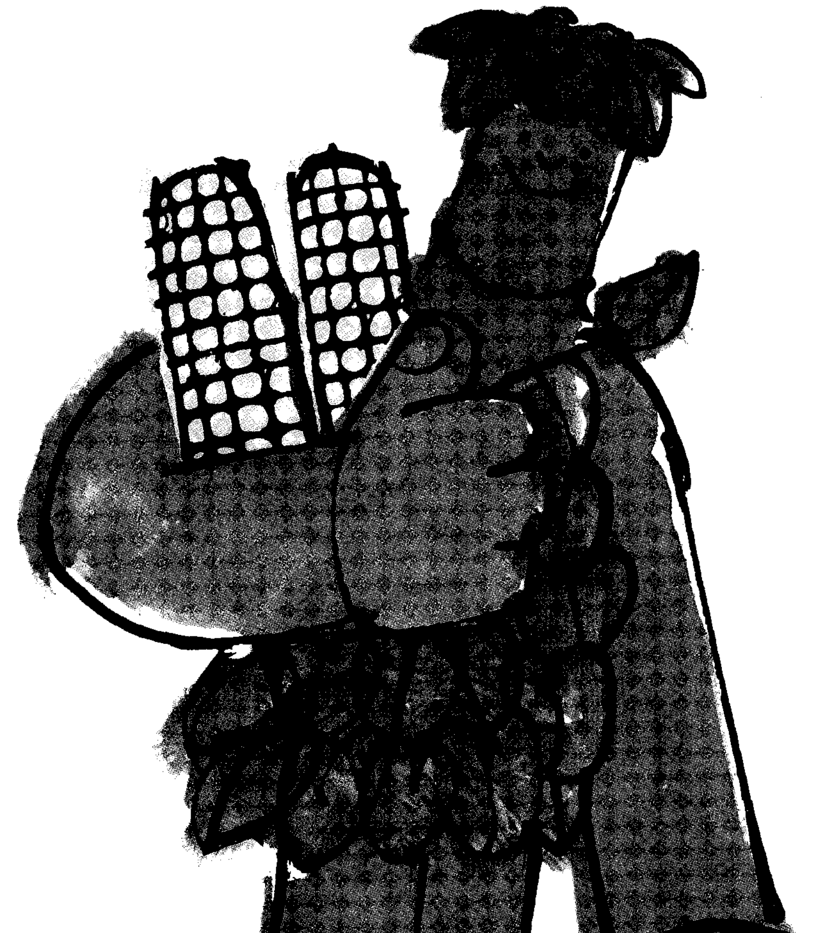
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two each night but Sunday. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant,* what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Gloria Hearn plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque,* and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings, or talks-sings, during dinner and supper, in a manner distinctly not women's lib. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closes for the summer after Saturday, July 22.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by Norbert Faconi and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. On Tuesday, July 25, George Cardini will once again become the violinist. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Clem Artist. Her hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all, and until fairly late at night. Well, when in Rome . . . Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from



Two on the curb? Right this way.

Another season, another corn crop. And another chance for you to visit Le Sueur, Minnesota, for the annual production of "Corn-on-the-Curb Days."

The Jolly Green Giant Impresario promises this year's version will again feature plenty of fresh-roasted ears of Niblets corn for you to eat along the main street of town ("The Great Green Way," as it's sometimes called). And for those who thrill to the roar of the crowd, he's scheduled a highly spirited corn-eating contest.

All in all, it's one of the biggest moments in the Giant's life and he'd be tickled green if you could attend. Curtain goes up August 15.

If you can't come, write to the Green Giant at Box 761, Le Sueur, Minnesota 56058, and he'll send you an official Corn-on-the-Curb Days "Reserved" sign for your own curb.

So even if you can't be in Le Sueur for the original cast production, at least you can stage your own road show.

Green Giant
Good things from the garden

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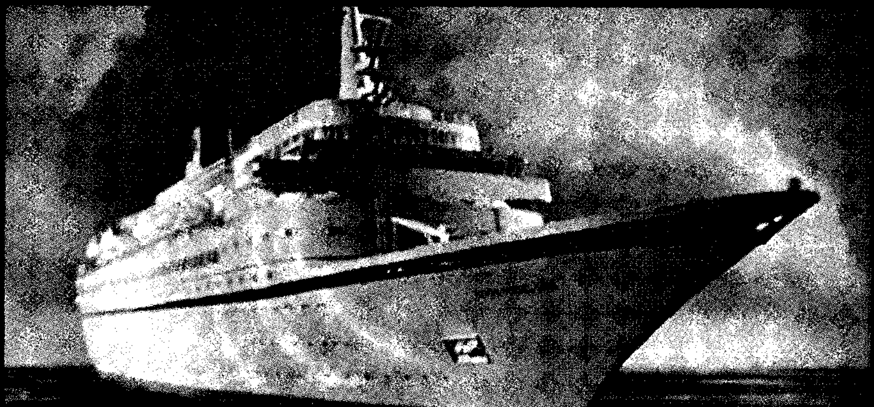
January 2, 1973

THE VIKINGS FINALLY DISCOVER THE PACIFIC.



In *839 A.D.*, they came to Russia. In 862 A.D., the Mediterranean. In 1003 A.D., North America.

And in 1973 A.D., Vikings are coming to the Pacific. At long last.

They're 20th Century Vikings. Sailing a 20th Century Viking ship: the all new, all first class *Royal Viking Star.*

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To roam the most spacious of seas aboard their most spacious ship. And to experience that unique camaraderie that only shipmates know.

Your shipmates? Nordic seamen. Continental waiters, chefs, stewards and stewardesses. And some 500 adventurers like yourself, set sail on a voyage of discovery. To find, perhaps, their own Bali Hai.

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San Francisco, California 94111

☐ Please send me your full color brochure so I can start discovering the Vikings' Pacific now. I'd also like some Viking help in discovering ☐ Mexico and the Caribbean (and the Panama Canal in between) ☐ the Mediterranean.

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January 2: our maiden *46-day South Seas Cruise* sails from Los Angeles, (January 4 from San Francisco) for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Niuafo'ou, Fiji, the Great Barrier Reef, Sydney, Auckland, Nuku 'Alofa, Bora Bora, Papeete, Moorea, home.

February 18: our maiden *66-day Circle Pacific Cruise* sails from Los Angeles (February 21 from San Francisco) for all of the above plus Port Moresby, Bali, Singapore, Hong Kong, Keelung, Kobe, Yokohama, home. Many sea/air combinations with Pan Am are available. For information phone your travel agent or us 800-227-4246. (California: 415-398-8000 collect.)

If you've already discovered the Pacific, enough said. If you haven't—don't wait as long as the Vikings.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from five-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): Mondays through Thursdays, a brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOE ATTEBERRY / STEVE CONNELL—Mixed-medium assemblages. / Constructions of glass and Plexiglas, some with Neon. Both artists are from the West. (Fairtree, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays. Through Aug. 8.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Sept. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

WILLIAM TROST RICHARDS (1833-1905)—Thirty paintings of East Coast landscapes, plus pencil sketches done in Europe; through Friday, July 28. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH WOLINS / SEYMOUR FRANKS—Cubist-derived figurative subjects. / Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through Aug. 26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through Saturday, July 29. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St. . . . **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . **LERNER-MISRACHI**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed mornings. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St. . . . **WALLY F. GALLERIES**, 17 E. 57th St. . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1888-1968), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Watercolors, prints, and drawings by Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent, assembled from the collections of the Museum and the Metropolitan; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and wall-hangings by eight contemporary North American Indian artists; through July 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, the majority from 1750 to 1850; through Friday, July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show designed to survey the work being created in the craft field today, offering a multitude of both functional and non-functional objects in diverse mediums; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—About two hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from Italian Renaissance masters to contemporary American artists, borrowed from private collections; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Works done since the war by twenty-nine artists associated with Chicago and—according to the organizer of the exhibit—having qualities in common. Reviewed in this magazine on July 15. Through Aug. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Caricatures, portraits, prints, and memorabilia from nineteenth-century Presidential campaigns. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S "MASS"—A theatre piece with texts from the Latin liturgy of the Roman Catholic Mass, plus other texts in English by Mr. Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz. Maurice Peress conducts a symphony orchestra, and Gordon Davidson directs a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including Alan Titus (or David Cryer) as Celebrant, the Norman Scribner Choir, the Berkshire Boy Choir, and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Metropolitan Opera House, 787-3880. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 22.)

BACH'S "ST. MATTHEW PASSION"—Robert Shaw directing a chorus (including members of the Westminster Choir) and an orchestra, with soloists. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Friday, July 21, at 7:30. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

MOSTLY MOZART AND BACH FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 19—Monday, July 24, and Wednesday, July 26: Brian Priestman conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with John Browning, piano, and Benita Valente, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25: The New York Chamber Soloists, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: A piano recital by Peter Serkin, assisted by a woodwind quartet from the Marlboro Festival. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 28-29: Peter Eros conducting the orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Annie and Ida Kavafian, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

OSMOND BROTHERS—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, July 23, at 7:30.

ROLLING STONES AND STEVIE WONDER—Madison Square Garden. Monday, July 24, at 8; Tuesday, July 25, at 2:30 and 8; and Wednesday, July 26, at 8.

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 21, at 7: An all-Chopin piano recital by Earl Wild. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 9: Bruno Maderna conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Wild. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Brahms program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Karel Ancerl conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 7: A recital by the Boston Symphony String Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: James Levine conducting, with Mr. Silverstein. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20. For information

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Saturday, July 22, at 6: Paul Butterfield and Doc Watson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 6: Preservation Hall Jazz Band, with Randy Newman. (Lenox, Mass. For tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday, July 19, at 8:30: "Pulcinella," "Dumbarton Oaks," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 8:30: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Bugaku.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Watermill," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2.". . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Arlo Guthrie on Sunday, July 23, at 8:30.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25, at 8:30: "Violin Concerto," "Orpheus," "Scherzo Fantastique," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 8:30: "The Song of the Nightingale," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Requiem Canticles," and "Symphony of Psalms.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 8:30: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Bugaku.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: "Who Cares?," "Chopiniana," "Pas de Deux," and "The Concert." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 22: The First Chamber Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 25-29: The Minnesota Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Saturday, July 22, at 8, and Sunday, July 23, at 2: The Murray Louis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 28-29, at 8, and Sunday, July 30, at 2: The repertory company in a program consisting of "Emperor Jones," "With My Red Fires," and a new unnamed work by Rudy Perez. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 2: The Rudy Perez Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At **watkins glen**: Saturday, July 22, at noon, and Sunday, July 23, at 2:30. . . . **pocono international raceway**, Mt. Pocono, Pa.: Saturday, July 29, at 1:30.

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, July 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Thursday, July 20, at 7:30; Friday, July 21, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 22, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Mickey Mantle, Joe DiMaggio, Whitey Ford, Early Wynn, Carl Erskine, and other major league players of past years, will start at 1:15); and Sunday, July 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, July 27, at 7:30; Friday, July 28, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 29, at 2. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Montreal, Saturday, July 29, at 7:05.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Through Thursday, July 20.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Deepdale Golf Club, Manhasset. Thursday through Sunday, July 27-30.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 19; the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 22; and the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 29. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. The Margate Handicap, Saturday, July 22, and the Atlantic City Handicap, Saturday, July 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, July 22. . . . **yonkers raceway**: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, July 24, through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Friday and Saturday, July 21-22.)

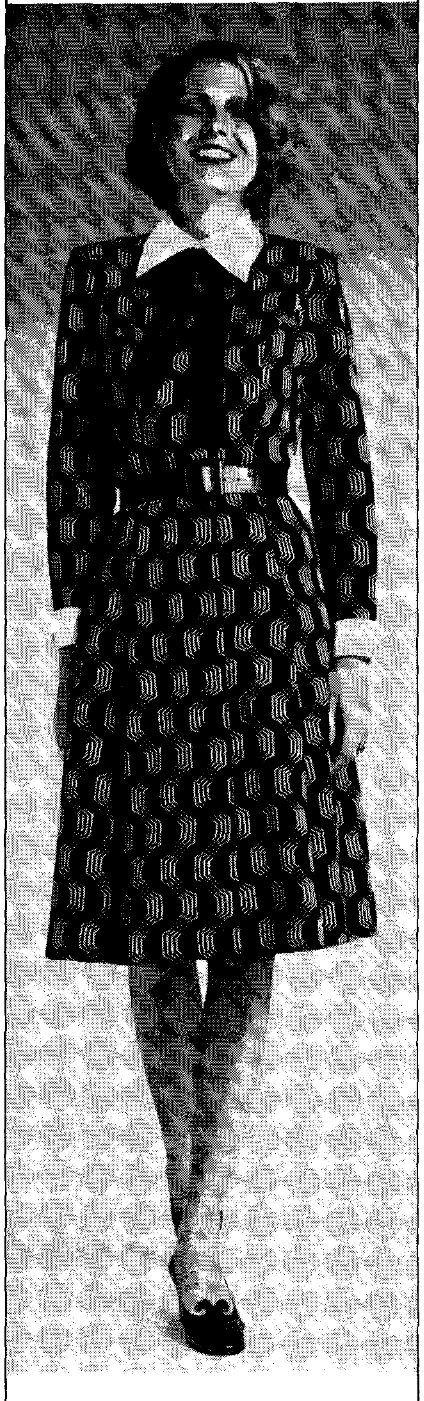
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—James Merrill reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Wednesday, July 19, at 8. Tickets at the door of the auditorium on the night of the readings.)

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 19 at 2: "Cobra" (1925), directed by Joseph Henabery, with Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi. . . . ¶ July 19 at 5:30: "Manslaughter" (1922), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969), directed by Sergio Leone, with Henry Fonda and Claudia Cardinale. . . . ¶ July 20 at 5:30: "The Squaw Man" (1914), directed by Cecil B. De Mille. . . . ¶ July 20 at 8: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961), directed by, and with, Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "Beau Geste" (1926), directed by Herbert Brenon, with Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ July 21 at 5:30 and July 22 at noon: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ July 22 at 3: "The Squaw Man" (1914). . . . ¶ July 22 at 5:30: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. . . . ¶ July 23 at 12:30 and 3: "My Side of the Mountain" (1969), directed by James Clark, with Ted Eccles and Theodore Bikel. . . . ¶ July 23 at 5:30: "The Vanishing American" (1925), directed by George Seitz, with Richard Dix. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2: "Medium Cool" (1969), directed by Haskell Wexler, with Robert Forster. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5:30: "Red Garters" (1954), directed by George Marshall, with Rosemary Clooney and Jack Carson. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2: "Wings" (1927), directed by William Wellman, with Clara Bow. . . . ¶ July 25 at 5:30: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2: "The Last Command" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ July 26 at 5:30: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969), directed by Richard Attenborough. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2: "Targets" (1968), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ July 27 at 5:30: "Medium Cool" (1969). . . . ¶ July 27 at 8: "The Wedding March" (1927), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with von Stroheim and Fay Wray. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **new york cultural center**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through July 20: "The Big Broadcast" (1932), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Bing Crosby and George Burns. . . . ¶ July 21-22: "Hollywood Hotel" (1938), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert. . . . ¶ July 23 and 26: "Blues in the Night" (1941), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Priscilla Lane and Richard Whorf. . . . ¶ Starting July 27: "The



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Jolson Story" (1946), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, Cocteau, Cornell, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except July 21 and 22) at 10. No Mondays.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of TI-JEAN AND HIS BROTHERS, by Derek Walcott. The second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Thursday, July 20, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 6. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Pierre Boulez (with Misha Dichter, piano) will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW, Tuesday, July 25, at 8:30. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Wednesday, July 26, at 8:30. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, July 27, at 8:30. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx, Saturday, July 29, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays—except Thursday, July 27—and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 13. George S. Howard will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 23.)

Central Park Mall—Monday, July 24, at 7 (rain date, July 26): Gershon Kingsley and the First Moog Quartet, with a vocalist and a trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8: Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in a single Guggenheim Memorial Concert on the Mall. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9 (rain date, July 29, at noon): Francisco Aybar, piano.

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 19, at 7: Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '77 and Tiny Alice. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 7: The Four Seasons and Jay & the Americans. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 7: Lighthouse and Five Dollar Shoes. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 7 and 9:30: Arlo Guthrie and Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 28-29, at 7: J. Geils Band. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Bryant Park: Wednesday, July 19, at 12:15: Howie Mann. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 12:15: Max Kaminsky. . . . ¶ Monday, July 24, at 12:15: Joe Riccardo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 12:15: Ray Copeland.

Carl Schurz Park—Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: A jazz concert by the Lee Shaw trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8:30: Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Movies in the Park—A program of regular and experimental films are being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Wednesdays through Sundays, through Aug. 27. For program news, and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—Gold Cup, Ginger, King's Ransom, White Knight—not the lineup of a horse race, but only a few of the hundred and forty-three varieties in the new rose garden, complete with two fountains and curving gravel walks. (Daily, 10 to 5.)

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

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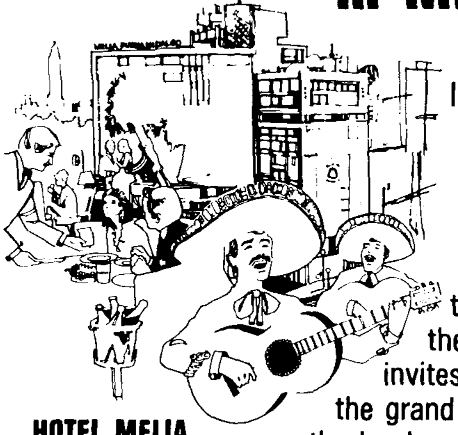

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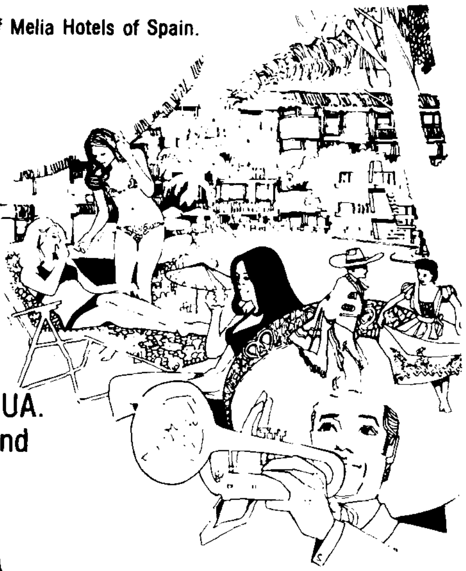

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 20: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From July 21: "Frenzy."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 22: "International House" and "The Big Broadcast of 1938."
July 23-25: "Listen, Darling" and "For Me and My Gal."
From July 26: "Applause" and "The Night They Raided Minsky's."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through July 25: "El Topo" and "8½."
From July 26: "King of Hearts," "Elvira Madigan," and "A Thousand Clowns."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The War Between Men and Women."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Frenzy."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 23: "Cabaret."
From July 24: "Play It Again, Sam."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Joe Kidd."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Other."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 23: "Gimme Shelter."
From July 24: "Parades."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 20: "Savages."
From July 21: "F.T.A."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Graduate."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ben."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Shaft's Big Score!"

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Man."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through July 23: "Play It Again, Sam."
From July 24: "Marjoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 24: "Living Free."
From July 25: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 24: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
July 25: A one-day program of eight John Huston films, starting at 10:30 A.M. Free admission.
From July 26: "Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Portnoy's Complaint."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Public Eye."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Come Back Charleston Blue."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Godson."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 25: "Pinocchio" and "Napoleon and Samantha."
From July 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Joe Kidd."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 25: "Cabaret."
From July 26: "Slaughterhouse-Five."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Prime Cut."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Fuzz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Ben."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Shaft's Big Score!"

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 20: "Skyjacked" and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From July 21: "Savages."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 25: "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg" and "The Go-Between."
From July 26: "Slaughterhouse-Five."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 20: "Tokyo Story."
From July 21: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"What's Up, Doc?"

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 19: "The Red Shoes" and "Queen of Spades."
July 20-22: "Rules of the Game" and "Grand Illusion."
July 23-24: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Orpheus."
July 25-26: "The Golem" and "La Ronde."
From July 27: "Jules and Jim" and "Black Orpheus."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 25: "Stand Up and Be Counted" and "J. W. Coop."
From July 26: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"What's Up, Doc?"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Public Eye."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The War Between Men and Women."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 25: "The Groundstar Conspiracy."
From July 26: "Klute" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 25: "Cabaret."
From July 26: "Slaughterhouse-Five."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Jamilya."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"What's Up, Doc?"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 20: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and Part IV of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."
From July 21: "Late Spring" and Part V of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 25: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Joe."
From July 26: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 19: "Ikiru" and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."
July 20: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Hour of the Wolf."
July 21: "The Organizer" and "I Vitelloni."
July 22: "The Passion of Anna" and "Mississippi Mermaid."
July 23: "Midnight Cowboy" and "The Night They Raided Minsky's."
July 24: "The Damned" and "Night and Fog."
July 25: "That Man from Rio" and "The Love Game."
July 26: "How to Marry a Millionaire" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
July 27: "Don Quixote" and "And Quiet Flows the Don."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through July 25: "Cabaret."
From July 26: "Slaughterhouse-Five."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 20: "Take the Money and Run" and "Where's Poppa?"
From July 21: "Frenzy" and "Sometimes a Great Notion."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

And Quiet Flows the Don (1957)—A kaleidoscopic view of life in prerevolutionary Russia, featuring such hot-tempered characters as a man who lashes his rival with a whip and a brokenhearted girl who attempts to cut her throat with a scythe. Episodic melodrama, high on flaring nostrils. The director, Sergei Gerasimov, adapted Mikhail Sholokhov's novel. In Russian. (Thalia; July 27.)

Applause (1929)—Helen Morgan, Henry Wadsworth, and Dorothy Cummings in a revolutionary talkie about burlesque by Rouben Mamoulian. The talk is trite but the techniques aren't. Made in Paramount's New York studios. In this interesting picture, Mamoulian introduced the superimposition of sound tracks and the use of two cameras. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 26.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin; July 23-24.)

Ben—Another rat film, sequel to "Willard." A little boy gets terrifically attached to Ben, an unlovable rat. We are supposed to be moved by that and scared of the rats, but we're neither. Awful acting, awful trick photography. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Big Broadcast of 1938 (1938)—One of the best of the pleasantly anarchic Paramount vaudeville shows. This one features W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, and Bob Hope and Shirley Ross singing "Thanks for the Memory," and most of it takes place on an ocean liner. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 22.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Elgin; starting July 27.)

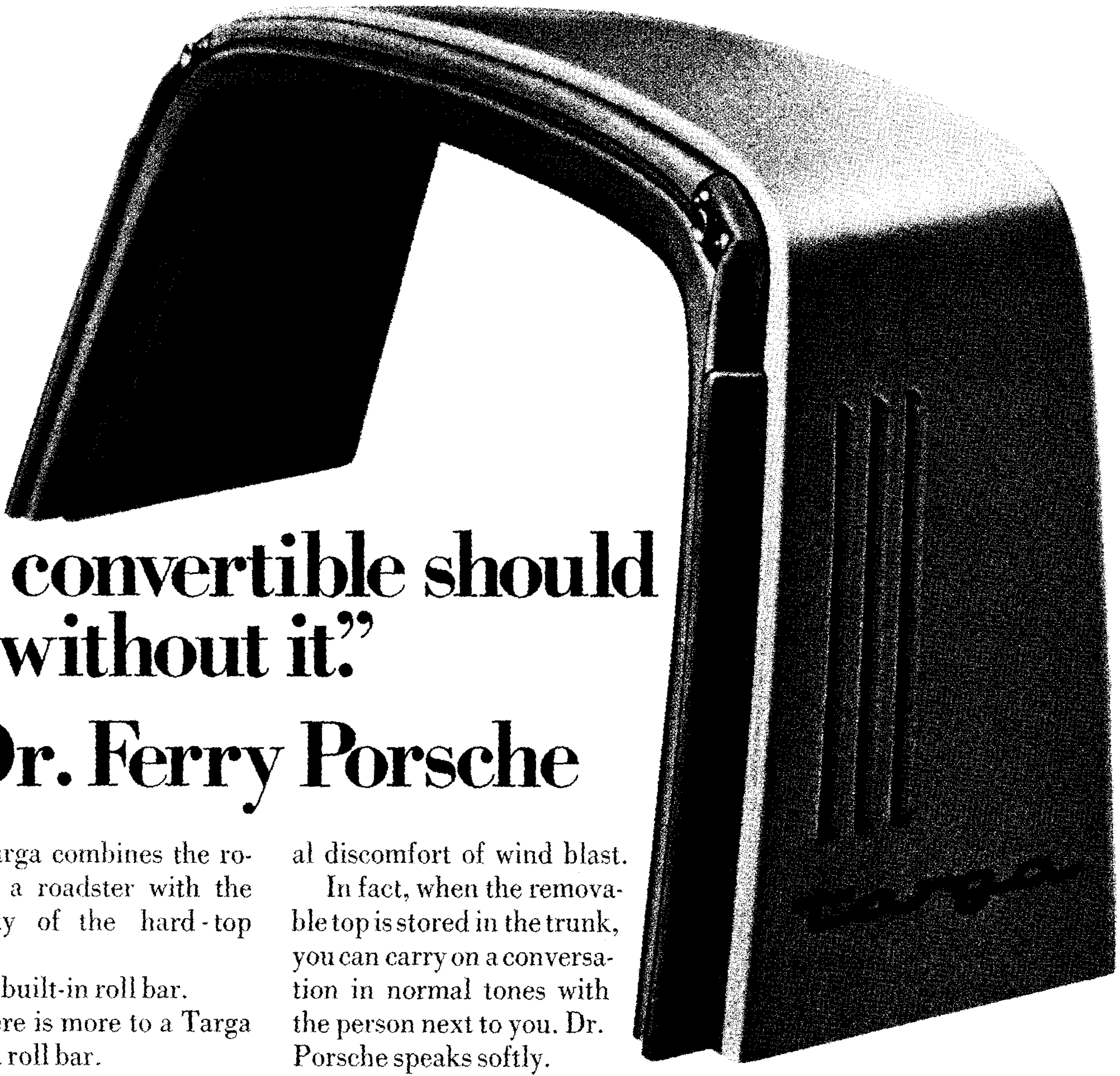
Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through July 23. . . . ¶ U. A. East, Cinema Studio, and Riviera; through July 25.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Kips Bay.)

Come Back Charleston Blue—Godfrey Cam-



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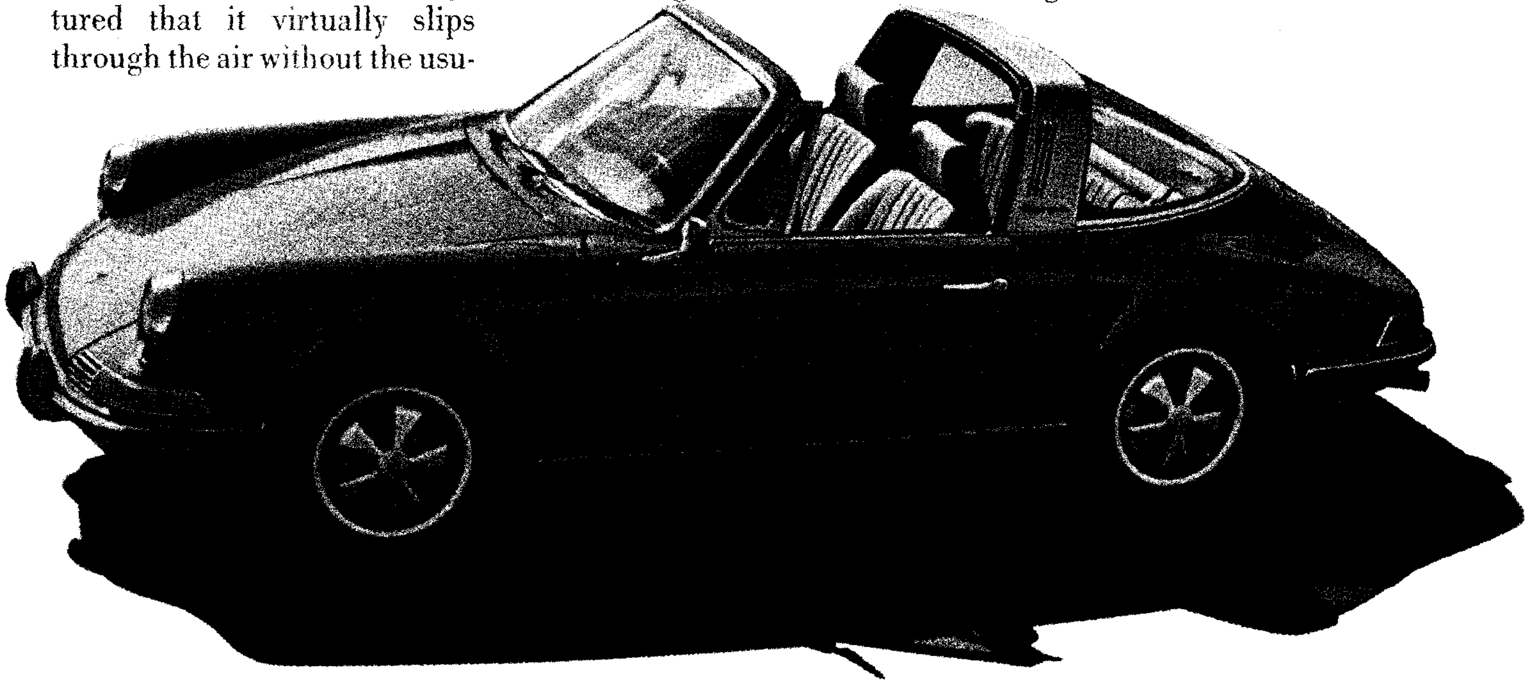

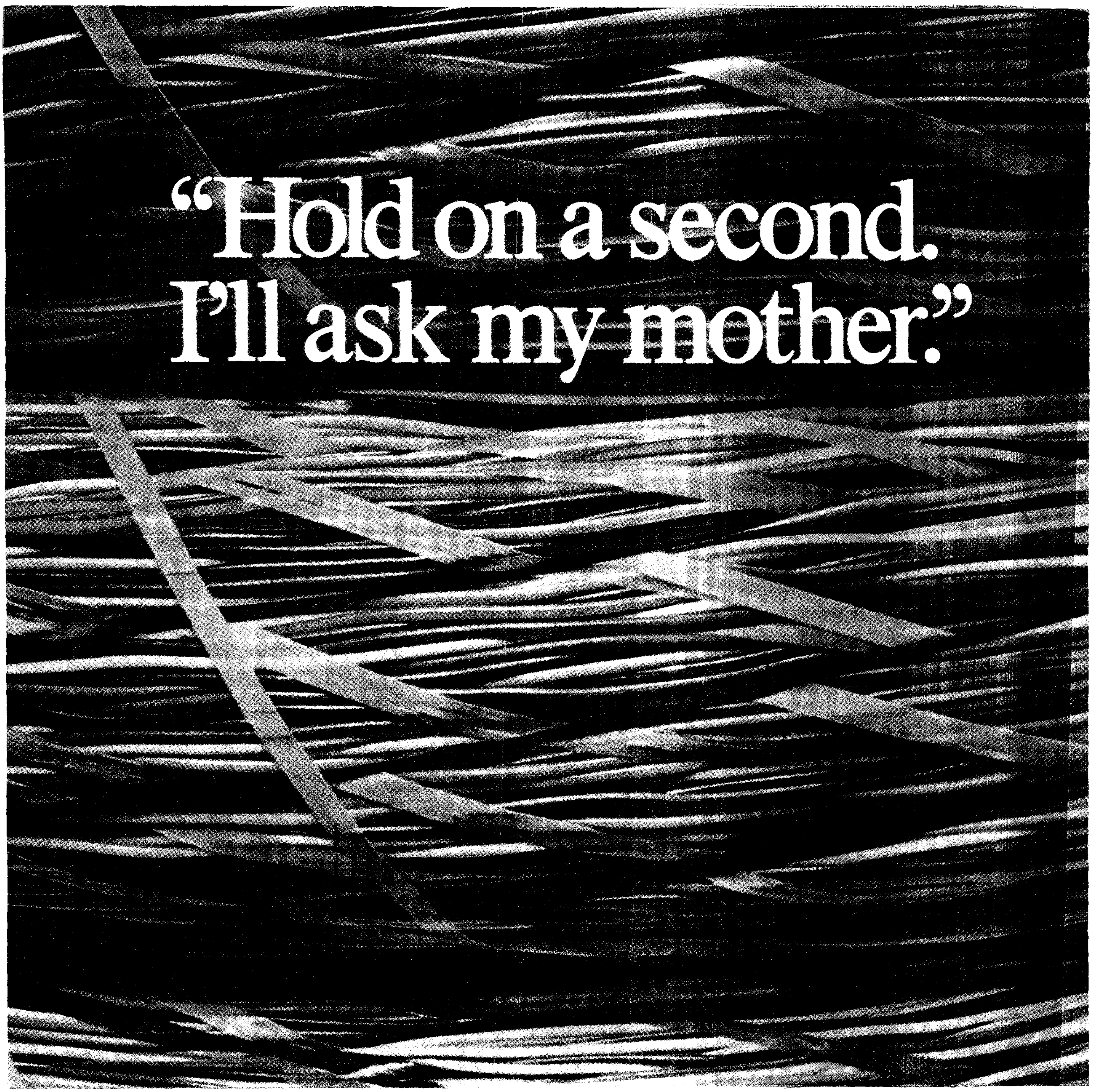

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detective Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Thalia; July 24.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—A death-daring farce from Peter Nichols' London stage play of the same name, about the parents of a spastic child of ten called Jo ("My grandmother used to say she was sitting about like Joe Egg when she had nothing to do," says the father—Alan Bates—who swings into a role full of brave vaudeville routines and backchat). Janet Suzman plays the mother, with great substance and beauty, but some things about the piece are essentially nonrealistic and theatrical, and they don't transpose to the naturalism of the screen. Directed by Peter Medak. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 25.)

Don Quixote (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Thalia; July 27.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 25.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 26.)

Fat City—With Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges, directed by John Huston. (Columbia II; starting July 26.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Oddly shrill musical by Busby Berkeley, pushing patriotism about the First World War. With Judy Garland and Gene Kelly, who are nearly scuppered by the awful script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23-25.)

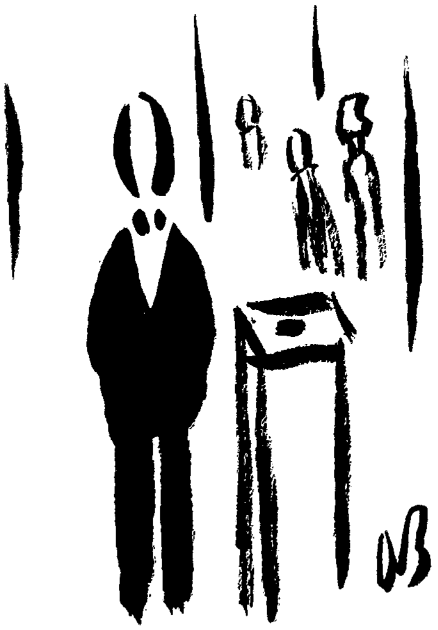
Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Murray Hill. . . .¶ Art and Olympia; starting July 21.)

F.T.A.—"F.T.A." stands for "Free the Army"—the Jane Fonda-Donald Sutherland-Francine Parker show. (Baronet; starting July 21.)

Fuzz—Don't fog your head with this. (86th St. East.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Waverly; through July 20.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Art; through July 20. . . .¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting July 21.)



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Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank Heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Thalia; July 26.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza; through July 23.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 25.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East and Loews Ciné.)

The Godson—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. A fascinating and important picture in French cinema, studying someone who listens constantly and seems to be responding to harmonics beyond most people's range. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. François Périer plays an unscrupulous detective. Photographed by Henri Decae. (Juliet 1.)

The Golem (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall, brought to life by a magically endowed rabbi who commands his creation to overcome the Austrian oppressors of the Jewish people. The monster runs amok to order; Harry Baur plays a king who tries to trammel him. In French. (Elgin; July 25-26.)

The Graduate (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; July 20-22.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

The Groundstar Conspiracy—Spy melodrama that opens with a big explosion set off by the theft of secret stuff from a space project in the Pacific Northwest. The thief loses his memory and, after extensive doctoring, still can't remember who hired him. The action is packed, as they say, and incredible. George Peppard plays a steel-faced security officer for the project. (Paramount; through July 25.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 20.)

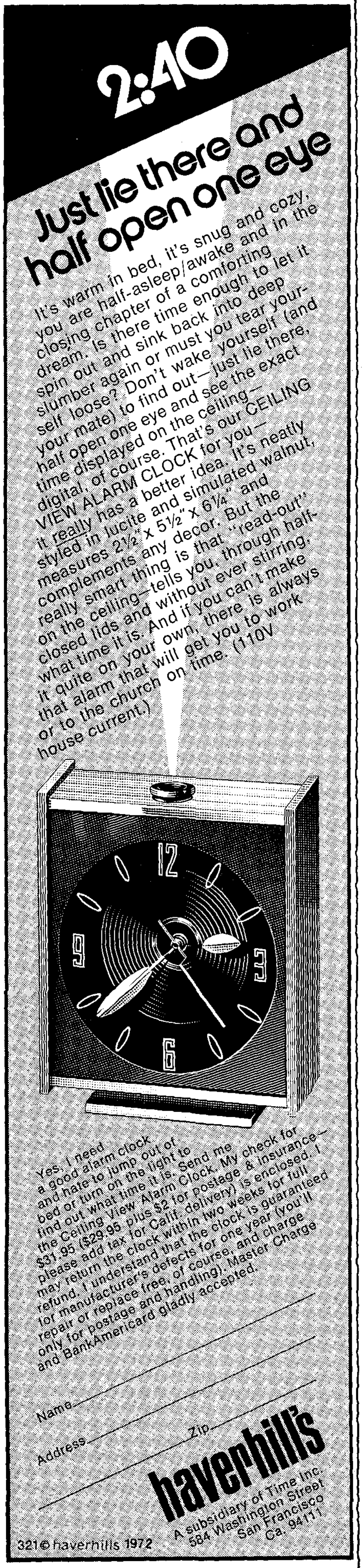
How to Marry a Millionaire (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials that we see now. (Thalia; July 26.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia; July 19.)

International House (1933)—A Paramount musical revue starring W. C. Fields, with Peggy Hopkins Joyce (as his inamorata), and Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Cab Calloway, and Baby Rose Marie. The songs are by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 22.)

Jamilya—Soft-hearted Soviet film, directed by Irina Poplavskaya from a novel by Aitmatov, who is a leading modern writer in Kirgiz. This was written in 1958, and it gives quite an outspoken picture of the new sets of relations among Soviet young people in Kirgiz. (Louis Aragon arranged for the French translation to be published.) Recondite but interesting, interspersed with eloquent drawings by a Kirgiz child. In Russian. (Regency.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled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liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Symphony; through July 25.)

Joe Kidd—A Western with Clint Eastwood and Robert Duvall, directed by John Sturges. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; starting July 27.)

J. W. Coop—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our aesthetics in a century or two. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through July 25.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 26.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Paramount; starting July 26.)

Late Spring (1949)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting July 21.)

Listen, Darling (1938)—The best thing here is Judy Garland singing "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart." She and Freddie Bartholomew are trying to land her mother (Mary Astor) with a husband. Walter Pidgeon looks amused and magisterial. Directed by Edwin Martin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23-25.)

Living Free—Animals. Fine for children, but take a good book. (Columbia I; through July 24.)

The Love Game (1960)—Philippe de Broca's wayward, featherweight comedy, one of the rare carefree films that came out of the early French New Wave and blessedly trivial. Geneviève Cluny is the girl who wants to get married; the whirling, dancing actor Jean-Pierre Cassel is the man trying to keep his freedom. Claude Chabrol plays a bit part. (This is the film that Godard used as the basis for "A Woman Is a Woman," but the original is far superior.) In French. (Thalia; July 25.)

The Man—With James Earl Jones, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Cinema I.)

Marjoe—A documentary on an itinerant evangelist. Directed by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan. (Cinema II; starting July 24.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Paramount; starting July 26.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Thalia; July 19.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia; July 23.)

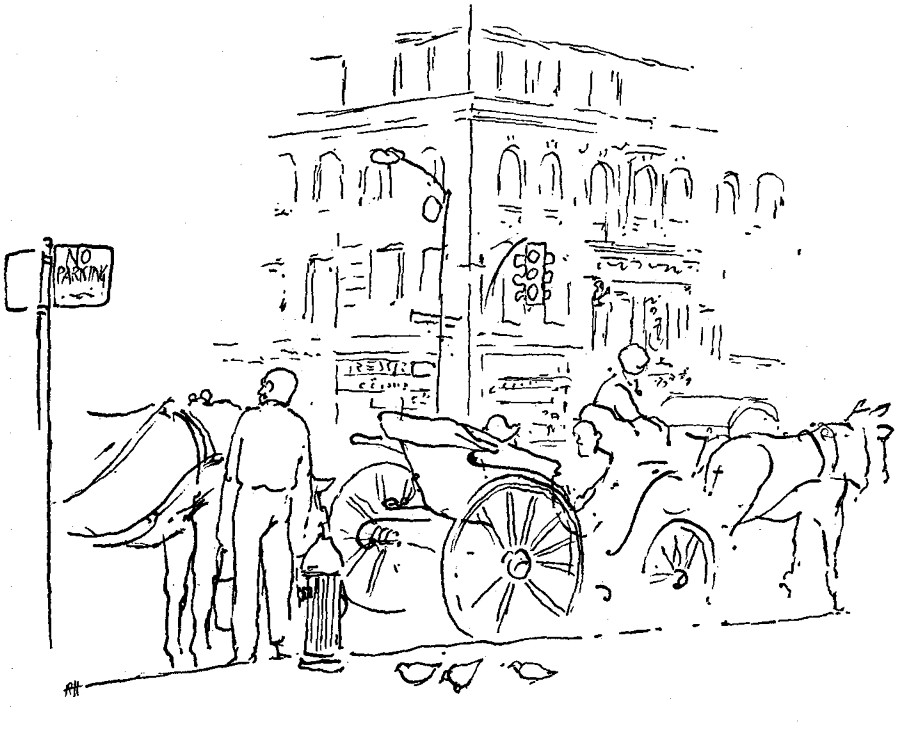
Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Thalia; July 22.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Kips Bay.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Symphony; through July 25.)

Napoleon and Samantha—From the Disney Studios, with Michael Douglas and Will Geer. Directed by Bernard McEveety. (Juliet 2; through July 25.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Columbia II; through



July 24. . . . ¶ Columbia I; starting July 25. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting July 26.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The great and harrowing documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia; July 24.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Thalia; July 23. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 26.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though oversimplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Thalia; July 21.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Elgin; July 23-24.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Fine Arts.)

Parades—A film by Robert J. Siegel about life in a United States Army stockade. (Plaza; starting July 24.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 22.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

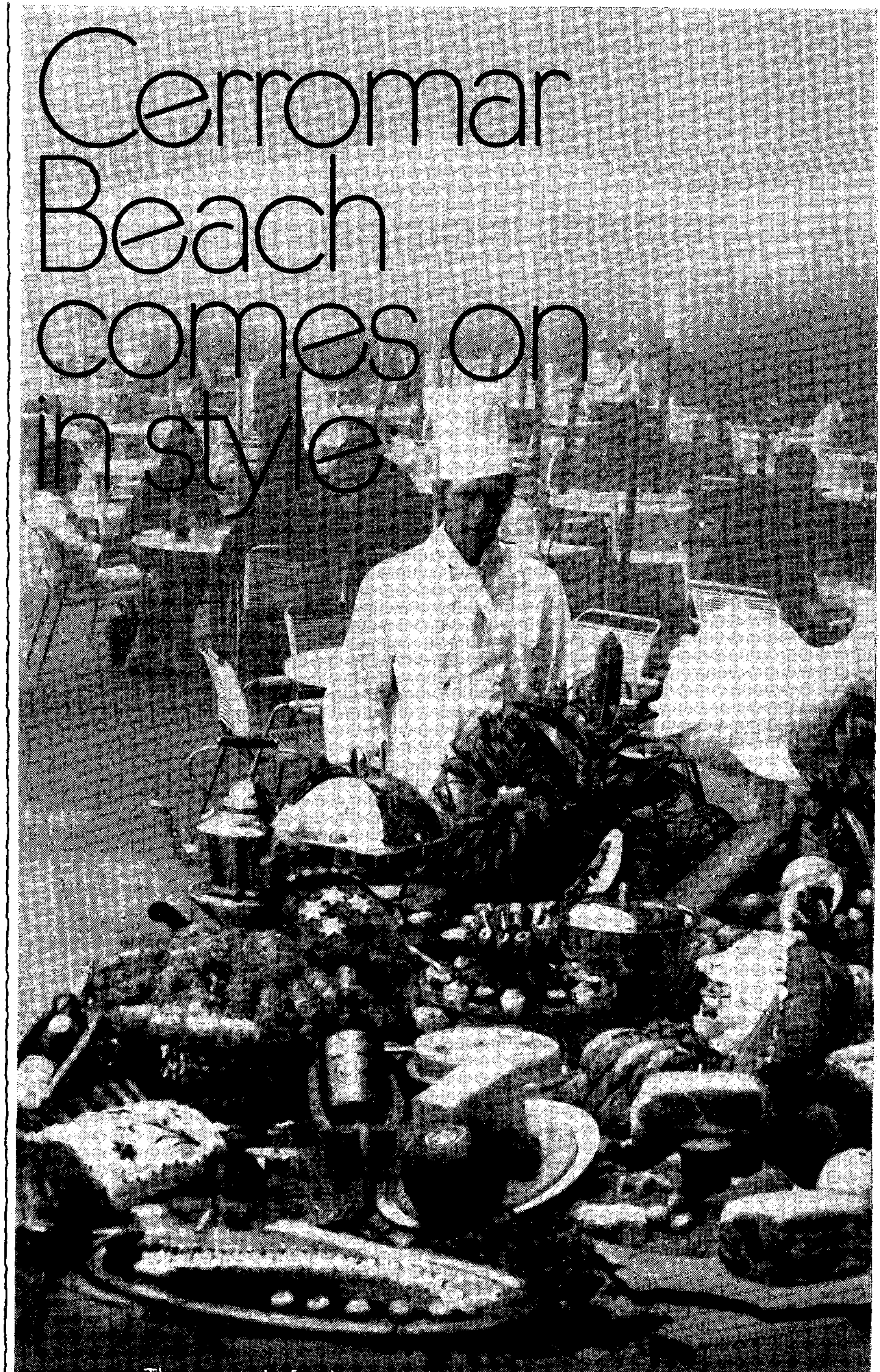
Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia; July 20.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Juliet 2; through July 25.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema II; through July 23. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting July 24.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Beekman.)

Prime Cut—A man gets turned into a rather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short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Loews Orpheum.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through July 20.)

The Public Eye—With Mia Farrow and Topol, directed by Carol Reed. From the play by Peter Shaffer. (68th St. Playhouse and Playboy.)

Queen of Spades (1949)—Directed by Thorold Dickinson, with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans, from Pushkin's gambling story. Excellent stuff, not to be missed, especially because of Dame Edith. (Elgin; July 19.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" did, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch*. (Elgin; July 19.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Elgin; July 25-26.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; July 20-22.)

Savages—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and an odd, erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Baronet; through July 20. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting July 21.)

Shaft's Big Score!—A sequel to "Shaft," directed by Gordon Parks. Richard Roundtree plays a black detective. We've heard that thoughtful blacks who've seen this picture call it a white hype. It has a peculiar chic and falsity to it, though it will probably do fine, having the most cohesive movie audience since the Depression. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Skyjacked—Thriller about hijacking. Charlton Heston is a pilot hankering after a chief air hostess (Yvette Mimieux) who is engaged to the first officer (Mike Henry). Directed by John Guillermin. Garbage. (Waverly; through July 20.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Festival. . . . ¶ U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and Riviera; starting July 26.)

Sometimes a Great Notion—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; directed by Newman. (Olympia; starting July 21.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

Stand Up and Be Counted—With Jacqueline Bisset and Stella Stevens, directed by Jackie Cooper. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through July 25.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Olympia; through July 20.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia; July 25.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 26.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of marvellous complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema; through July 20.)

El Topo—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 25.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Thalia; July 21.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Gramercy and Little Carnegie.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Greenwich, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; through July 20.)

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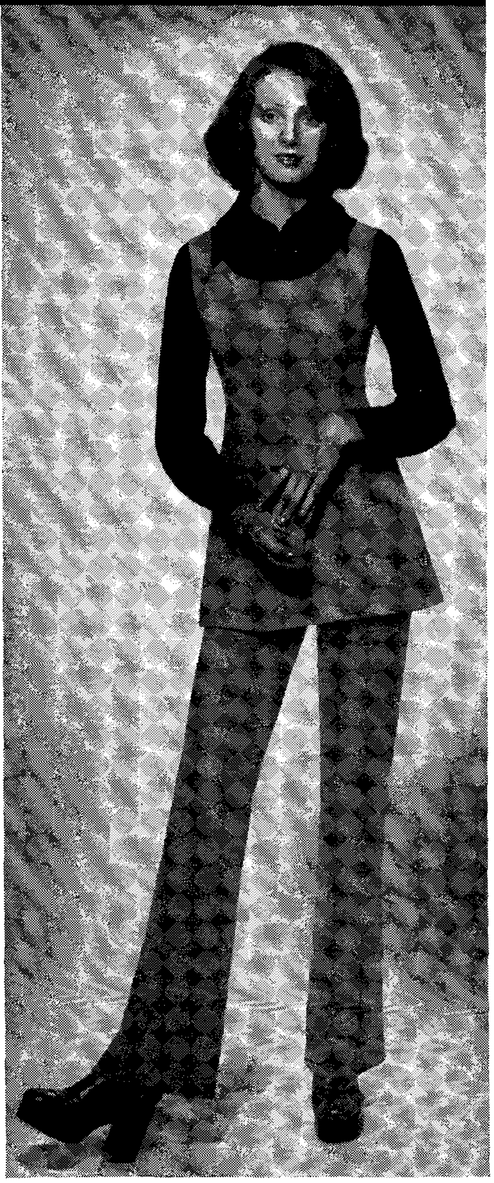

It looks great with the jacket on. And just as great with it off. The jacket is 3/4 length with unjaguar (it's fake) trim; the beautifully shaped, all-in-one tunic/shirt has black sleeves and collar; the pants are straight down and zip in front. All three of camel-colored acrylic knit (lined), 8 to 16 sizes, 105.00*

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THE NEW YORKER

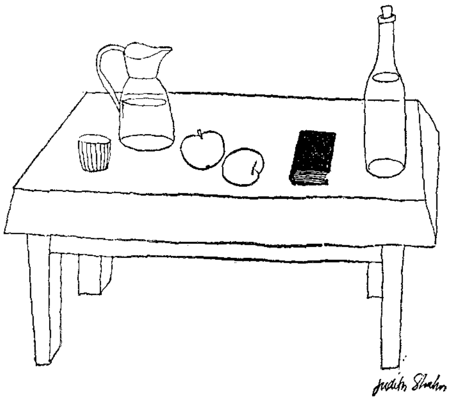
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOMETIMES it seems that in the political life of our country nothing new will ever happen again. The last several years have been such a time. At the Democratic Convention four years ago, the curtain went down on a scene of established power using violence and coercion to protect itself against change. But at some point when we weren't looking, during the suffocating period that followed, the closed doors were thrown open and the people on the outside came in. And last week when the curtain went up at the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach there they were: an enormous roomful of new political faces earnestly at work at the very center of our political life. The way the new people came into politics and into our lives was as surprising as anything else about them. They arrived without fanfare—almost without advance notice. Most of the influential people who are supposed to take note of such arrivals—the newsmen, the politicians, and all the other shapers of public opinion whose voices are automatically amplified whenever they speak—ignored or derided these new forces right up to the moment of their success. So in the end they seemed to appear almost by magic. We had been expecting to see a fight, but the fight was already over. When the time came, they introduced themselves to the country with courtesy and tact. The influential voices, by and large, had predicted a wild, uncontrolled, self-destructive convention. A few had suggested that some measure of calm might be maintained through strict discipline. But none of them had correctly anticipated the sobriety and quiet aplomb that we eventually saw in the bearing and conduct of so many delegates on the convention floor. An interview with an aide to Senator McGovern, Richard Stearns, on the night of McGovern's victory caught the mood. It is at this moment that the staff members of the victorious candidate are supposed to be in a delirium of uncontrollable excitement. Stearns, however, was solemn. When the reporter asked him why he was so subdued, he answered that he had been counting delegates during the roll call and that he "took his job seriously." Just about everyone on the convention floor that night seemed to be taking his job seriously. The question of whether the new forces could keep themselves under control turned out to be absurd. The likelihood that they wouldn't existed only in the imagination of the questioners. There was no gloating triumph on the part of the victors; nor, for that matter, was there any obsequious, opportunistic deference to the defeated but still powerful elements in the Party. One expected the victorious delegates to be, at the very least, amazed at finding that they had come so far, but they seemed to take it all for granted. Their faces seemed to say only, "We are here. Make of us what you will." It was for the rest of us to be amazed.

Deputy Mayor

A WHILE ago, we read in the *Times* that Edward Allan Morrison, an attorney, who is chairman of the Liberal Party in Manhattan, had been sworn in as one of the city's two deputy mayors. (The other is Edward K. Hamilton, who used to be the budget director and is now in charge of the Mayor's executive office.) His title, which is listed in New York's *Official Directory* as Deputy Mayor-City Administrator, has interested us for some time (what is a deputy mayor deputized to do, and how is a city administered?), and we gave Mr. Morrison what we thought was just enough time to learn the answers to these questions for himself before we called him up and asked him to tell us about his new job. "I could probably show you what I'm doing better than I could describe it," he said, and he proposed that we share one of his working days and see what goes on. Accordingly, just before eight-thirty one recent morning, we found ourself on the northeast corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Columbus Avenue awaiting the separate arrivals of Mr. Morrison and *his* deputy—Mark Corrigan, a young graduate of the New York City Urban Fellowships program whom Mr. Morrison had recruited from the Mayor's press office. Mr. Corrigan was the first to appear, carrying a folder labelled "Community Health and Education Center—Queens." "As often as not, we start our days like this," he said. "This corner is like a second office. The boss lives just up the street."



A thin, graying man in his late thirties, wearing a brown suit, a yellow shirt, a conservative tie, and tan shoes, joined us on the stroke of eight-thirty, and was introduced to us as Mr. Morrison. We asked him if his official day always began so early.

"As a matter of fact, it began much earlier," he said. "I was on the phone before six, calling in my radio spot for WNYC. I do a daily five-minute talk that is broadcast at five minutes past seven and eight on weekday mornings. Today, I talked about some of the new programs that volunteers are involved in. We're going to inaugurate one of them in Queens this morning."

At that moment, the Deputy Mayor's limousine—a 1966 Buick—drove up.

"Good morning," Mr. Morrison

said to the chauffeur as the three of us climbed into the back seat. "It looks like another long day." The chauffeur winced.

Precisely at nine o'clock, the car arrived at Jamaica's Community Health, Education, and Information Center, on Parsons Boulevard. Mr. Morrison jumped out and led Mr. Corrigan and us to the basement of the building, where a table had been set up with coffee and cookies. A minute later, a plastic coffee cup gripped firmly in one hand, he was using the other to shake hands with the center's volunteer workers, who were introduced to him by Joan Simon, of the Mayor's Office for Volunteers. We took a cup of coffee for ourself and settled into a chair to await the inauguration ceremony, but were instantly pulled to our feet by the Deputy Mayor. "Come on," he said. "We have to get back to City Hall."

"No inauguration speech?" we asked.

"Mark Corrigan will deliver it better than I can," he said, heading for the car. "You ought to hear him sometime."

We took advantage of the ride back to town to ask Mr. Morrison how he had come into city government in the first place.

"Kicking and screaming," he said. "I was a partner in a developing law practice, which I was helping build in international matters, but I also had been involved in local politics with the Liberal Party, and in December, 1969, the Mayor asked me to become one of his special assistants—to be his liaison man with the City Council—and a month later I took on the responsibility of representing him at the Board of Estimate as well. And although the job has been personally very gratifying, I must say that it has also been everything the Mayor promised me it would be—an economic loss and a limitation on my personal movements."

At that point, we pulled up at City Hall, and Mr. Morrison was out of the car again, to begin what turned out to be a ten-minute tour of the building, in the course of which he checked in with the Mayor's secretary, Lynda Gould; with the office of the City Council President, Sanford Garelik; with the Council's majority leader, Thomas J. Cuite; and with Room 9, the press room. There was also a brief and pointedly private conference with the City Council finance chairman, Mario Merola, who intercepted Mr. Morrison on the steps of City Hall and pulled him aside for five minutes of gesticulating conversation before releasing him to cross the street to the deputy mayor's office, on the fourteenth floor of 250 Broadway.

"Ed, you have these calls," Joan Mandelion, one of his two secretaries, told him.

Mr. Morrison glanced over the list. "O.K., get me Chase [Gordon Chase, Health Services Administrator] and Elliott [Donald Elliott, chairman of the City Planning Commission], and then the others, in order."

When Mr. Morrison finally got off the phone, we asked him about his office staff. "It's smaller than it was," he said. "We are cutting some sixty people from the staff of a hundred and sixty-one that I inherited. We transferred thirty management analysts to the Bureau of the Budget and let twenty other people go, and we aren't finished yet. Basically, the function of this office is to tackle administrative problems and come up with solutions, but we have also taken on our own operating assignments."

It was now midday. The Deputy Mayor's luncheon order to his other secretary, Raquel Delgado, was "Something I like," and he seemed delighted with the result—a roast-beef sandwich and a can of Coca-Cola, both of which he consumed while conferring with John Mudd, the acting director of the Office of Neighborhood Government, and Bea Fitzpatrick, the director of the Association of Management and Research Analysts. "Her job is trying to put together an informational-services system based on computer data, which will give a new direction to the city's libraries," the Deputy Mayor explained.

At one-thirty, it was time to cross Broadway again for a public hearing, at which Mayor Lindsay signed several bills, including modifications of the electrical and building codes, and an ordinance changing the name of First Place, in Brooklyn, to Loretto Place, in honor of Our Lady of Loretto Council of the Knights of Columbus. As Mr. Morrison was leaving the Mayor's office, Mr. Lindsay called him back "for just a minute," which turned out to be nearly an hour. The Deputy Mayor emerged haggard.

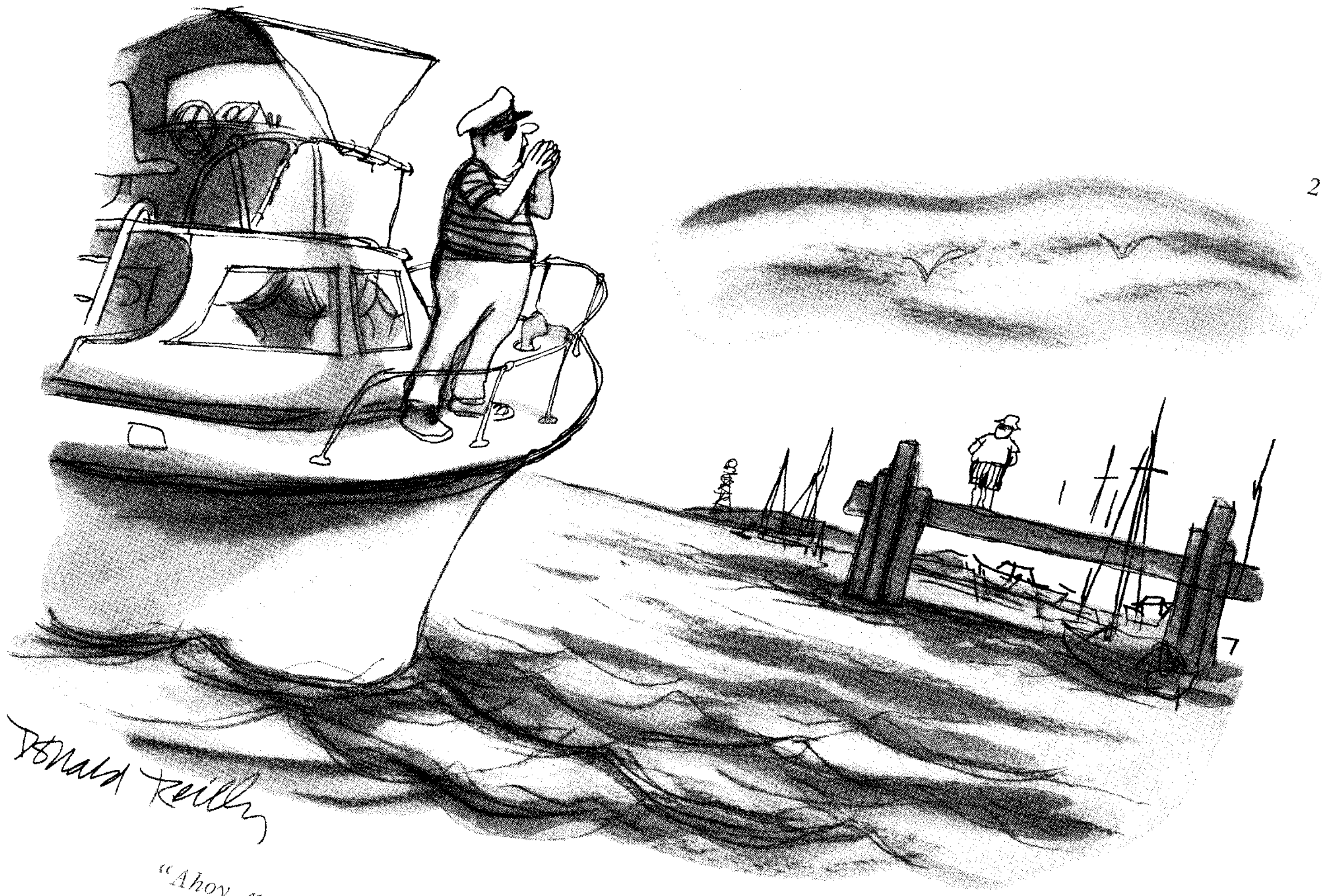
Precision

A THEATRE buff we know who belongs to a theatrical-subscription group in Hartford received limited satisfaction upon being informed that "Your tickets for the coming season will be mailed to you early in late summer."

Co-op

THE high cost of living and the general hassle of raising a family in New York have led many New Yorkers, in the last few years, to take up a kind of institutionalized neighborliness, through block associations, tenants' committees, and "co-ops" of one kind or another. Typical of this trend is the proliferation of food co-ops on Manhattan's upper West Side, among middle-income families who would be considered well-to-do almost anywhere else in the country. The food co-op is a distant city cousin of the familiar farmers' coöperative. The object is to get better goods at lower prices by buying in bulk and cutting out the middleman. Since it is all but impossible for the New York housewife to deal directly with the potato farmer on eastern Long Island—not to mention the mushroom grower in eastern Pennsylvania and the orange grower in California—the food co-ops do the next-best thing: the members pool their resources, draw up a communal shopping list, and organize a weekly expedition to one of the city's giant wholesale markets, where most of the big food-store chains do *their* shopping. One recent Tuesday morning, we accompanied two members of a West Side food co-op, Mrs. Dev Rogers and Mrs. Mary Ann Gourgey, to the New York City Terminal Market, in the Hunts Point section of the Bronx. Mrs. Rogers, whose husband is a cellist, has two young children; Mrs. Gourgey, whose husband is an engineer, has four. All the children had been left in the care of helpful neighbors for the morning.

We set out at seven o'clock from the corner of Riverside Drive and 104th Street in the Gourgey family station wagon, a battered-looking 1965 Dodge



"Ahoy, mate! Is there a municipal-bond specialist in this port?"

Polara with a hundred thousand miles on the speedometer. "The first thing you need for a co-op like ours is a few people with big cars," Mrs. Rogers said. "The second thing you need is a few people who like to shop and have a lot of nerve." She went on to explain that the Hunts Point market, which handles nearly eighty per cent of all the fruit and vegetables that enter the metropolitan area, is strictly a man's world, and that some of the salesmen are so used to dealing in carload lots that they have no patience with women customers who want a single crate of lettuce (twenty-four heads) or a single bushel of string beans (approximately twenty-eight pounds). For this reason, some co-ops prefer to do their shopping at the much smaller Bronx Terminal Market, where a friendly wholesaler named Seymour Levy (of the F. & L. Produce Company) welcomes the co-op trade. But the truly determined shopper can pick and choose from a much greater variety at Hunts Point, where the prices are generally from thirty to fifty per cent lower than those in the local supermarket. "Of course, it's easy to get stung if you're not careful," Mrs. Rogers said. "When we started out, last year, we had some members who went after the biggest bargains they could find. They came back with some very sad beets and carrots that looked like something out of a Russian novel about starving peasants." Mrs. Gourgey agreed that saving money was not the sole purpose of the co-op. "I used to buy a lot of frozen vegetables," she said. "My whole family's eating better now. Whatever we buy seems almost a week fresher than the stuff at the market around the corner."

To get to Hunts Point, we drove up the West Side Highway, east on the Cross Bronx Expressway, through a residential neighborhood that looked as if it had been forgotten by the Sanitation Department, and past block after block of automobile junkyards. The market itself was apparently modelled on a high-security Army base. Around the perimeter is a metal fence. The entrance is a blue toll gate (fifty cents per passenger car). Inside are four identical flat-roofed buildings; each is a third of a mile long and houses sixty-odd identical "stores," or stalls, with concrete loading platforms front and back. A railroad spur line runs directly behind each building; a black-topped parking area in front bristles with trucks. After Mrs. Gourgey had wedged the station wagon between two enormous refrigerated-trailer rigs, she and Mrs. Rogers led us up a flight of steps onto the loading platform in front of Building B, where we all began examining the merchandise on display.

The New York City Terminal Market, which was opened in March, 1967, is obviously not Les Halles; not only are there no three-star restaurants in the area but it is possible to spend an entire day at Hunts Point without seeing anyone eat anything. (Of course, even Les Halles is not Les Halles anymore; since 1969 most fresh produce has entered Paris through a new market, in suburban Rungis.) But some things about markets remain the same, no matter where the markets are. Fruit and vegetable men still get up early; most Hunts Point merchants are open for business by 5 A.M. And fresh produce still smells like fresh produce. One stall we passed was filled with ripe watermelons, which exuded a seductive summery fragrance; a moment later, we were overpowered by the reek of raw onions; farther on, we got a sinus-clearing whiff of lemons, followed by the no-nonsense smell of wet wooden crates bulging with iceberg lettuce. "This is the part I love," Mrs. Rogers told us. "It makes me feel close to living on a kibbutz." She was carrying fifty-six dollars and twenty-three cents in her purse—her co-op's entire treasury. Out of this sum she was empowered to buy a week's worth of fruit and vegetables for twelve families. (The co-op had seventeen regular members last winter, but five of the families had left the city for the summer.) To get a better idea of what was available, Mrs. Rogers tried to strike up conversations with the salesmen who stood guard outside the stalls. Some of them responded to her questions in a strictly businesslike manner. Others preferred to mix business with wisecracks. When Mrs. Rogers asked the price of a box of lemons, one salesman told her, "It depends on the size. Everything comes in sizes. Even feet come in sizes." His price turned out to be nine dollars for a hundred and forty largish lemons, or about six and a half cents per lemon, which Mrs. Rogers thought was high. Sure enough, she found a fruit merchant down the row who was selling a hundred and forty lemons for seven-thirty-five. But when another dealer offered her "a bushel of poor string beans" for four dollars, she had no trouble resisting the bargain, even though the man obviously felt that he deserved credit for his honesty. "Someone else ain't gonna tell you the truth like that," he said.

Dodging back and forth to avoid getting hit by forklift trucks, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Gourgey made their way down the platform, buying twelve heads of cauliflower for five dollars, three boxes of mushrooms for six dollars, twenty-two pounds of seedless grapes for nine-fifty, fifteen romaine lettuces for four-fifty, twelve pints of blueberries for six dollars. At each stop, Mrs. Rogers paid in cash and received a chit identifying the merchandise, which was to be picked up later.

By nine o'clock, the co-op had just about exhausted its treasury. Mrs. Gourgey went back to the parking lot to get her station wagon, and Mrs. Rogers retraced her steps down the long platform, handing in her chits and taking possession of her merchandise. Market employees set the boxes and crates at the edge of the loading platform, leaving it up to the two women to wrestle them from there into the station wagon.

In the station wagon on the way home, we asked Mrs. Rogers if she ever felt that the rewards were not worth all the time and effort she and her friends put into the food co-op. She said that there wasn't really that much work involved. No one spent more than five hours a month on co-op business. For instance, when she and Mrs. Gourgey got back to the city, all they had to do was drop the food off at a building on West End Avenue, where the distributor for the week, a woman named Jan Lorimer, would divide it into twelve equal parts (using an old baby scale to weigh things like grapes and mushrooms) and pack it into twelve shopping bags. Sometime during the day, each of the members would come by, pick up her bag, and pay one-twelfth of the week's expenses. This money would then be passed along to next week's shopper. Everyone took a turn as either a shopper or a distributor. The hardest part of being a shopper, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Gourgey agreed, was juggling your children's schedules so that you could get an early start in the morning. It was essential to have an understanding husband. And, of course, it helped to belong to a neighborhood baby-sitting co-op, in which as many as thirty sets of parents pooled their resources to cut down the high cost of living and the general hassle of raising a family in New York.

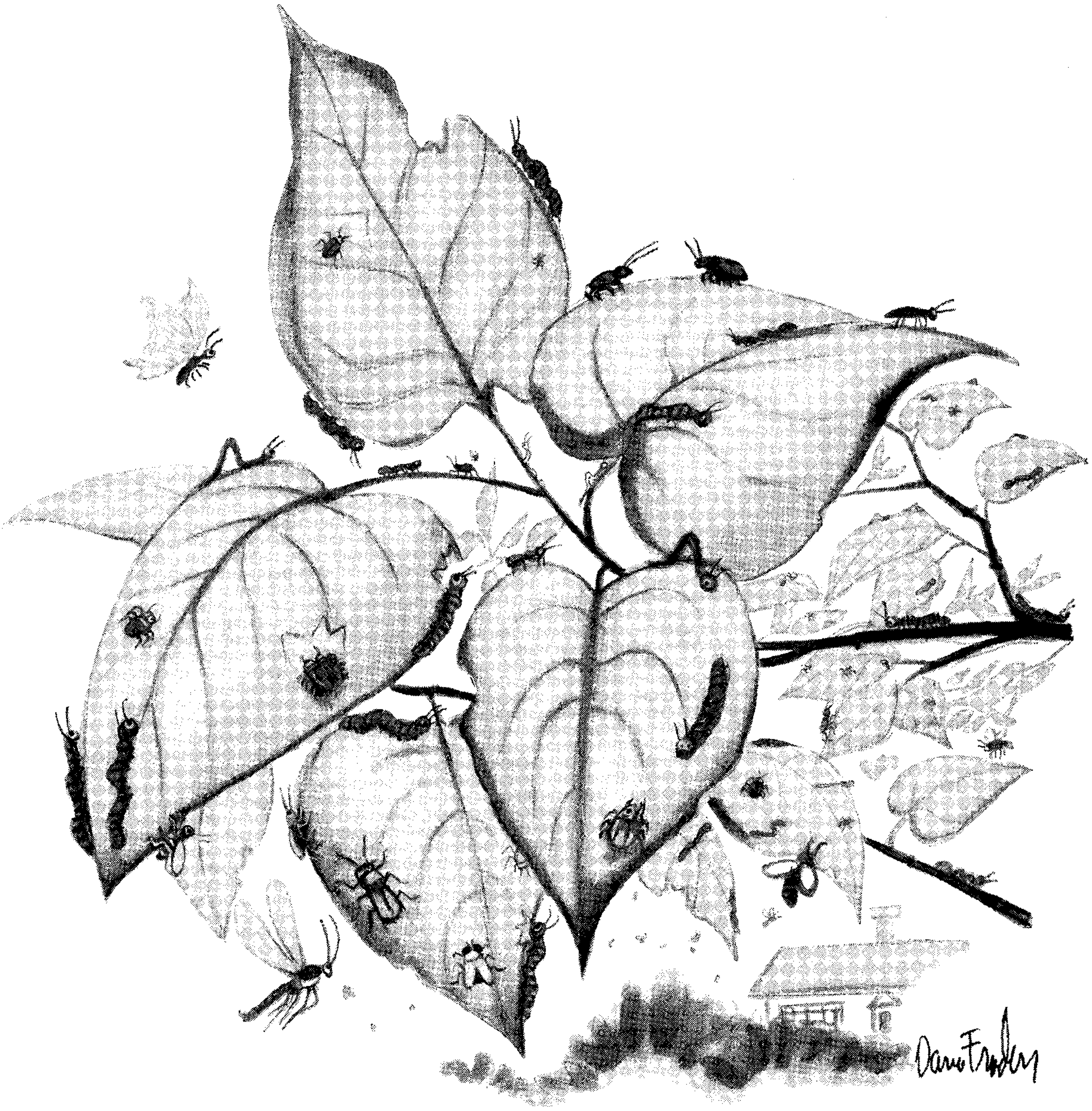
Handelsman

"Well, as I live and breathe! If it isn't John B. Connally!"

A Postcard from Miami Beach

"ILLINOIS just put McGovern over the top, and I've got a minute to write while the roll call drones on. Before I came down here, everyone told me that the best way to see a convention, like the best way to see a football game, was on television. I'm still not sure I disagree, but there's no denying that being here is a thoroughly different way to experience the event. Take the ceiling, for example. On television, convention halls have no ceilings. If you're here in the hall, the ceiling is visible all the time. It's only about thirty feet above my head, and it's a metal jungle of air ducts, wires, green girders, and dozens of blowers, which look like floating silver stovepipes. And the lights. They are so bright that after last night's eleven-hour session I wondered if I would ever look upon darkness again. In the hall, there is no way to cut out the visual and aural din, no way to switch back to the silence and order of the anchor booth. There are no quick cuts or sudden changes of perspective. If you want to see something from a different angle, you walk to a different place. In one sense, a convention is nothing more than a meeting, but it's a meeting on such a huge scale that the usual standards of decorum simply don't apply. At most meetings, if a couple of people are talking together in the back of the room the chairman is likely to say something like 'Hey, how can we get anything done if you people are going to talk back there?' Here the chairman is a remote figure on a rostrum that looks like a Babylonian terrace in a Cecil B. De Mille movie. The dull roar of thousands of conversations and the Brownian movement of people in the aisles never stop. As a result, it takes more concentration than anyone on the floor has handy to perceive a roll-call vote like the one on the California credentials challenge as a piece of high drama. Anyhow, most of the more dramatic events, such as Senator McGovern's showdown with the S.D.S. people earlier tonight, have taken place in the hotels, which themselves look like the sets of Fred Astaire films.

"This is supposed to be the most democratic Democratic Convention ever, and on the floor, among the delegates, an almost ostentatiously egalitarian atmosphere prevails. The press corps, however, operates within a caste system that is downright Byzantine in its rigidity and in the spectacular contrasts between opulence and poverty. The grand viziers are the network anchormen, in their connecting booths—in an extraordinary structure that looks like an impossibly luxurious submarine suspended in a sea of air and smoke. The tiny, brightly lit figures of Walter and David and the rest are visible behind gleaming windows. It must be very quiet in there. Next in order of importance, to judge from the physical accommodations, are the men and women from the big newspapers and the wire services, who have little desks with telephones. At the bottom of the scale is a rabble of novelists, free-lancers, and magazine writers, who sit in rickety grandstands in corners of the room and queue up for passes that let them onto the floor for twenty minutes at a time. There are subcastes, too, such as the television floor correspondents, with their immaculate grooming and their coolielike camera-bearers; and the college-newspaper editors—a group that has never before been accredited to a political convention in large numbers. Adjacent to the hall itself is a room of nearly equal vastness devoted entirely to a sort of indoor campsite for the press. The networks have built imposing suites of offices, studios, and lounges, and furnished them with carpets, receptionists, dashing graphics, and air-conditioning systems to recondition the already air-conditioned air. Next to the networks' palaces is a Calcutta of newspaper and wire-service cubicles built of flimsy blue cloth partitions. No carpets there—just tables, chairs, typewriters, badly tuned television sets, and pooped-looking people. There seems to be a rough inverse ratio at work here. The less a given news-gatherer processes the incoming information through his own sensibilities, the more grandiose his physical accoutrements. A poet would be lucky to get into the hall at all—although, come to think of it, Allen Ginsberg walked by a couple of minutes ago. I guess this convention really is different."



"I don't know when we'll take over the world, but we've damn well taken over East Hampton, Long Island!"

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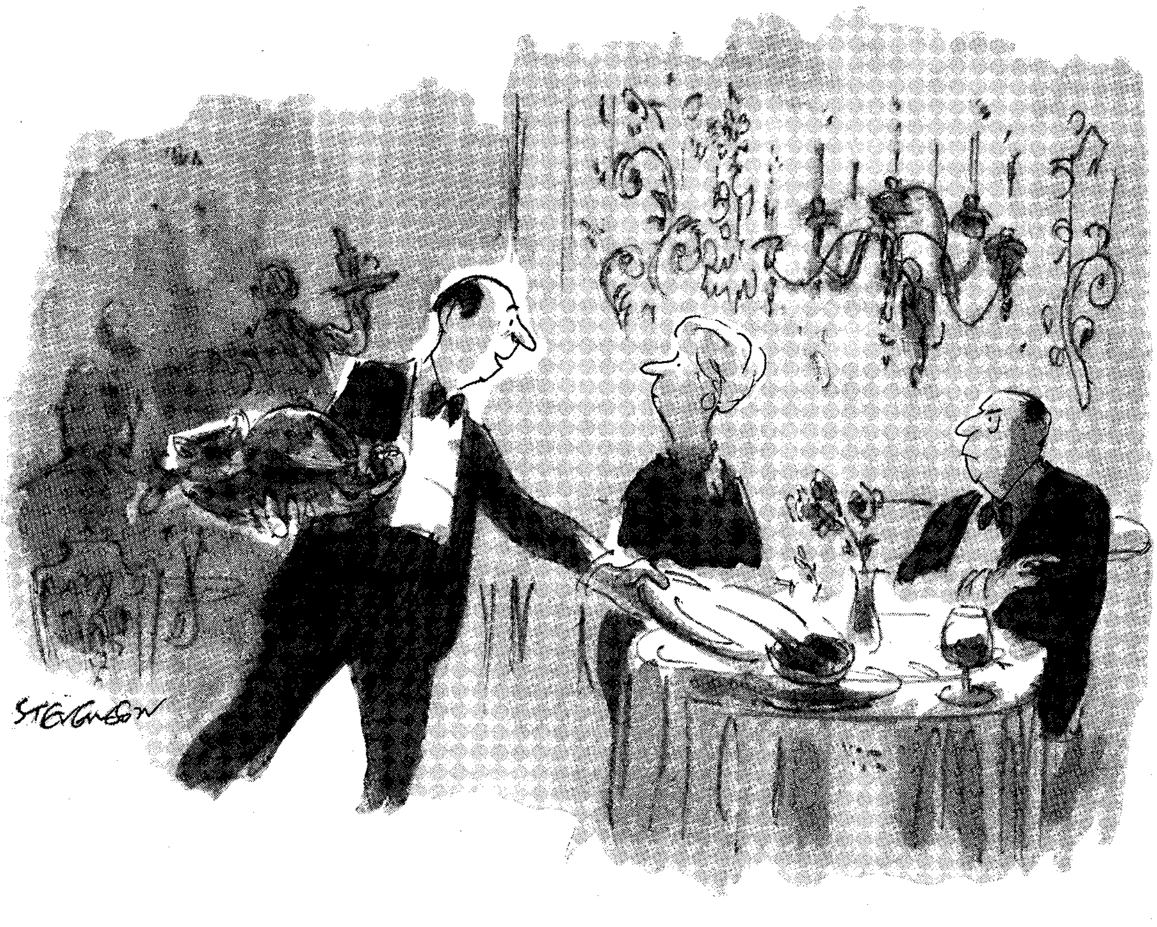
MA

MY mother's funeral was a comic event, despite the keenings and the ululations. A sizable crowd, all in sable, the mourners. Grievously stung they were by nettles, which grew in abundance. We took a shortcut from the church in order not to have to walk over the bordered paths. It was as if we couldn't get her in fast enough—into the bowels of the earth, where the moles and sprites are reputed to be, have their intricate routes and conduits. The clay got richer, redder, the deeper the men dug. They were quick with the spade, made darty incisions, and of course there were fine manifestations of sorrow—dribbles, sniffles, tears, gulps, all stifled by handkerchief or make-do handkerchief. A stripling went by, a fellow with unmatching eyes, looking for sheep of his that had strayed. Five or six, he said. God damn it, a matchless-eyed man of miserable means ought to know whether he had lost five sheep or six. Seeing the coffin and the mourners, he realized what he had blundered into and, squatting to denote his sympathy, he removed his cap and asked whose funeral it was. At the crucial moment I made an ape of myself. I jumped in, prostrated myself, bawled, and, woe betide—a second, a more ludicrous disaster—I sprained my ankle. I need hardly tell you the furor that ensued. Excitement craned its head. Maybe that is why I jumped in—to leaven the occasion. I doubt it. I lack the talent for instigating comedy. They put it down to grief. Some said a seizure, some said cracked, some said highly strung. Highly strung! I eat like a horse, the reason being to encase my heart in a solid fortress of fat, so that I can at last decently and uneventfully expire without much ado, to return in the end to *materia prima*, what-e'er it be.

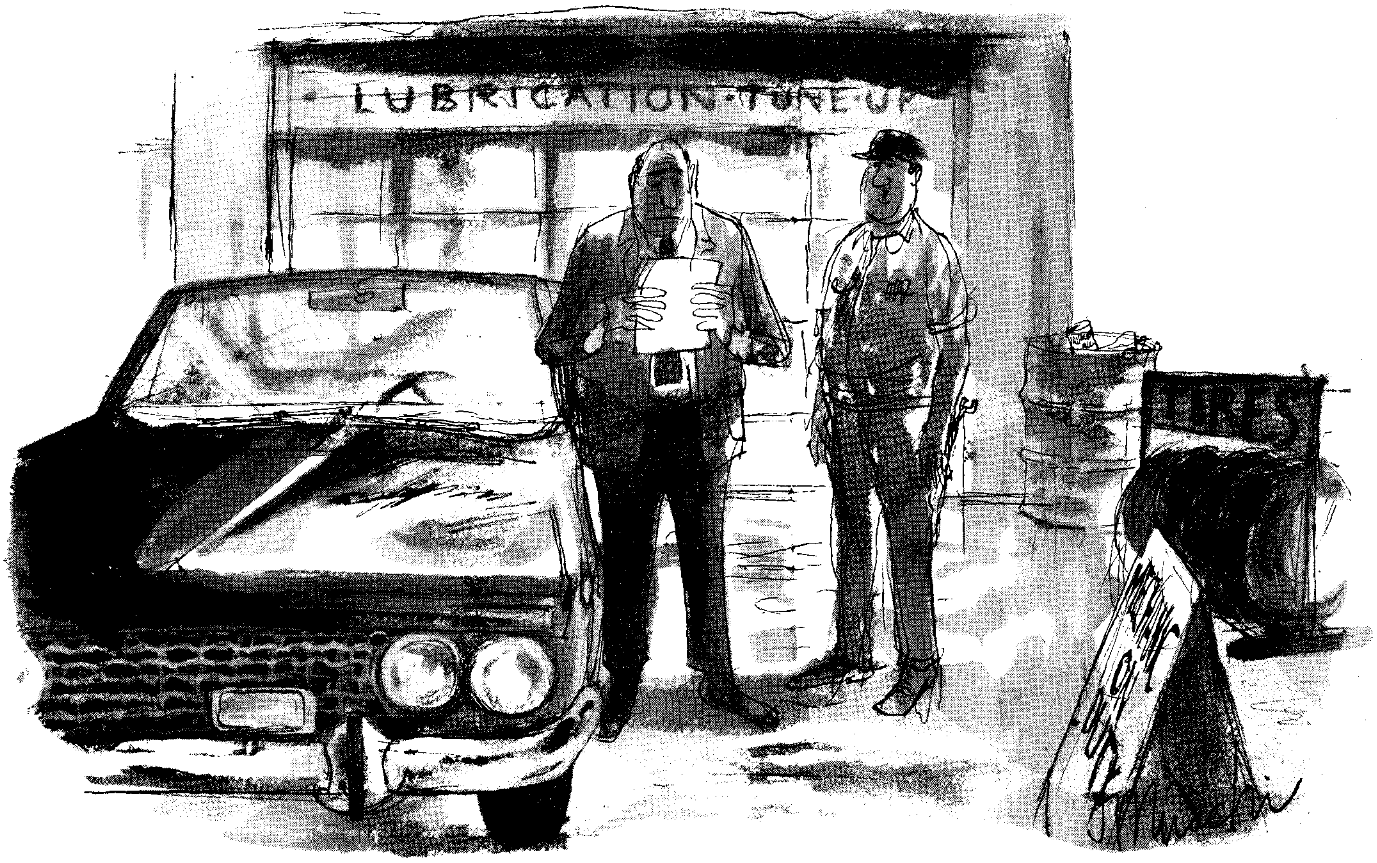
There were refreshments after the funeral. The catering! She would not have tolerated it. There was spotted dick and big biscuits that were damp and had somewhere in their life span been neighbors to paraffin oil. On the savory side, there were chunks of ham thrown onto plates, some with a dollop of potato salad and others with a yellow piccalilli, depending on the whim of the two serving ladies. The whole event lacked finesse. Naturally, there weren't enough chairs. People had to sit on the edges of chairs, which made the cutting of their ham precarious. Then the ketchup was thin and scalding, and restraint was not exercised in the pouring of it. This was due to the seating more than to any avidity. Things were said—not too many things—her praises sung. They discussed her Memoriam card, discussed what mottoes it could contain. I had always noticed her penchant for the colloquial, for things like "The early bird catches the worm," but I had to sit there and hear the adages of Sts. Jerome and Bonaventure trotted out as applicable material. How little we make of what we know of anyone, how little we employ it.

OF course she did not die without a long illness; mothers never do. Fathers likewise.

I went to nurse her, grudgingly. No, not grudgingly; with pangs. Birth pangs, life pangs, death pangs—they must be cousins. She was upstairs—same bed as she had given birth in, had had her lumbago in and numerous other afflictions. I remained out of the room as much as possible, out in the hallway, humming so that she should know I was there doing chores. I varnished a floor, but the fumes of the turpentine did not agree with her. In other words, I varnished half a floor. While in the room, I washed her sores, polished the mirrors, and made plans for future times—Christmas, feast days, and so forth. There is nothing so offensive as hoodwinking the nearly dead. We die by degrees, but one part of us decidedly knows when it is all just over. There is one strand of the mind that reckons with that passing over, and she was in possession of it. I could hear it, registering, like a clock and invisibly ticking. There was altar wine on the windowsill which bore a label from the land of Spain. She declined that. It was the priest's wine, the canon's. Poor canon, he coughed when he came to shrive her. Not a bit standoffish. No preamble. The Sacrament was always under a cloth, a cloth that had little darns in it. She swallowed with agony; to hear her swallow was to have pity for her, the stitches under her throat jabbing away like needles. Some distraction always intervened: a cat sidled in, a kettle sang, something fell off the bed, usually her comb. Once, he came with the chalice



"We've just been acquired by Burger Kwik!"



"Look, Mister, you were pretty happy with our estimate. You can't expect to be happy about everything."

• •

empty. After that, the curate came. Poor canons, old, gray, teetering, lonely and loony, with their frock coats and their faithful housekeepers, that breed of dark-warted women that do wait upon them.

I would go out on the landing again and talk in to her. She saw the treachery of those plans regarding Christmas and holidaying, and her eyes were like daggers—blue, cobalt blue, asking not, not to go. Ranting, raving. I heard things no one ought to hear—no one or everyone. She listened for a lorry going by, mentioned the driver—a big brute, she said, bullet-headed. When the pain got less or the morphine got more, she prayed. How she prayed. How she smiled then. The clouds, she said, so similar to the bushes, to the bushiness of the bushes. The clouds had the ramble of bushes. She said, Why shouldn't she walk and talk, though not even a buzzard was contradicting her. How she grieved. She said you could put all the pleasures that had gone into her life into a thimble, and she looked for a thimble, though sewing was not one of her favorite accomplishments. The pleasures she listed: a flower between the pages of a book, a journey to America, some hats with veiling, a return journey, fresh peaches that she put her lips, her teeth, and finally her gums into. She said her little joys ever after were her little pullets in their dust baths, dozing and sonoring away, cogitating to lay their first egg. She held it somewhere in her mind's hand, the little egg. She scolded the pullets because of laying out, said, Did they not know there was a henhouse. She went in search of them, calling and cackling, and stopped when she came to a mound, and said, Why shouldn't she risk going up and in sport crown herself high king or high queen of that place. Without moving her body except to stir a toe in order to rub another, her head and eyes moved as she went up the mound. There was a fine view of the top story of the house, she said, and she announced that the slates that had always been missing were still missing. She uttered a snatch of a song—half song, half prayer. She said the place had three trees—a sycamore with its pods flat and empty, an oak, and a little hazel bush. She said the bark of the oak was gray and shredding, like she was. Then some children went by. A butcher's son, a veterinary surgeon's son, a druggist's son—children all connected with the dark themes of life. Gabbling. She searched in the grass, pretending to be searching for eggs. It seems they told her to beware of snakes, and she said, Insolent buggers they were, with their guns and their cowboy caps; and she sent them packing, said, No trespassing, no trespassers. She stayed there and said, How she longed for it not to be dark but to be bright—bright days and shafts of light passing through her, and her children all young again and around her as in a needlework, in their frills, in their finery, in their little buttoned boots, and she longed and she longed for it, and she reproached God and man and said that it was not happening but that everything was getting dark and the mound, too, and that the house was waiting for herself to come in and trim the doddery aladdin and light it up.

Suddenly she sat up and said, Was there an "R" in the month—because, if so, we were running a risk of pneumonia, sitting out there on damp, dunged grass. I said, No, which was all I could say. Her eyes were daggers asking not to go, not, not to go. She ran her fingers through the fringes of the coverlet as if they were rings, trinkets, and she said foul words that she could not have known.

I had washed the sheets—four sheets washed per day, because of the amount she hemorrhaged. We could hear them on the clothesline as they flapped about. That, and the noise of the rain, rain of such urgency, blue in the far-off places, colorless close at hand, brown where it lodged, big drops falling on the blades of grass, appointing itself on hedge and grass blade, then more and more, buckets of rain and a whining wind, and everything shifting, even daisies and dandelions—particularly daisies and dandelions, small things uprooted—and the dogs at the steps moaning to get in to her, dogs wet and sated from killing rabbits, coated in rain but tasting of blood.

"The dogs," she said.

"The dogs," I said.

She was off on another transport. Dogs. Some dogs have nice hair, some dogs hunt foxes, cross dogs bite, mountain dogs have stiff coats, dogs drink water and milk, dogs kill cats, dogs eat anything.

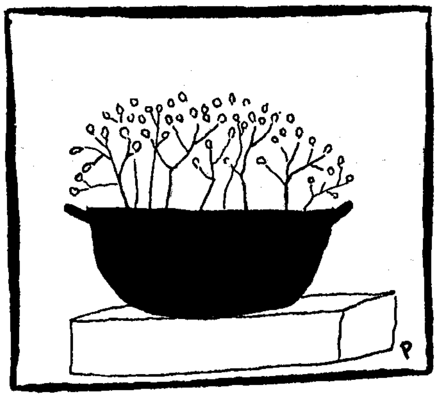
Her mind was a scuttle, she said, clumps where thoughts should be. Big bulbous clumps, black in the interior. She admitted that she was losing her faith. It was forsaking her at the very moment when she needed to have it in order to present her credentials. She raved, but then became coherent in the moments before dying. She spoke of a hatpin. It was then I should have quiffed her hair, or put one of her Spanish combs through it, or told her some little thing, such as that chicory is an adulterant in coffee. But no, I let her rave. That hatpin prodded her. It turned out not to be a hatpin at all but a pair of shoes that had got stolen by a tinker woman from the windowsill where they were put to dry. The sergeant traced them for her and found that they had been sold for three and elevenpence, and the matter went to court. In the court, the purchaser, a creamery manager's wife, perjured herself, got flummoxed, and said she thought the tinker woman was a travelling saleswoman. The judge lit into her and gave a lecture about the Sixth and Seventh Commandments. She said that the scarifying bit was when she had to go up on the rostrum and identify the said shoes. They looked wretched because of not having been dusted, let alone polished and buffed. She said she would have done anything to have wiped them with the nap of her coat, and have the case quashed. The culprit got a month in the county jail. "And I in dread of peelers," she said over and over again. It had gnawed into her, that crime, that cruelty, like rats or mice gnawing behind wainscoting.

I should have embraced her, praised her for her good deeds, but I didn't. Maybe I didn't want to.

She rose—or at least she attempted to rise, held on to the brass rung, tried to heft herself up—ordered the pony to be tackled, asked to be taken out of the stifling room to the slopes of yellow gorse, to pick blackberries. She begged to come back from death's door. She mouthed it. She stopped mouthing it. Then it was so simple, like the shutters going up on a big house once the season is over. It was not at all like the thing called death; it was as if she were being carted, being borne in, in, in to elsewhere, to nowhere. When I held her then, it was like holding a giant vegetable marrow. The absence of pulse and heartbeat changes everything.

We did the thing with the pennies and ordered a brown shroud.

We put ourselves to the task of clearing and cleaning. She left no heirlooms, only a fan, her ring, and a small reticule. There were my father and I. He sat by the fire, and the cries he emitted were not cries he was aware of. He didn't refer to her directly but kept recalling her contemporaries—girls with oaken hair, her murdered brother, blind Dr. Rath. He said blind Dr. Rath was a grand fellow and a great sport, had organized card games and had once put up his own table as a stake and lost it—a dining-room table, arbutus, at that.



"You'll stay," he said.

I knew it would come, but not so swiftly. I was not ready. I balked. Why hadn't they died together, the way each succeeding pair of dogs had done? I donned her brown astrakhan coat and set out on foot. I walked fields, then more fields, to a river and back. An uneventful walk, apart from the pondering. Heaps of stones, great galleries of stones to the sky, to the oozing heavens, rows upon rows of stone walls and kilns. Whereas the Egyptians made pyramids. The prevailing color was gray, tap-water gray. The leaves fell off; it would be more precise to say that they were ripped off, because there was nothing propitious about the wind that day. Then they got themselves tagged onto some sharp point—a spike or a stump or a barb of wire. I saw it all, the future—his spleen, the humors, going to the races, on the booze, his suits full of stains, then the recuperation, water bottles, powders, tisanes, and along with all that the daily rages, the cabalistic outbursts. I could not, duty or no duty.

When I got back to the house, he was sleeping on the bedchair. He had taken a draught; the beaker was beside him, stained brown from valerian. I packed, so that he would know what he had to know before being told it formally. The suitcase was down by the hall door, along with some bulrushes I had picked.

"You scab you," he said.

After he had closed the door, I heard the upper and lower bolts snap into place.

—Edna O'Brien

SONNET WITH A DIFFERENT LETTER AT THE END OF EVERY LINE

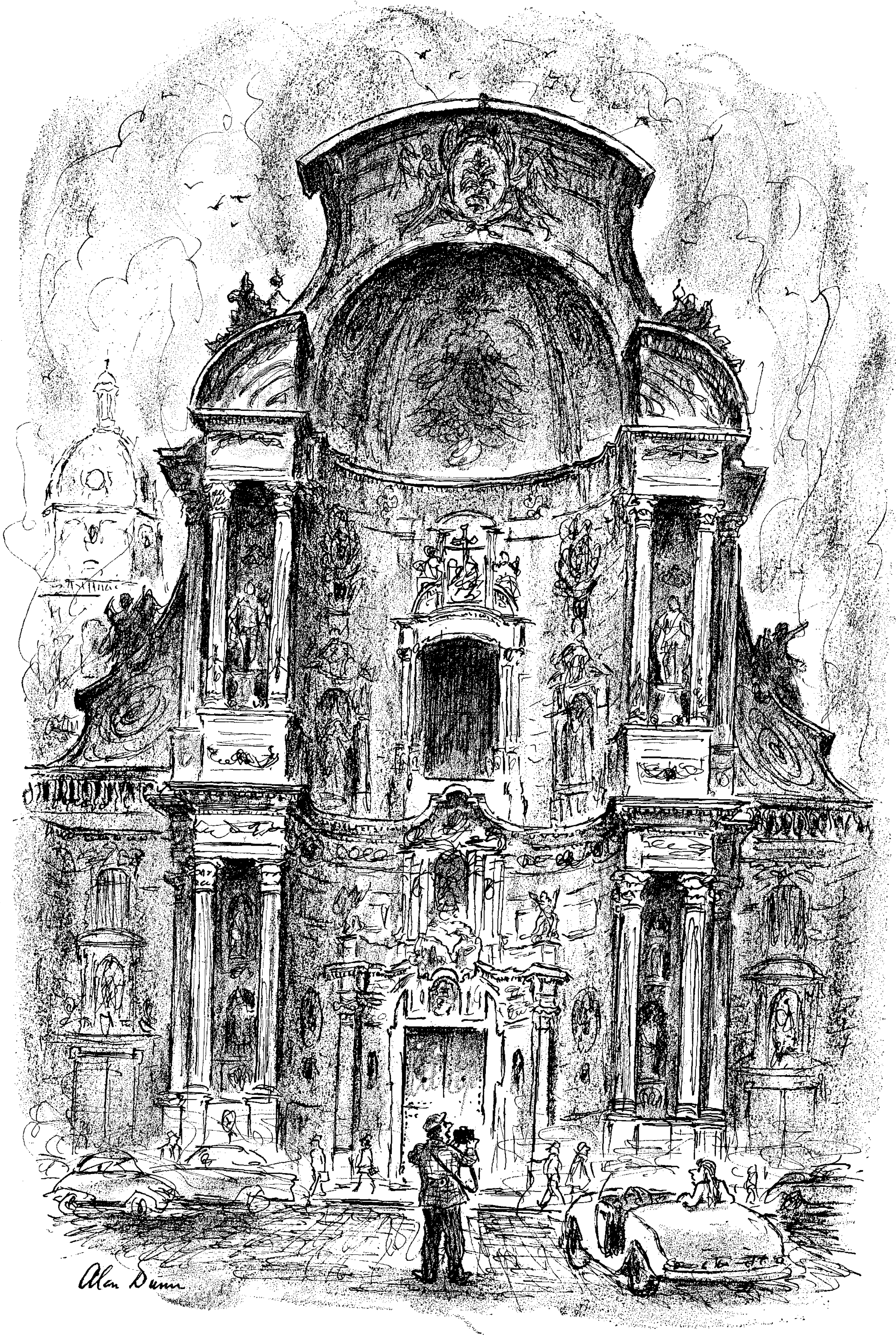
O for a muse of fire, a sack of dough,
Or both! O promissory notes of woe!
One time in Santa Fe, N.M.,
Ol' Winfield Townley Scott and I . . . but whoa.

One can exert oneself, *ff*,
Or architect a heaven like Rimbaud,
Or if that seems, how shall I say, *de trop*,
One can at least write sonnets, apropos
Of nothing save the do-re-mi-fa-sol
Of poetry itself. Is not the row
Of perfect rhymes, the terminal bon mot,
Obeisance enough to the Great O?

"Observe," said Chairman Mao to Premier Chou,
"*On voyage à Parnasse pour prendre les eaux.*
On voyage comme poisson, incog."

—George Starbuck

• •



"Got it!"

STUDY OF A DISASTER

HE had the right-of-way, so it was by no means his fault. The trailer truck entered the tree-lined avenue from the left, shortly before Montpellier. It was noon, sunny, not much traffic.

•

Marlis wears her hair short, blond, slacks with a brass buckle on a wide belt, violet mod glasses. She is thirty-five, from Basel, witty. They've known each other for a year. Her question "Or shall I drive now?" is not her last word before the accident (as perhaps he afterward believes); she has said it more than once this trip.

•

In Avignon, alone in the bathroom, he locks the door, though she is still asleep, and decides, I've had it. At breakfast (without arguing), he will say, "Why don't we turn back? This isn't making any sense."

•

She got to know him at the Municipal Hospital in Basel—a doctor, to whom she practically owes her life. It is because of him she's getting a divorce.

•

Good nights in bed, followed by architecture—Romanesque or Gothic. Every day like an exam: history of the popes, just because they happen to be in Avignon. She especially likes to ask him things he doesn't know or knows only more or less, so that he becomes unsure of himself. You can always look up why the Pope emigrated to Avignon in the fourteenth century, if you really care. But it has nothing to do with popes. At night, in bed, she reassures him.

Victor is a bachelor.

She thinks the trip is a great success. She's been saying that since Genoa, where it rained in torrents. Later, the weather improved. She says, "You're not even looking!" She absolutely adores Provence. At times, as they drive along, she sings.

•

He has a bald spot and knows it.

•

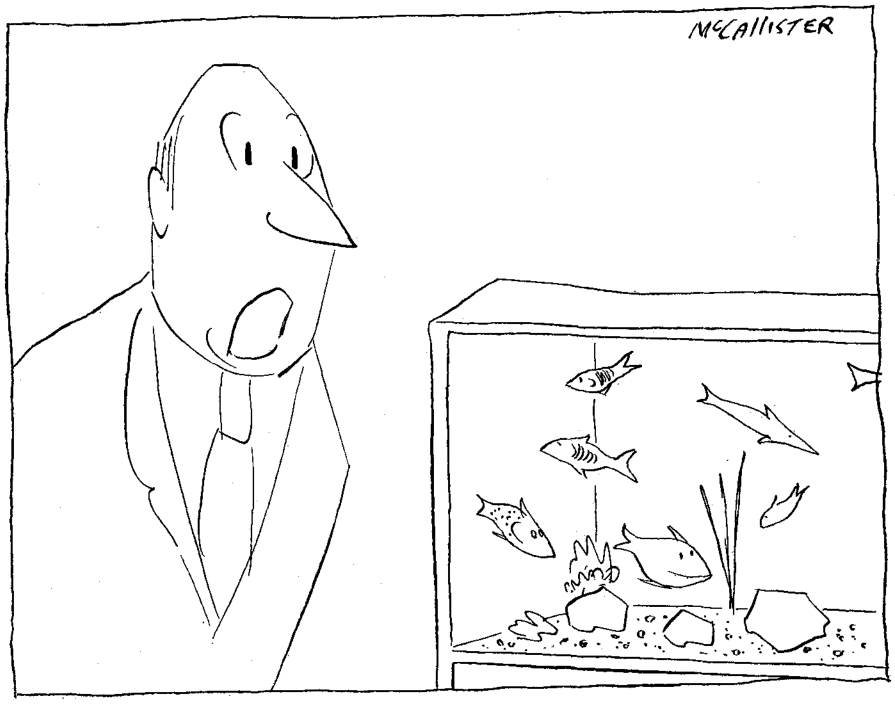
Never an hour that's not a lesson followed by a test.

A wasted vacation.

"It isn't called Cavillion but Cavaillon, famous for asparagus." She already told him that the day before. She's right; almost immediately they see it written on a signboard: "Cavaillon." He keeps quiet; soon afterward, he drives through a red light.

Hotel room with double bed; she reads the paper *Le Figaro Littéraire*, which, as they both know, is too much for him. She has a Ph.D. in Romance languages.

In Nice, they have dinner with friends—a pleasant evening. Afterward, she says that while they ate (bouillabaisse) he talked about nothing but eating. It's the kind of thing she should be able to say to him. He has resolved never to mention food again; now he overdoes it, is deliberately silent whenever Marlis talks about eating, as is perfectly natural, especially in France.



"Good Lord, Dottie! The seventy-nine-cent one just ate the four-dollar one!"

This is not their first trip together. He used to have a sense of humor—when he was certain of her admiration, as her doctor. The first trip after her recovery, he took her to Alsace.

•

He has never had a serious accident; however, he wishes that Marlis would fasten her seat belt. She doesn't because she's afraid it would make him drive even faster. He has promised to drive more slowly; now he promises to keep his promises, and so he does. Ever since Cannes, when he notices that she has her eye on the white line, without saying anything, he forgets what he was about to tell her. He is dull, and knows it.

•

In Avignon, he comes out of the bathroom and says, "I'll wait downstairs." Why, what's the matter? She honestly doesn't know. Perhaps he's overworked?

•

She admires intelligent people, especially men, whom she considers more intelligent than women. She always talks about people as very intelligent or not exactly intelligent. She thinks it is a token of her love that it bothers her if Victor isn't more intelligent than she when other people are around.

•

He has no intention of getting married.

•

"Now you're doing a hundred and forty kilometres an hour!" That's what he's been waiting for, he says. "Please don't shout at me." In the first place, he's not shouting; he merely said that's what he's been waiting for. She always has her eyes on the speedometer. In the second place, he's doing exactly a hundred and forty, as the speedometer shows. But that's all she said! Yesterday he did a hundred and sixty (expressway between Cannes and Saint-Raphaël); once, a hundred and eighty, so that Marlis lost her scarf. They agreed on a maximum speed of a hundred and forty. She says, "It's just too fast for me." Meanwhile, every Volkswagen is overtaking them. She says, "It scares one. I can't help it." He tries to make a joke—yesterday a maximum of a hundred and forty, today a maximum of a hundred and twenty. By Bilbao it'll be a maximum of thirty kilometres an hour. Wonderful! Since he himself thinks this is a silly joke, he thinks it is unnecessary for Marlis to think it a silly joke. She has stopped singing; he has stopped overtaking cars. Both are silent.

•

Her husband is a chemist.

•

She doesn't resent their not having bought the shoes in Marseille, where he became impatient; she only says her shoes pinch and that in Arles, where he is patient, there are no shoes for her.

Actually, he would rather breakfast by himself. He doesn't really know what's wrong, either. He doesn't know any woman with whom he would rather breakfast, and she knows that.

•

How intelligent is Marlis?

•

He knows it is up to him.

Later, he may come to feel that he woke with a premonition that the day would end in a disaster; that is, under the plane trees in Avignon he positively knew it.

Her childlike pleasure in shopping; even when she doesn't need anything, she stops in front of shopwindows, interrupts the conversation. No different from other women.

•

The famous town where the gypsies congregate is not Saintes-Maries-sur-Mer but Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. She doesn't tell him—even avoids the name—so as not to correct Victor. Maybe he'll notice, himself.

•

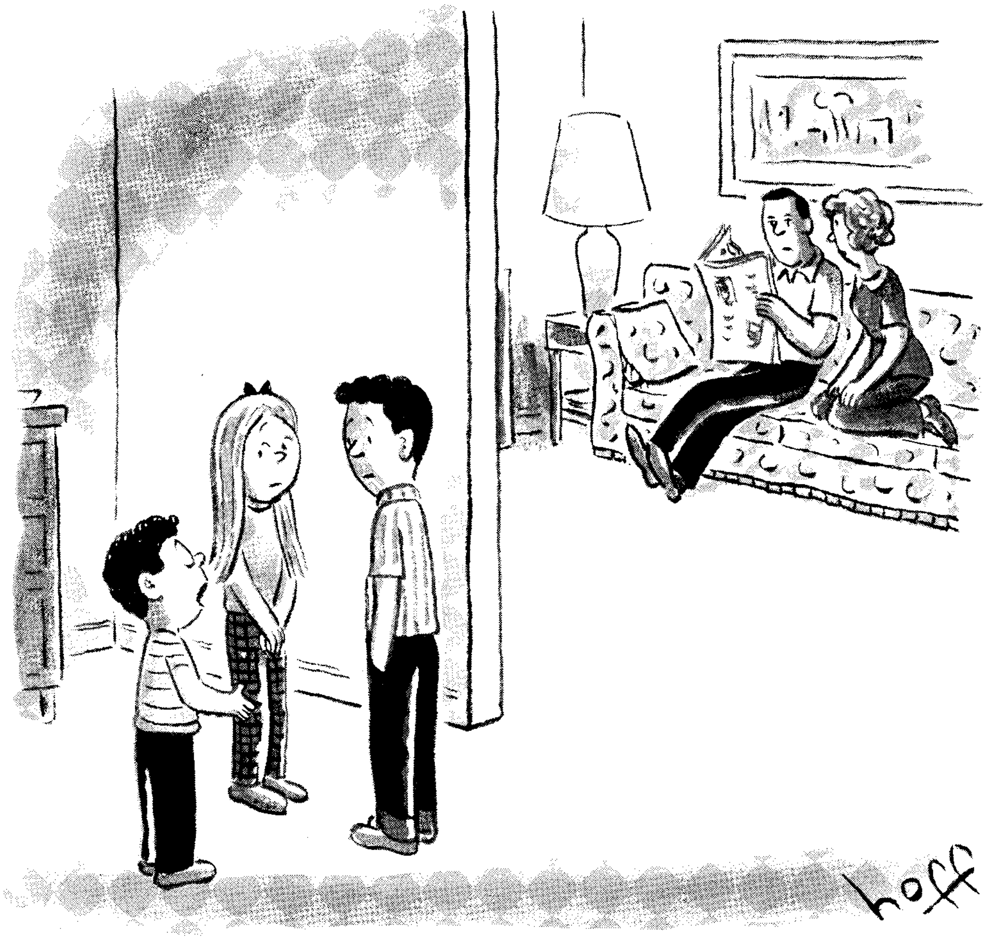
She calls him Vic.

•

She doesn't want to be the superior one. Men can't stand that, least of all Victor. He is a surgeon, therefore used to people having confidence in him. Marlis used to have confidence in him in the old days.

•

A tic of Marlis's to say "Are you sure?" She wants to know whether C——, a mutual acquaintance in Basel, is a homosexual. Victor has hardly begun to give his opinion when Marlis says, "Are you sure?"



"Well, that's your opinion. I get the feeling they're pinning their hopes on me*."*

• •

•

In Avignon, where he waits for her under the plane trees, he feels suddenly the way he used to when he still had a sense of humor. It's uncanny. Sun in the plane trees, wind—probably mistral. Maybe today things will go better. He won't suggest breaking off the trip. Ridiculous, when you come down to it. He sits under the plane trees at a little round table, studying the *Guide Michelin* so he'll know the best route to Montpellier.

•

He is forty-two.

•

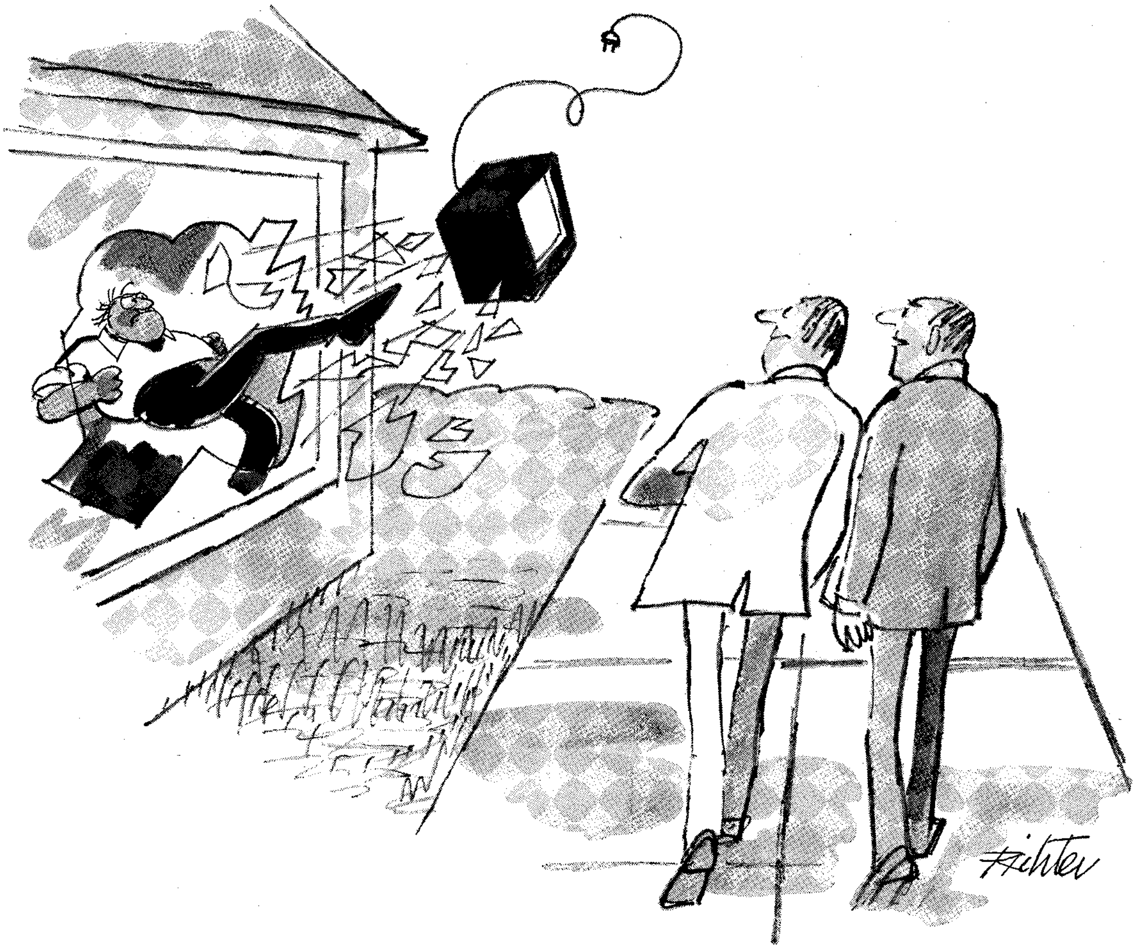
Once, as a student, Victor spent a week in Provence. It seems to him that he knows the Arena of Arles, as they drive toward Arles and Marlis reads out loud from the *Guide Michelin*. Facts: the diameter of the arena, number of seats, height of the façade, year of construction, etc. She reads in French. It is written in French; Marlis can't help it that he feels as if he's taking an exam whenever he hears French, which he understands. When she reads the *Guide Michelin*, she is not watching the white line on the road. In those days, as a student, he had a Danish girl. What remains? A memory of sitting on the outer wall, a very precise memory of this Arena of Arles. He describes it to Marlis. Victor talks more than usual and is lively. She likes him to talk like this. A good evening. They drink (which he doesn't do as a rule when he is working). Next morning, they visit the Arena of Arles—he discovers that it was the Nîmes Arena he was thinking of. Marlis doesn't notice; he does.

She is slender. She has large teeth and full lips that show her teeth, even when she isn't laughing. If a man tells her she's beautiful, he's flunked, but she'll go out of her way to make herself attractive for one who finds her intelligent.

An hour out of Arles, Victor admits that he confused the Arena of Arles with the Arena of Nîmes.

•

She must know he is waiting and thinks, There's plenty of time. If he



"There's a man who's asserting his right not to know."

• •

didn't always walk ahead, he wouldn't have to wait. She can't walk faster. Always the same thing. Sitting under the plane trees at the little round table, he tells himself it's his fault, because he always walks ahead. She is right: Why shouldn't he enjoy Avignon? And he does. Sun in the plane trees. When he sees Marlis standing in front of a shop-window again, unable to pry herself loose though she knows Victor is waiting, he means to be patient. There are no shoes for her in Avignon, either. Besides, she's dressed too lightly. Will Spain be warmer? He suspects it will, but doesn't say so, to avoid having been wrong in case this trip really takes them into Spain. Instead, he says, "Would you like a brioche?" What he offers is a croissant. He notices in time but doesn't correct himself, since she hasn't heard his question. He has begun to notice every mistake he makes, it seems to him. Meanwhile, he doesn't notice, for example, that she's waiting for a light. "I'm sorry!" he says and holds out a light. "I'm sorry!" The repetition is a mistake.

•

In Basel, she no longer lives with her husband, or with Vic; one knows that could hurt her case in the divorce suit.

•

The way he suddenly looks at her after lighting her cigarette—not in anger but impersonally, the way one looks at an object. Doesn't he like her necklace, she asks. "*Garçon!*" he calls, suddenly decisive, and strokes her cheek. The meaning of the gesture is obscure. Unfortunately, the waiter, wiping off another table five steps away, doesn't come. The caress has confused her. He has decided to stay lively and relaxed. He says, "What marvellous weather!" She asks, "You still haven't paid?" A question is no reproof, but he raps on the tin table with a coin until Marlis calls, "*Garçon?*" Now he comes. That she asks the waiter in great detail about the route to Montpellier while Victor is paying should not annoy him. How could Marlis know that he's already studied the map thoroughly? When the waiter finally disappears, she says, "Did you understand?"

•

What is he afraid of?

Once (not on this trip), she said to him half jokingly, "You're not my surgeon anymore, Vic, and you've got to get used to that."

In Avignon, he waits in the open car, smokes, while she is still looking for something she has to buy. There's plenty of time. Vacation. He smokes; he means to give it every chance. When she finally comes, he receives her like a gentleman, gets out of the car, opens the door for her, says, "I found your sunglasses! They were under the seat." Marlis says, "You see!," as if he were the one who lost them—the second pair this trip. Marlis did not find what she had gone to buy—a nail file—so she got some beach shoes that he thinks amusing. Why is she in a bad mood? She has the feeling that Victor is always impatient. Just as in Marseille. She has half a suitcase full of shoes; he doesn't understand why, since Marseille, she's been wearing the pair that pinch her. His suggestion of returning by way of Marseille was not ironical, but she won't believe it. Now both of them are in a bad mood.

What a waste of the good nights in bed.

•

They drive with the top down after he has promised absolutely no speeding. It's just that it's different sitting behind the wheel from sitting in the seat next to the driver. That he overtakes nobody (as he kept doing between Cannes and Saint-Raphaël) and stays in back of every truck is ridiculous. Even he can't stand himself.

•

He hates his name—Victor—but he doesn't like it when she calls him Vic, either, especially when people at another table can hear.

•

If she says nothing, he'll be the one to criticize himself. Why is he talking of asparagus (eating again!) instead of looking for the exit to Montpellier?

She puts on her sunglasses, says, "This takes us to Lyon!" and, when he is silent, "I thought you wanted to go to Montpellier."

He hangs his left arm out the window, to seem relaxed. Soon afterward, a road sign: "Toutes Directions." In Alsace, on the first trip of their love affair, she simply trusted him. Another signpost: "Toutes Directions." Still no mistake. She ties on her scarf, a new one she bought instead of the nail file. Victor doesn't notice until she asks, "How do you like it?"

He remarks that he has driven through the desert from Baghdad as far as Damascus without her and found it. Suddenly he says, "You're right!" He laughs like someone standing on the famous Pont d'Avignon, which is broken in the middle. As a matter of fact, they're only in an industrial area with a sign: "Passage Interdit." He goes into reverse. She says, "Don't get nervous." When, after a series of errors (which you can hear in the engine), he has found the street any idiot could find, Victor still hasn't said if he likes her scarf.

•

If he could put on his white doctor's coat now, everything would be different; the idea of driving through Provence to Spain in his white doctor's coat . . .

Why doesn't he tell her something interesting?

•

It's not true that he has never had an accident. Only Marlis doesn't know that. An accident with a lot of luck. He has practically forgotten it. When he remembers, he gives Marlis a sideways glance, as if she had reminded him by not saying anything, though he had just passed a *deux chevaux*.

•

"What does 'plexus' actually mean?" she asks. He is a surgeon, and it would be funny if he didn't know. Nevertheless, he waits for her to say, "Are you sure?" But she says nothing. Not until Victor says he thinks the route over Aigues-Mortes is shorter does she say, "Are you sure?"

•

Marlis sits in the car barefoot, because her shoes pinch, but she doesn't mention it. He is being sympathetic—instead of thinking of something interesting to tell her.

Why does he lay his hand on her thigh?

•

In Antibes, he yelled at her, but can't remember why. He thinks he has apologized by saying, "All right!"—pale with rage, without believing himself to be in the wrong—"I'm sorry!"

It doesn't really matter whether the flat landscape that charms Marlis should be called Provence or Camargue. Why does he insist it's Camargue? He might very well be right.

Not a word till Aigues-Mortes.

He actually squeezes into a narrow parking space against her warning, which he doesn't acknowledge with so much as a look, and without a scratch, on the first try. Wordlessly. A hundred paces farther on are lots of empty parking spaces, and, what's more, in the shade. Only Marlis couldn't have known that, either, nor does she say anything.

•

Apéritif alone under the plane trees, while she takes a look around the town. All of a sudden it feels like a vacation. This light under the plane trees, this light, etc.

Vic has never felt that she owes him her life. It was the kind of operation that is usually successful. Maybe she has felt it . . .

Why couldn't one stay here? It is eleven o'clock, too early for lunch. Still, one could stay. The old fortress walls keep off the mistral. When Marlis comes back, he will be transformed—gay, relaxed; it's entirely up to him.

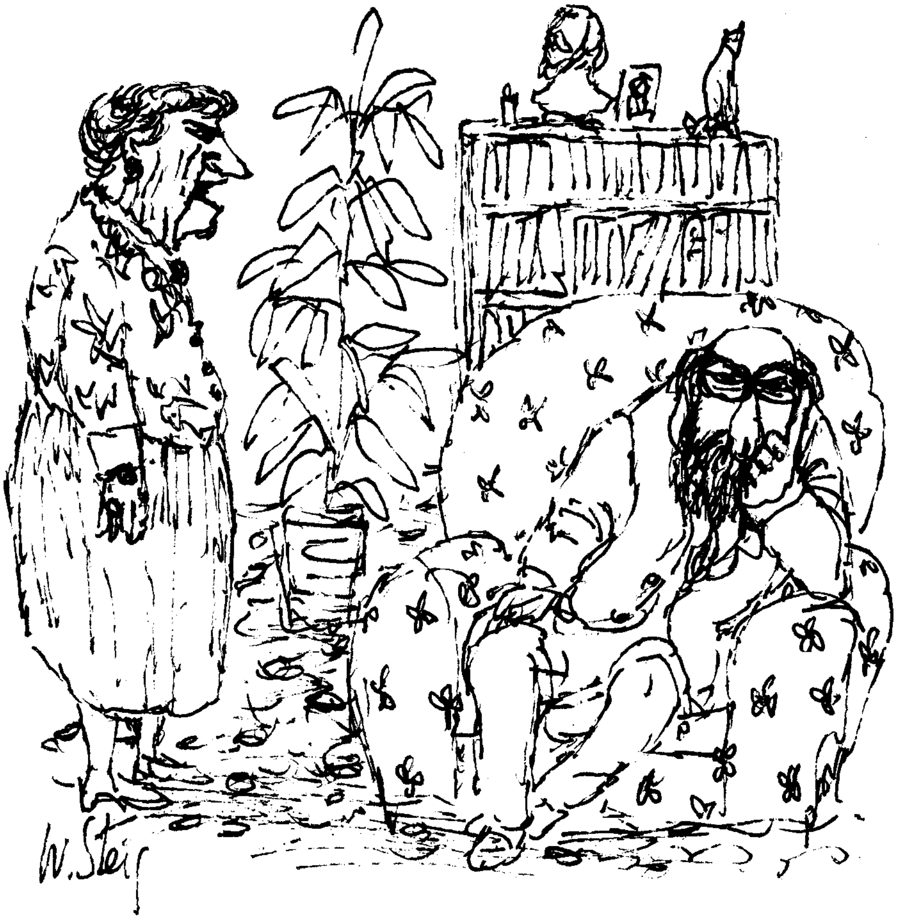
•

Sometimes he wants to have a child by her.

•

She doesn't know why Victor starts scenes like the one in Antibes. First he yells at her, then he suggests a starred restaurant, the Bonne Auberge. She doesn't believe in these stars. He insists. In a bad mood again because she isn't charmed by his suggestion, he leaves her to saunter around Antibes by herself for an hour. What was he doing? When they meet again, the whole boring argument all over: where to eat; her objection—there are restaurants nearby, why the starred one, and so on. This neighborhood they're in doesn't look like restaurants. When she finally asks, "Are you sure?," he drives on without a word, makes a turn, another turn, and there it is: La Bonne Auberge.

The headwaiter leads them to the table on the terrace that the gentleman himself picked out an hour ago. Unfortunately, by now it's too cold on the lovely terrace. Inside, there are painted screens, waiters in folk costume. The food is so-so and expensive,



"Well, say something unmeaningful, then."

but it doesn't matter. Marlis is sweet, although he yelled at her an hour ago; she feels sorry for him.

•

Mistral is the name of a poet—which Victor knows. Whereas the wind, which is also called "mistral," does not come from the sea, as Marlis thinks—that by the bye. On the other hand, of course, she is quite right: "Lettres de Mon Moulin" is by Alphonse Daudet—he read it in school—and not by Mistral. *That* by the bye. Actually, all she said was "Mistral is a poet, as you know."

•

He drives a Porsche.

•

Under the plane trees of Aigues-Mortes, he feels his jacket to make sure that he hasn't lost his passport. Victor has never lost his passport yet. His panic when he doesn't find his passport in the jacket, but in the same instant he remembers: his passport is in the car. He remembers putting it in the glove compartment; still, he will check. He's not sure.

•

If he had carried out the decision he made in the bathroom—to end the trip today—they would be in Lyon now and in Basel by the evening, when it's so lovely here. This light under the plane trees, this light, etc. When she comes, he'll make a suggestion: a stroll by the ocean.

Maybe she'll find some shoes.

•

He does not think of himself as egotistical. He is never happy unless he thinks he can make someone else happy. When it doesn't work out, he is horrified, and blames himself.

•

Under the plane trees of Aigues-Mortes, an hour before the accident, he wants another cup of coffee. Is he too tired to drive, she asks. He praises the light; pigeons coo around the monument of St. Louis. Marlis wants to leave, is not in the least hungry, doesn't want an apéritif. Now it's Victor who feels there's plenty of time. An old man with three long loaves of French bread under his arm . . .

Spain was her idea.

Anyone looking at them wouldn't find it odd that she is reading *Le Provençal*, while he, with his long legs stretched across the sidewalk, is drinking coffee and waiting for the miracle—it must come from without, from the cooing pigeons. He would be ready to get married. It's a matter of mood. "Do you just want to go on sitting here?" she asks. "Sorry!" he says. "You're the one reading the paper, not I." He doesn't mean it the way it sounds. Then he carries her handbag for her; he feels the need to be the gentleman, and she is used to that. Oh well, no miracle.

•

For the first time it is Victor who wants to look at a cloister. Romanesque. She doesn't feel like it.

They walk arm in arm.

For the first time it is Victor who keeps stopping. The fruit-and-vegetable market. It is touching when he says, "They have shoes here!" He still doesn't understand what she's looking for.

•

Why does one have to go to Spain?

He waits in an alley—Marlis forgot her scarf—but he isn't really waiting for Marlis. What would he do if he were alone? When he sees her coming, he buys a *Herald Tribune* to find out what's happening in the world. After a while, he looks up from the paper. Marlis has disappeared.

Tourists at lunch.

•

Later she says, "I'm sorry!" She has bought a charming beret. "No!" She laughs. "For you!" Marlis in her best mood. As he opens the door of the car, her question: "Or shall I drive now?" He drives. Why always he? He urgently insists that she let him drive. There's no explaining that now. "Don't you like it?" She means the brightly colored beret.

For the first time, he is afraid of the road.

•

She's a child.

•

His passport is in the glove compartment. "You look charming!" She's set the colored cap on his head, so he won't look so serious. He is surprised that Marlis fastens her seat belt without being asked. He leaves the beret on his head as he changes gears, looking back so as not to bump behind. If only he makes no mistake now . . .

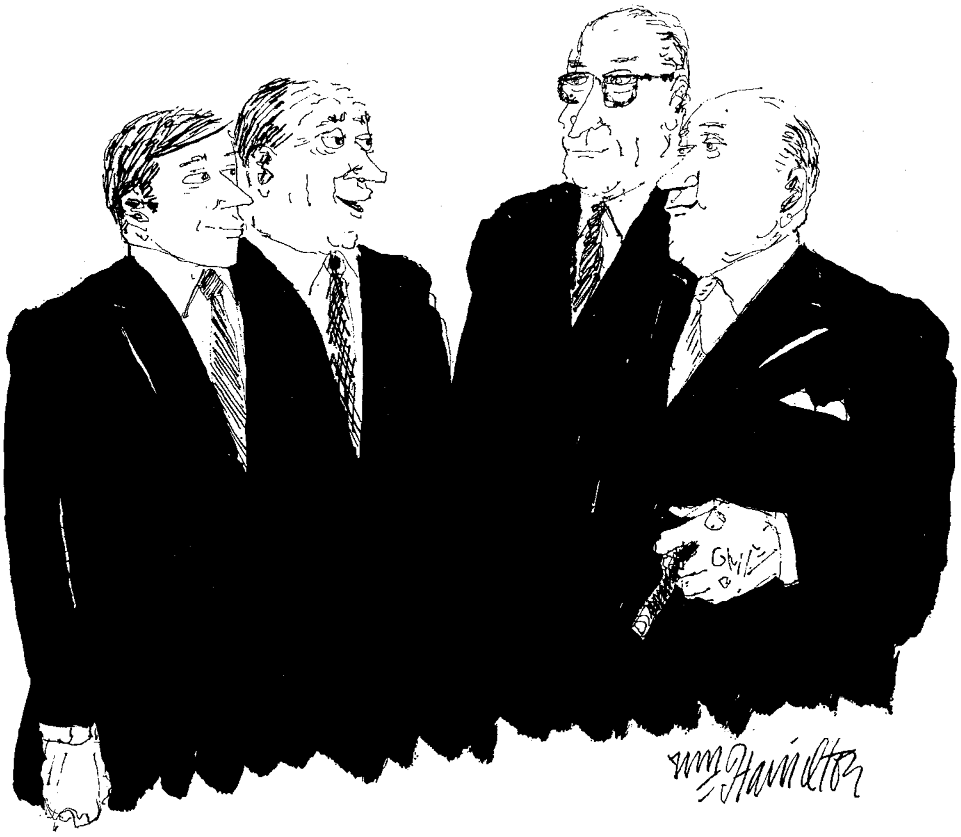
So that was Aigues-Mortes.

•

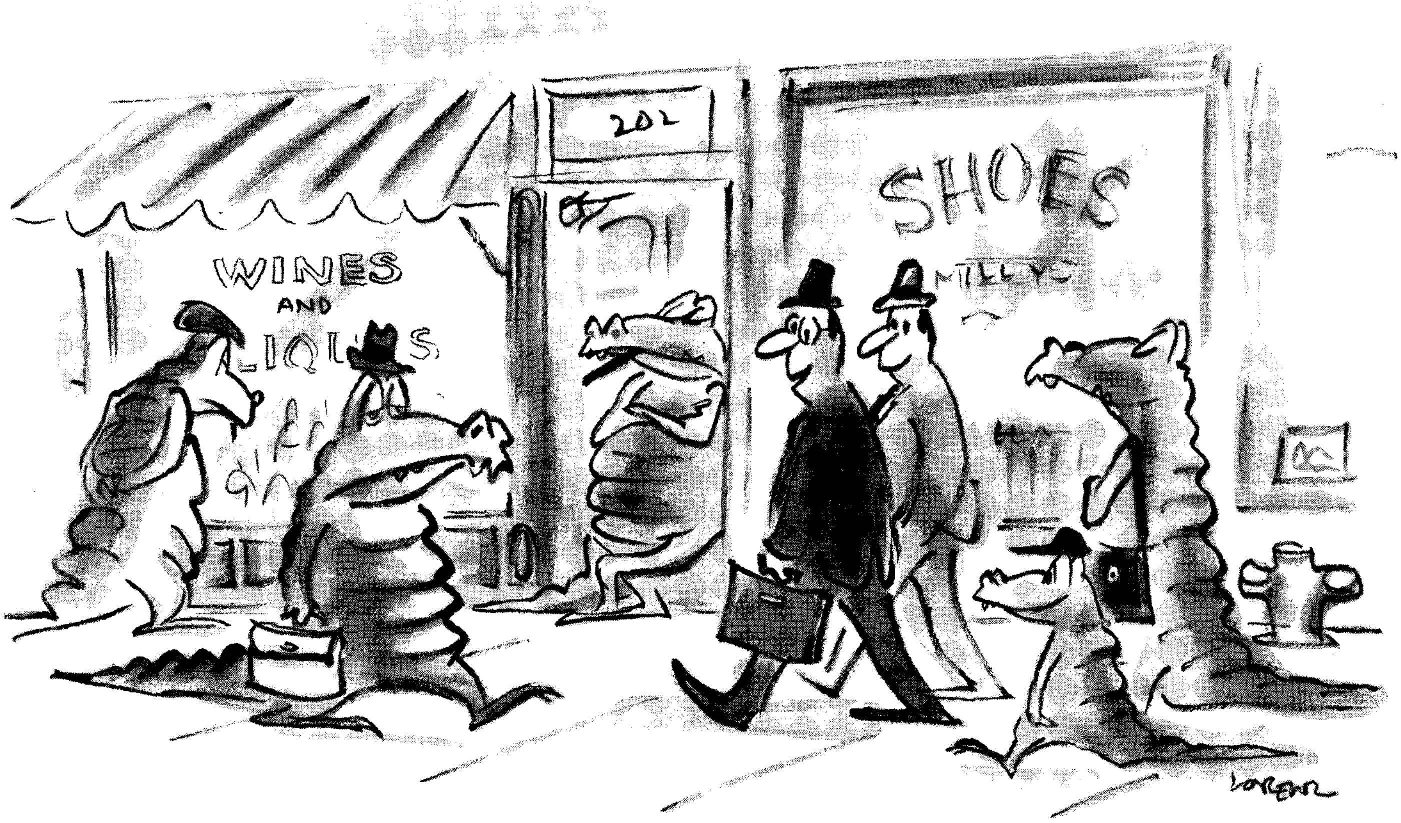
She has a son who goes to school; she studied in Paris; she is getting a divorce; she is a woman, not a child.

•

The horses of Camargue. Once she says something, then he says something. Fortunately, there is little traffic. Then



"In examining our books, Mr. Mathews promises to use generally accepted accounting principles, if you know what I mean."



"It's hard to believe that just a few years ago they faced virtual extinction."

• •

again he tries to think professionally. When is a man dead? The question you ask in the case of heart transplants. He catches himself saying, "Tomorrow I have to have the oil changed," instead of saying what he is thinking about. He's making it too easy for himself.

She used to ride as a child.

He drives behind a Belgian house trailer and doesn't overtake it; then he overtakes it, and it's a close call. That was dangerous. She says nothing.

•

Patients think well of him: his calm assurance, his confidence.

•

Now she is wearing the charming beret. "Everything looks good on you," he says, but he is looking at the road. Is he listening? She is reading out loud from the *Guide Michelin,* so that he can look forward to the cave paintings of Altamira, so he'll have something on his mind besides oil changing, so he'll know why they're driving to Altamira. She means it pleasantly.

He's always been lucky, compared to other people—his health, professionally, and generally.

•

She says, "You are thinking about food *again!*" He's thinking nothing at all, just looking at the road; he only wanted to say something or other to do with Montpellier, because he sees a sign: "Montpellier 12 KM." He would have done better not to say anything.

•

He escapes with light injuries, cuts at the temple, but doesn't remember any trailer truck. She dies on the way to the Montpellier hospital. He doesn't even remember the street where it happened, where the trailer lies overturned between the plane trees. To his eyes, it's as if he were here for the first time, in this tree-lined avenue with the crossroad, where he is being interrogated (in French) and learns that he had the right-of-way, consequently isn't guilty, in no way at fault.

LATER, Victor becomes surgeon-in-chief. For ten years he never speaks about the tragedy near Montpellier, doesn't remember how it happened. Some of his acquaintances know about it, more or less. He becomes head of a clinic, is married, father of two children, travels a lot—never to Spain.

A doctor has no business talking about himself to a patient the night before an operation; Victor knows that. Nevertheless, he suddenly mentions to his patient his accident near Montpellier in France: "I had the right-of-way, as I said, and was in no way at fault." He says, "Now, how did we get onto this subject?" The patient doesn't know. So why doesn't he just say good night, the usual things like "If you can't sleep, you'll ring for the night nurse." But he already said that. He picks up a book from the night table, reads the title, puts it back. What he meant to say was: Nothing to worry about, he will be there tomorrow; though he doesn't operate himself, he'll be there, nothing to worry about, etc.

The patient, evidently disappointed, dares not ask why the head surgeon will not undertake the operation himself.

•

He never had another accident.

•

Her question: "Are you sure?"

That's about all he ever says of the accident.

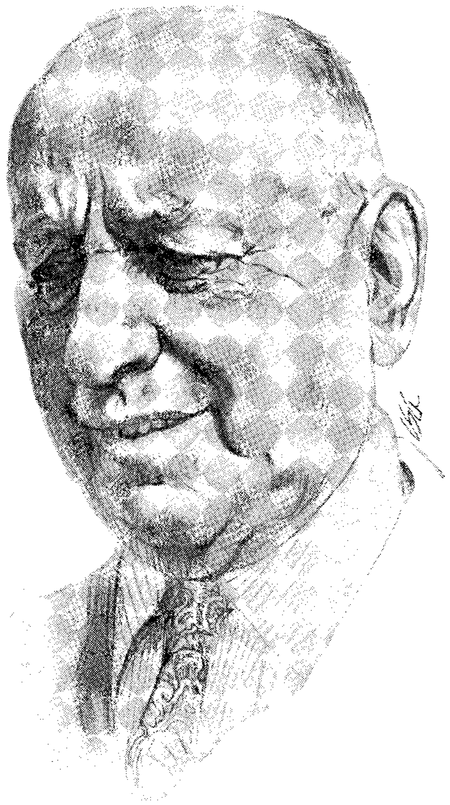
•

Marlis saw the truck; she warned him. He saw the truck but didn't brake—he had the right-of-way. It may even be that he stepped on the gas to prove that he was sure. She screamed. The Montpellier police said that he was in the right. —MAX FRISCH

(Translated, from the German, by Jessica Wolff and Lore Segal.)

PROFILES

VERONESE IN VENICE



> "Cipriani is very intelligent."
> "He's more than that. He's able."
> "Someday he'll own all Venice."
> —*Ernest Hemingway, in "Across the River and Into the Trees."*

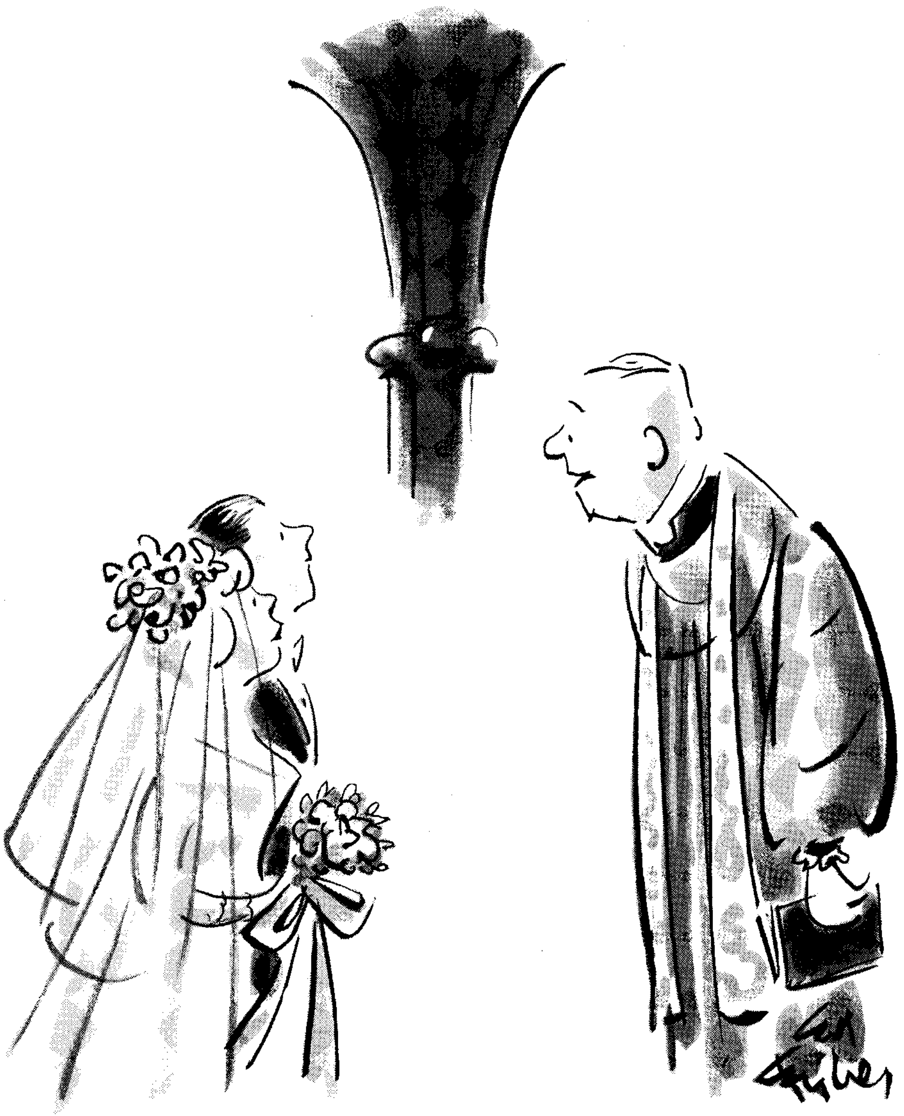
Commendatore Giuseppe Cipriani, the one real-life character in Hemingway's Venetian novel, does not yet own all Venice. But he is one of its most progressive citizens. For his contributions to Italian tourism, he has, as his title suggests, been honored by the Italian government—and Venice, as is well known, lives on tourism. The city's most fashionable hotel—the Hotel Cipriani, on the eastern end of the Giudecca, the long island that lies to the south of the city—bears his name, and though he does not own it, he manages it. He does own the small luxury hotel La Locanda Cipriani, famous for its restaurant, on the island of Torcello. He manages the Villa Cipriani, a small but elegant establishment at Asolo, in a hilly region an hour outside the city. But he is mainly celebrated as the proprietor of Harry's Bar, a modest-looking but beautifully appointed two-story establishment on the waterfront, which is approached through a long alleyway and lies right next to the San Marco *vaporetto* station. It has swinging doors, a genuine American-style bar with a gray marble top, and eating accommodations for about a hundred people. It also has that cozy, womblike atmosphere that barflies appreciate. Venice is a marvellous city to look at, but you can see very little of it from the lower floor of Harry's Bar. The place is familiar to nearly every well-heeled American who sets foot in Venice. Though it is designed to attract the *forestieri*—the quaint word, meaning "people of the forest," by which Italians designate foreigners—it attracts a great many Venetians, too. During the forty-odd years of its existence, it has become a sort of cross between Manhattan's P. J. Clarke's and "21"—a hangout for everybody from royalty to an occasional hippie, with artists, writers, and politicians in between. Part of its attraction is its excellent cuisine; it is one of the thirteen restaurants in Italy allowed two stars in the *Guide Michelin*. (No restaurant in Italy has three.) Another part is its reputation as a gathering place for more or less famous people who like to look at other more or less famous people. Still another is the fact that an American-style bar is something that Americans find homelike and Italians find exotically chic. "Anybody in Venice who wants to find somebody comes to Harry's Bar," Commendatore Cipriani maintains. There have been, and are, other Harry's Bars—most notably the one in Paris, also frequented by Hemingway, which predates the one in Venice. There is nowadays a Harry's Bar in Milan, one in Rome, and one in Florence, but none of them bears any relation to the one in Venice, or serves quite the same social function. Venice's Harry's Bar comes by its name in an authentic manner. There both was and is a genuine Harry. The present one is Cipriani's son Arrigo (which is as close to "Harry" as you can get in Italian), who is named after the original Harry, a wandering Bostonian named Harry Pickering, who was befriended by Cipriani in days gone by.

But that was long before Cipriani became a Commendatore; in fact, it was long before Hemingway. Harry Pickering was a rather pathetic figure, and his story is well known to Venetians and visiting Americans. He was, according to Cipriani, a dish-faced man with a high forehead, a salient chin, and a very small nose, and his constant companion was a black Pekinese with a face strikingly like his own. He came from a wealthy family, and he had been sent to Europe in the care of an aunt with the hope of curing him of alcoholism. The cure didn't work. The aunt was an alcoholic, too, and she lived with a gigolo who was also an alcoholic. The three of them put up at the old Hotel Europa—now the Ca' Giustiniani, an office building on the Grand Canal. At that time, Cipriani was the chief bartender at the Europa, and he reports that Pickering, his aunt, and her gigolo, sitting from morning to night at the Europa's bar, consumed among them several hundred dollars' worth of drinks a day—mostly highballs and Daiquiris. One day, the three of them had a fight, and the aunt and the gigolo quit Venice, leaving Pickering alone with his Pekinese. He was a solitary man, and he continued to turn up at the bar, but he began to drink less and less. Cipriani, alarmed by the sudden change in his habits, sought to get at the cause—either Pickering was sick or he was running out of money. The latter proved to be the case, and Cipriani, who is a warmhearted man as well as a shrewd one, offered to lend him approximately five thousand dollars, out of his savings. "I am a very good judge of men," Cipriani remarked recently. "I have never been cheated by anybody." And so it turned out. After drinking up part of the five thousand, Pickering left Venice. The following year, he returned, paid back the loan, and told Cipriani that he had an additional five thousand. Cipriani, who is persuasive as well as warmhearted and shrewd, suggested that they use the money to open a bar of their own. He had long had his eye on a two-story building on the Molo San Marco; having once been a bartender at the Hotel Monaco, across the street, he had appraised the place thoroughly. The year was 1931. The Depression had hit Venice. Many enterprises had failed, and it happened that the desired premises were vacant. Pickering agreed. With their combined funds, plus a bank loan, Cipriani took a long lease on the property (it is still leased), completely redid its interior, acquired the appropriate furnishings, and named the place Harry's Bar, in honor of his partner. For several years, Pickering turned up every season to inhabit his very own bar. "He never tended bar, though," Cipriani says. "He never worked in his life. But he liked to see his name on the swinging doors, and, of course, he got a special rate on drinks." Somewhere around

1940, however, Pickering got tired of being part owner and sold his share in the venture to Cipriani. He died in Monte Carlo in 1948.

During its first ten years of operation, Harry's Bar was not notably successful. At the time, an American-style bar was—as it still is, in most places—in total conflict with the Italian traditions of well-bred drinking. Italians had always taken their alcohol sitting down; standing at a bar was something for workmen. For another thing, Harry's Bar was not attached to a hotel or other institution, and so did not draw clients automatically. Visiting Americans, however, found the place very congenial, and, little by little, the bar caught on. Not only tourists but Venetians came to frequent the place. The low chairs around the tables were comfortable; the lighting was slightly dim, as befitted a bar, but not so dim that you could not see what you were eating. The behavior in the bar was so discreet that Venetians allowed their daughters to go there unescorted, and American girls in search of romance found it an irreproachable locale for meeting Italian youths. Cipriani helped things along with innovations. He began serving small, delicate sandwiches with his drinks (Harry's Bar is still the only place in Venice where you can get a dependable cheese sandwich), introduced variations in the menu (which has since become a half-American, half-Italian affair, not altogether authentic in the eyes of seasoned travellers to Italy but magnificent in the opinion of tourists), and made his own spaghetti and noodles on the premises. He varied the dish known in Venice as *filetto Carpaccio*—something like steak tartare—by slightly roasting the beef, removing the outer cooked part, slicing the inner raw part as thin as paper, and serving it with mayonnaise. And the mayonnaise was special. "Americans don't like the smell of Italian mayonnaise," he explained recently. "The oil that Italians use is too heavy. It's like the smell of mutton in England. Me, I *like* the smell of mutton. But some people don't. It's curious—the Italians think my mayonnaise has no taste." Cipriani developed a close relationship with certain suppliers at the market near the Rialto Bridge. "They send me the best of the best. If they fail to do this, I buy somewhere else." His hamburgers became famous, and he served, by everybody's account, the finest broiled scampi to be found in Venice. (Harry's Bar was never an inexpensive place to eat; even today, its prices are slightly above those in most of Venice's luxury hotels.) The guestbook of Harry's Bar began to accumulate the names of café socialites from all over the world—Somerset Maugham, Noël Coward, Serge Lifar, the Aga Khan, Elsa Maxwell, Lawrence Tibbett, Tito Schipa, Charles Chaplin, Marcello Mastroianni, Franco Zeffirelli, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and so on. On one occasion, in 1935, four crowned or recently uncrowned heads of Europe had lunch there at the same time—King Alfonso XIII of Spain, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, King Paul of Greece, and King Peter of Yugoslavia. Hemingway started coming in the late forties. Today, the bar has become an object of reverence to many people. Cipriani's son Arrigo, who now manages Harry's, was recently given an aluminum speedboat by one of the customers. Taken aback by such largesse, he asked what the customer wanted in return. "That bar," said the customer, an American from Miami. Arrigo consented, and is having a duplicate bar constructed, with a similar fine gray marble top. One of these days, it will be installed in place of the old one, which will then be shipped intact to Miami.

Cipriani regards all this with gentle cynicism. He is seventy-two years old and has seen a good deal of the world. A small, dapper, cherubic man, he could easily be taken for a Swiss rather than an Italian. He is bald, and his gray-blue eyes express friendliness as well as a certain air of worldly wisdom. He smiles almost shyly as he talks to strangers, and his smile reveals a row of slightly uneven teeth. He still walks with a light, agile step, in spite of a stroke he suffered a couple of years ago. When he passes along the Molo outside Harry's Bar, the *facchini* and other bystanders tip their hats to him. Commendatore Cipriani is a man of substance, and he returns their greetings with a wave of the hand. He is not a Venetian by birth. He was born in Verona, and he feels so strongly about the city that he took his wife back there to have all three of their children—Arrigo and two girls. One



"And may I congratulate you on your decision to, er, work within the system?"

of the girls is married to the leading physician of Venice's Ospedale, the other to one of Italy's prominent new filmmakers, Tinto Brass. Arrigo is a graduate in law of the University of Padua, but he has never practiced, preferring to succeed his father as manager of the bar. The Commendatore is, as a matter of fact, a bit ambivalent in his attitude toward Venice. "When you first arrive, you are enchanted with the place," he remarked the other day. "Then, after a while, the enchantment wears off and Venice is just like any other city, in spite of its canals. Then, in about thirty years, you begin to love it again. It's a strange series of reactions—a little like learning to like good music or pictures. But I am a Veronese, and I shall always be one."

Curiously, Cipriani speaks both English and Italian with a slight German accent, and he claims that when he speaks English he habitually translates it from the German. This is because he spent his school days, from 1904 to 1914, in a little German Black Forest town called Schwenningen-am-Neckar, where his parents had gone in search of employment. The family was very poor. Cipriani's mother took in boarders, and her husband worked in a local watch factory. The only industry in Schwenningen was watchmaking, and when Cipriani graduated from school, shortly before the First World War, he received a diploma that entitled him to become a watchmaker's apprentice. But then the war broke out and the Ciprianis returned to Verona. The Germans who said goodbye to them, Cipriani remembers, interspersed their farewells with optimistic cries of "See you in Paris!"

Back in Verona, where his father, unemployed, managed to earn about eighty centesimi a day making toothpicks by hand, Cipriani got a job in a pastry shop and soon became its chief pastry cook. Then the wartime shortage of sugar discouraged the pastry business, and he became a waiter, first in Verona, where his knowledge of German was an asset, and after the war in France and Belgium, where he worked at the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, the Hotel Metropole in Brussels, and the Hotel Metropole in Monte Carlo, acquiring a knowledge of French as he went along. Then came Venice and the meeting with Harry Pickering.

In 1946, with things looking up, Cipriani took a small step toward realizing his overriding ambition—to own a luxury hotel. He bought a large piece of land on the ancient island of Torcello, the site of a handsome medieval cathedral. There was an old, neglected inn on the property, which Cipriani rebuilt into an attractive modern red brick structure with outdoor as well as indoor dining facilities. A good-sized vineyard and kitchen garden were planted nearby, and for the first time Cipriani was able to grow his own vegetables, supplementing them from the Rialto market only in times of scarcity. La Locanda Cipriani, as the place was called, served food of the same high quality that one found in Harry's Bar, and in a small way it was a luxury hotel. Upstairs, it had six lavishly furnished rooms, each with an elegantly tiled bathroom. In order to connect it with the mainland facilities, Cipriani ran telephone and electric wires across the bottom of the lagoon. He also provided free motorboat service from Harry's Bar to Torcello. The little hotel was eventually put under the management of his wife's sister, a maiden lady named Signorina Gabriella Andolfi, but during its first years Cipriani went to Torcello every day to oversee the place. He feels that any endeavor in which he does not take a personal supervisory role will deteriorate in one fashion or another. La Locanda is still an ideal place for the few who come to Venice and want to get away from it all. There is nothing on the island except the hotel, the old cathedral, and some surrounding marshes full of ducks and other waterfowl, and the island itself is a good half hour by fast motorboat from Venice proper. Hemingway wrote his Venetian novel there in 1949, and Cipriani, who has an almost idolatrous respect for writers, kept the place open all that winter with Hemingway as his solitary guest. When Hemingway was not

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AWAY

One summer night
I could not sleep and went outside.

I stood awhile in the somber air.

The musk of trees swept over me.
Down into nothing went the dark windows,
the stone flowers, the wasted breath,
whatever I'd carried with me over the years.

It seemed like hours I stood watching
my life fall into the dark.
And then I lay down
and the grass bent over me
and the wind of summer began.

I could not remember the sound of winter.
I could not remember the sound that wished to be winter.
I thought of the earthworm turning among roots,
the owl's eyes waiting beneath his lids,
the mouse's bones glowing under his skin.

I looked up.
The green enormous rooms of leaves
swayed in the wind and shone
as if each kept a moon within.

I seemed so far from everything, so far from sleep.
The lawn shivered around me like water.
I could not imagine
a dreamless deep or a light that would not break.

I turned and turned in the smoke of my skin.
I floated among the bones of heaven.
Some sparrows had begun to sing.
A few leaves spun over the lawn.

I walked back into the house
and while the sun hooded the roof with light
I lay in bed. I closed my eyes
and did not move. All day

whatever I'd carried with me over the years
would burn and fall away,
burn and fall away.

—Mark Strand

"We're Friends of Central Park. What are you up to now?"

• •

writing, he spent his time, as was his habit, shooting things—mainly the ducks in the marshes nearby.

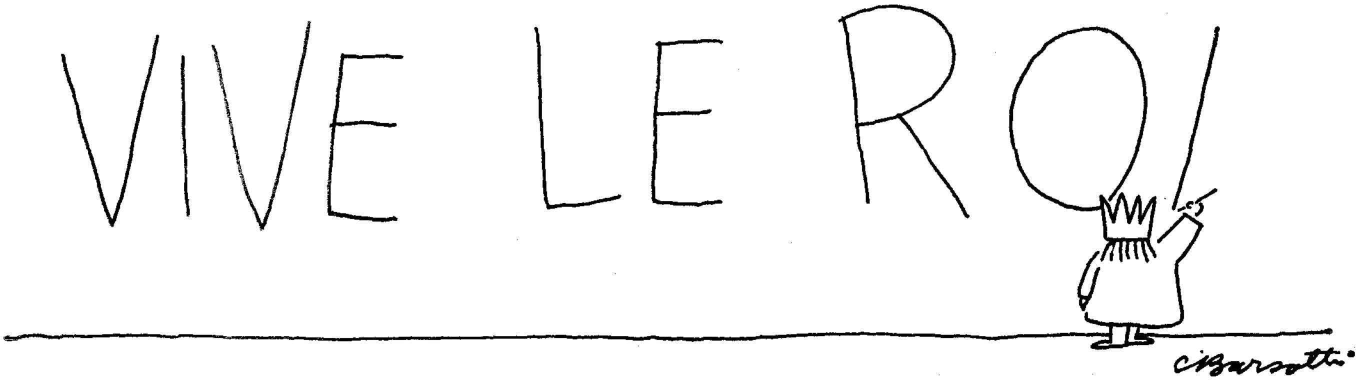
One day in the late nineteen-forties, Lord Iveagh, head of the house of Guinness and chairman of the board of the Guinness brewing company, turned up at Harry's Bar, and he continued to eat and drink there for several weeks. Cipriani, who knew, after some discreet inquiries, who Lord Iveagh was, and how rich, made a suggestion to him across the bar. Why didn't Lord Iveagh go into the hotel business? Some years before, Cipriani had bought a small parcel of land at the eastern end of the Giudecca. The Giudecca had originally been an island of villas, but its eastern end had degenerated into a slum, and Cipriani had bought the property for a song. It was an ideal location for a hotel—far enough from Venice proper to be free of the noise of the *vaporetti* and yet accessible to the city by a four-minute ride. Lord Iveagh took a trip to Torcello and was impressed with La Locanda. Cipriani's proposal was to build a much bigger hotel on the same luxurious lines. Lord Iveagh decided to put up the money—it turned out to be about two million dollars, including the cost of the furnishings. Cipriani contributed the land to the partnership and accepted the two million as a loan, which was to be paid back gradually, as the hotel prospered. The Hotel Cipriani was opened in 1958 with a hundred rooms, indoor and outdoor dining areas with separate kitchens, and, later on, the largest swimming pool in Europe. Motorboats connected the hotel with the city, gratis, and took off even when only one passenger showed up. The hotel was invisible from Venice, being hidden by a grove of trees, and Venice was invisible from the hotel except from a few of the back windows of its top story. Someone remarked that it was the ideal place if you wanted to stay in Venice while feeling that you had never left Miami Beach.

The hotel as one sees it today is a clean, modern brick-and-stucco edifice suggesting the California-Spanish style of architecture. Although Cipriani hired an architect to iron out the details, he designed the place himself, and its rooms are probably the most luxurious in all Venice. So are its prices. The place is absolutely quiet. Very rarely, a motorboat passes on the way from Venice to the Lido. The noble Palladian Church of San Giorgio, with its gardens and orchards, is only a long stone's throw from the entrance. "There are many nice hotels in Venice," Cipriani remarked the other day. "The Gritti is a nice hotel; the Danieli is a nice hotel. But in my opinion the Cipriani is *the* hotel of all Italy." Apparently, a large number of the most fashionable tourists who visit Venice agree with him. The place is open from the first of April until the end of October. The hotel has been filled every season since it was built. It is completely air-conditioned, and the rooms are heated in the spring and fall. Every day, Cipriani himself comes out in his private motorboat and sits in the small manager's office, supervising every detail of the hotel's service and cuisine. The latter is so good that many Venetians come out simply to have lunch or dinner. During the season, Cipriani employs about two hundred and fifty people in his various enterprises. He has discovered the virtues of profit sharing, and pays his employees attractive bonuses when the season has been good. Asked recently what it took to be a fine hotelier, Cipriani replied, "You have to train the staff. If you are elegant, they will be elegant. After all, I was once a waiter myself. It is also very important to feed the staff the same food you feed the guests. Otherwise, they will eat the guests' food anyway. And it is important to smile. A smile costs nothing. When guests arrive, they are apt to be shy at first. You must smile at them."

VENICE, with its amphibious layout, its gondolas, and its *vaporetti* (even its fire engines and its ambulances are waterborne), does not really resemble any other city in the world. Yet, like virtually every other city in Italy, it has an unseen government behind the public figures who serve as mayor, town council, police, and the rest. This unseen government is made up of business, government, and ecclesiastical elements, and nothing can be done without its approval, which is often obtained by bribes. It does not depend on violence for its power (Venice is probably the only city in the world whose crime rate—aside from minor pilferage—is practically zero) but gets its way by persuasion and threats, and it has not always been kind to Cipriani. The Hotel Cipriani is a success to the extent that it is full during the entire Venetian tourist season. But it does not make a profit—or not enough of a profit to pay back the two million loaned by Lord Iveagh. Cipriani has long since ceded the land to the Guinness family in part payment, but he cannot seem to turn up the money that is needed to liquidate the debt. Part of the trouble is that the hotel's location involves special expenses, the biggest of which is transportation from Venice proper—two motorboats that run day and night, with six *motoscafisti* working in eight-hour shifts. An extra motorboat must be on hand in case of breakdowns, and there are *facchini* at either end who must be paid to help passengers on and off. The whole transportation system costs Cipriani something in the neighborhood of eighteen thousand dollars a year. And then there is Venice's unseen government to contend with. Cipriani has known for a long time that the addition of twenty rooms to his hotel would make the difference between loss and profit. No building permit has been forthcoming. ("The Veronese upstart" is the way Cipriani is referred to by some of the other Venetian hoteliers.) The excuse given is that further construction on the site would damage the artistic quality of the Venetian cityscape—a peculiar excuse when one remembers that the hotel is invisible from Venice. But there the matter stands, and has stood for several years.

This, however, is not the most dramatic of Cipriani's run-ins with the behind-the-

"I'm very sorry, Freddie, but I'm afraid I just don't relate to potted plants."



scenes Establishment. Prince Philip of England, before his marriage, had often had a drink at Harry's Bar, and had also visited La Locanda, on Torcello. When the Queen decided to pay a visit to Venice in 1961, her entourage hoped that she might visit Torcello for lunch. A week or so beforehand, however, a city official invited Cipriani to have a drink at the bar of his own hotel and quietly informed him that during the Queen's visit Harry's Bar and the Torcello restaurant were to remain closed, because they were profane establishments, unfit for royal eyes. Cipriani, who had planned a magnificent repast for the Queen ("There were to be five kinds of fish, five kinds of meat, et cetera," he explained later), was crushed. But he was not an experienced Venetian hotelier for nothing. He blandly made a present of half a million lire to "them," ostensibly in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of Harry's Bar. The city official returned and offhandedly remarked that "they" had come to the conclusion that it would be all right for Cipriani's establishments to remain open after all. It was a rather expensive luncheon—expensive for Cipriani—that the Queen had that day at Torcello, but he thinks it was worth it, and he treasures in his home a framed color photograph of the Queen boarding the motorboat for her return to Venice, along with a letter of gratitude from the Queen's secretary. "Eighty per cent of the Italians are good people," he remarked recently. "The other twenty per cent are gangsters. And you have to live with them."

Despite such problems, the Guinness family seems to have complete confidence in Cipriani. The original Lord Iveagh died in the autumn of 1967, and since his son had been killed in the last months of the Second World War, the title passed to his grandson, who is now head of the house and of the brewing company. The Hotel Cipriani is currently owned by the three daughters of old Lord Iveagh—Lady Patricia Boyd, Lady Honor Svejdar, and Lady Brigid Ness. In 1962, the present Lord Iveagh turned over to Cipriani's management an old villa at Asolo, an hour's drive from Venice. It had once belonged to Eleonora Duse and was called the Villa Belvedere. Cipriani removed most of its interior and rebuilt it into a charming hostelry of forty-seven rooms. He also, as a matter of course, renamed it the Villa Cipriani. This is the latest in his chain of enterprises. He has been asked many times to undertake the management of new hotels, and once or twice he has been called in as a consultant by owners and builders of other hotels—most recently a hotel in Jamaica, which he found was built on lines that were all wrong. But Cipriani has no faith in any undertaking that he does not supervise personally, and he has turned all these offers down.

CIPRIANI does not live in his hotel. His home, in a quiet part of Venice known as La Salute, where tourists seldom venture, is on the San Gregorio Canal, next door to the house of the expatriate American poet Ezra Pound. There Cipriani parks his private motorboat, which can reach the hotel in a matter of minutes. His wife, Giulia, a Veronese like himself, is a sunny-tempered plump woman of about his own height and weight—a very domestic woman, who keeps the place in immaculate order and cooks for her husband. On being asked recently whether she and her husband ever eat at Harry's Bar, she replied, "Heavens, no! It's much too expensive." The house has four floors. The two lower floors are occupied by Cipriani and his wife, and the two upper ones by Arrigo, his wife, and their children. The Ciprianis' apartment is very elegantly furnished in the Venetian manner. The floors are paved with travertine, just like those of the bar and the Hotel Cipriani. There is a grand piano, a scattering of lavish Oriental rugs, some fine pieces of antique furniture, and several overstuffed chairs and sofas designed for comfort. The walls are covered with paintings. Cipriani has the same reverence for his neighbor Mr. Pound that he had for Hemingway. "Professor Pound never speaks to us, but we wave to him, and he waves back," he said not long ago. "We hear him talking at night, though—to a tape recorder. His memoirs, or something like that."

Cipriani does not take the pessimistic view of Venice's dilapidation that is entertained by many Venetians. "They say the city is sinking," he observed. "Well, some of it sinks and some doesn't. It all depends on the quality of the foundations. And all that damage to buildings and statuary—that's not so much air pollution as it is simple erosion owing to wind and rain. The high tides here occur in cycles of ten years. They're not as devastating as people think. Actually, we are getting lower and lower low tides, and they are not good, either." All the same, neighbors report that during the famous record high tide of 1966 Cipriani's wine-storage warehouse, adjacent to his home, was under three or four feet of water, and that the great hotelier could be seen up to his waist in the flood rescuing bottles and collecting their floating labels, which he later pasted back where they belonged. Reminded of this, Cipriani laughed and admitted that it was true. The ground floor of his apartment was flooded, too, he said—so thoroughly that Arrigo came down to fish for shrimps in the parlor.

"High water or low, I like to work," he remarked the other day. "I put enthusiasm into what I do. I am an optimist. When everybody else sees black, I see roses. If you ask me about life, I will tell you that life is not a serious thing. Life is a joke, and the older I get the more I feel that way."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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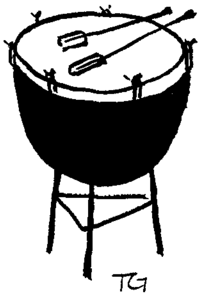
His father was a ne'er-do-wall house painter.—*Washington Star.*

Didn't like ladders, probably.

MUSICAL EVENTS

New York Notes



SATURDAY, JULY 1ST: The eighteenth Newport Jazz Festival, removed for sociological and economic reasons from the great, gentle slope above Newport Harbor where it resided for eleven years, began in Carnegie Hall at five o'clock this afternoon as the Newport Jazz Festival-New York, and it was, for a time, a dislocated occasion. The Festival made Newport hum. It packed its narrow streets and roads with cheerful rivers of cars and people. It provided Newport kids with their one big whoopee of the year. It brought people out on their lawns in the evening to ogle the swells from New York and Illinois and Colorado. It filled the merchants' coffers. It caused hotels and motels to sprout. It even put the weather on the *qui vive*, so that we invariably had one spectacular each weekend—a smashing thunderstorm, a woollen fog, a hellish heat wave, or a cannonading rain. It made Newport, twice famous before—in Colonial days and at the turn of the century—famous again, and the town, despite the grumbling of its officials, who were indulging in the classic love-hate behavior that the residents of all New England resort towns display toward tourists, enjoyed that. So Newport hummed, but New York, stripped of the furniture of automobiles and pedestrians by a record Fourth of July exodus, looked naked and empty today. Even Carnegie Hall was less than half full this afternoon, and I had the feeling at the outset of the concert that I was in the wrong place—that the real Festival was going on somewhere else, perhaps in Newport. But the first group, the Modern Jazz Quartet, set things immediately right with six flawless numbers, among them a blues, "Valeria," that had a sorrowing, gentle melodic line, played sotto voce by Milt Jackson; John Lewis's relatively recent "In Memoriam," which in time will stand beside his classic "Django;" and a swinging, spinning "Bag's Groove." The high point of the quartet's performance came during Jackson's first solo chorus in "Bag's Groove," when Lewis pushed a simple, ascending background figure so close to Jackson's melodic line it threatened to get entangled in his spokes. But it didn't; it merely boosted Jackson up and into several superlative choruses. Stan Getz then floated serenely by on a powerful rhythm section that served to introduce the heralded twenty-one-year-old Philadelphia bassist Stanley Clarke. He may well be the most accomplished and exciting bassist to come along since Charlie Mingus. He has an extraordinary technique (he does not pluck his strings but brushes his fingertips over them), he already realizes the dramatic value of silence, his ideas are vigorous, and he has a huge tone. He even looks like a virtuoso: he is tall, handsome, and well built, and he has the mysterious, impenetrable composure of the supergifted.

During the evening concert at Philharmonic Hall (for the first six days of the Festival, there will be a five-o'clock concert and a repeat nine-o'clock concert at both Carnegie and Philharmonic Halls), Billy Eckstine demonstrated that he still has his celebrated bass voice but that he no longer can get it to the right place at the right time, Sarah Vaughan practiced her aging arabesques, and the Giants of Jazz (Dizzy Gillespie, Kai Winding, Sonny Stitt, Thelonious Monk, Al McKibbon, and Art Blakey) came to life just once, and that was in Monk's solo in a fast blues, in which he kept repeating a complex and funny phrase, making it higher each time, until it simply trailed off the end of the keyboard and into thin air.

JULY 2ND: The Festival began in earnest today. In addition to the double Carnegie and Philharmonic stands, we were offered a 1 P.M. affair at Carnegie Hall (the first of six this week at that hour and place) and a midnight dance in the main ballroom of the Commodore Hotel. The one-o'clock concert included an indifferent performance by the J.P.J. Quartet (Budd Johnson, Dill Jones, Bill Pemberton, and Oliver Jackson); a surprisingly pale one by Mary Lou Williams, a devout Catholic who is so sensitive to her surroundings when she plays that she has been known to feel bad vibrations when there were half a dozen vigilant priests in the audience; a predictably tumultuous, driving one by Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who, with his customary galaxy of instruments slung around his neck, resembles a walking pawnshop; and a classic solo performance by the pianist Cecil Taylor. Taylor, as is his wont, played just one number, but it lasted forty minutes. It was full of his usual devices—the furious, slamming chords, the agitated staccato passages, the breathtaking arpeggios, the blizzard density—but it had two new qualities: lyricism and gentleness. Again and again, after Taylor had launched one of his tidal waves, his hands going up and down like driving rods, he slipped into clear, rippling lagoons where shadows of melody glided just below the surface. The audience, a full house made up mostly of kids, was transfixed, and it rewarded Taylor with what may have been his first standing ovation.

Big bands dominated the rest of the day. At the five-o'clock Philharmonic concert, Bobby Rosengarden's group from the Dick Cavett Show appeared, and it was good to hear such an impeccable and swinging band stretch out and to hear its two best soloists—the high-voltage trombonist Bill Watrous and the fine reedman Eddie Daniels—at length. Billy Taylor's twelve-piece group, from the defunct David Frost talk show, was porous in comparison, and was dominated by its leader's effusive piano. The chomping, barrel-chested Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band closed the proceedings.

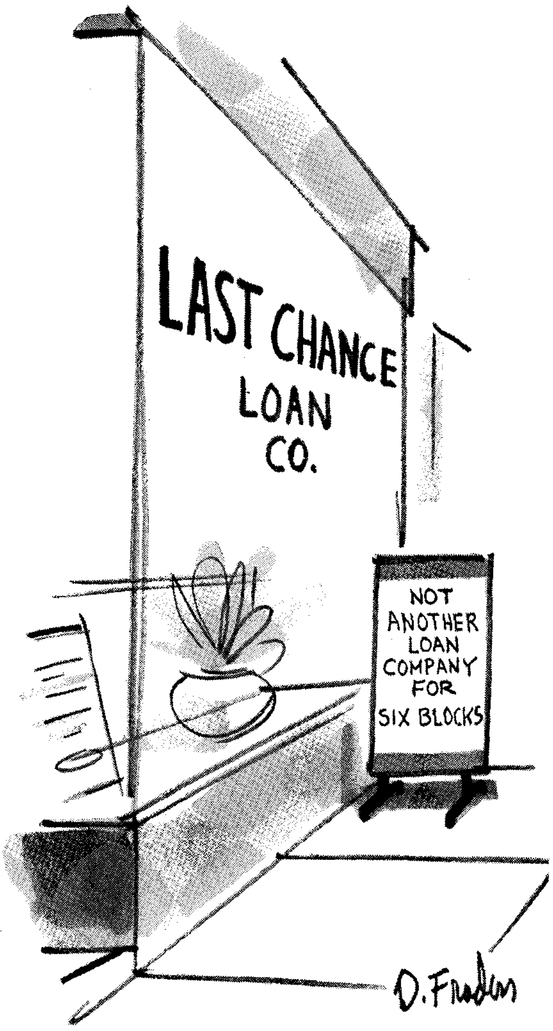
Count Basie's band opened the nine-o'clock concert at Carnegie Hall with over a dozen brassy, expert numbers that contained vocals by Joe Williams and by Al Hibbler, who sang a hand-carved tribute to the late Jimmy Rushing. They also contained a couple of self-effacing delights—eight solo choruses by Basie in a medium blues, and the bells-and-flowers sound of Basie and his master guitarist, Freddie Green, behind Hibbler and behind Williams' "In the Evenin'." The next band was a surprise. Assembled for the Festival by Benny Carter, who wrote the arrangements and three of the numbers, it included eighteen alumni from the bands of Basie, Cab Calloway, Erskine Hawkins, Duke Ellington, and Carter—among them Buddy Tate, Benny Morton, Dickie Wells, Harry Edison, Taft Jordan, Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones. The band played with precision and verve both in the ensembles and the solos, the most striking of which were taken by Edison, Morton, Wells, Wilson, and Carter himself, who fashioned a brocaded "I Can't Get Started." A trio from the band also accompanied Maxine Sullivan in five numbers, and everything about her—the pixie features, the tipped-up chin, the motionless stance (her right arm hanging loose and her left poised lightly at her waist), the exquisite, tissue-paper voice—was in balance and proportion. Carter's arrangements were full of those long, creamy, supple saxophone passages—they always suggest Marlene Dietrich's legs—and the only flaw was a Jo Jones drum solo in the middle of "Sleep." It was arranged as a graceful, fleeting dream—it hums along at a terrific speed—and Jones' contribution, though very good, broke it in half.

Count Basie's band and Sy Oliver's aggressive, bouncy Jimmy Lunceford group presided at the dance. The ballroom is long and narrow and somewhat tacky, and chairs, instead of tables, were arranged around its edges. Basie's band was sluggish and Oliver's almost frenetically peppy, and one missed the easy, coasting, middle ground that the best big dance bands invariably developed in the course of an evening. But it was instructive to watch the faces of the scattering of kids on hand when the Lindy Hop broke out; they looked as if they were seeing a ritual dance from the court of King Tut.

JULY 3RD: Don Burrows, a clarinettist and flutist from Australia, opened the 1 P.M. concert, and he was as affecting as anyone who played all day. The chief reason—he is only a fair clarinettist, in the mold of Tony Scott and Buddy De Franco—was his sheer pleasure at being where he was. Most foreign musicians regard the Newport Festival as the Summit, and it was clear that Burrows felt that way. Several of his numbers had a fascinating folk flavor—a Down Under funk—and all his solos, including one on a tiny flute, were impassioned. Lee Konitz, an underrated and graceful alto saxophonist who long ago skimmed the cream off the styles of Charlie Parker and Lester Young, followed, and he was at his best in an ingenious reworking of Louis Armstrong's "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," in which he and the trombonist Marshall Brown used Armstrong's opening and closing statements from the Hot Five recording as their ensembles, and in which Konitz took a masterly solo, complete with darting melodic lines and superbly placed off notes.

During the 5 P.M. concert at Carnegie Hall, Elvin Jones, in company with a couple of reedmen and a bassist, was unusually restrained, and Bill Evans, supported by Eddie Gomez and Marty Morrell, played six inward-looking numbers that nonetheless flashed with Evans' taste and inventiveness. The nine-o'clock Lincoln Center concert was a King Kong production. Stan Kenton, the Paul Whiteman of his day, erected half a dozen or so numbers, their tops lost in the clouds, and then accompanied a brittle and unsure June Christy. Woody Herman's newest band was as volcanic as Kenton's (what ever happened to that *misterioso* quality, that mooning-in-the-meadows sound, which big bands used to offer in between their flag-wavers?), but it was more up to date, for there were fancy time signatures and snatches of gospel and rock. Such Herman old grads as Zoot Sims, Red Norvo, Flip Phillips, and Chubby Jackson were brought out at the end of the evening, and all of them managed to swing without lifting a single decibel.

The first of two midnight jam sessions at Radio City Music Hall was carried out by three different groups, which included such as Bobby Hackett, Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson, Norvo, and Teddy Wilson (first group); Stan Getz, Max Roach, Kenny Burrell, Mary Lou Williams, Dizzy Gillespie, and Milt Jackson (second group); and Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, James Moody, Dexter Gordon, Harry Edison, Zoot Sims, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk (final group). It lasted three hours, and some lights were lit, notably by Hackett, Eldridge, Wilson, Mary Lou Williams, Getz, Tony Williams, Harry Edison, and Kirk, who completely dominated his group by choosing the numbers, determining background riffs, and playing immense solos. The sound in the hall was badly distorted. (It was discovered later that the microphones were hooked up to the wrong set of speakers.) But the hall itself—the inside of a giant armadillo—was a good spot for such a free-for-all. Its vastness seemed to provoke the brave little groups onstage, which looked from the upper balconies like shipwrecked crews, and the full house responded with lots of standing ovations and enthusiastic billows of cigarette and pot smoke. For the first time in its existence, Radio City Music Hall jumped. But it would have jumped even more with one addition—Count Basie on the great organ.


LAST CHANCE LOAN CO.
NOT ANOTHER LOAN COMPANY FOR SIX BLOCKS
D. Fradon

JULY 4TH: Jazz spent a lot of time on rivers in the teens and twenties, and today it spent some more. A Staten Island ferry loaded with three traditional groups—Papa Bue and the Viking Jazz Band, Papa French and the Original Tuxedo Band, and Kid Thomas and the Preservation Hall Band (the first is Danish and the two others are from New Orleans)—plied its way up the Hudson three times to the George Washington Bridge and back, via the Statue of Liberty. A bandstand had been set up in the center of the middle deck, and huge loudspeakers were placed throughout the boat, making the music audible everywhere. The best place on board, though, was not by the bandstand, which was packed to the point of suffocation, but at the railing on the upper deck, where, the music washing along in the background, one could marvel at the skyline, the swinging gulls, and the surprising jungle that covers much of Manhattan's western shore.

Charlie Mingus's big band performed onshore at five o'clock at Philharmonic Hall, and it sounded far better than it had in its first concert, several months back. Particularly impressive among the five numbers was Mingus's "Ecclusiastics," a slow, beautiful gospel-flavored piece arranged in a succession of huge ensemble chords, which were divided by solos, double-time passages, and brief cacophonic bursts. The number used a big band as it should be used: every instrument was essential, the massed sounds proved new melodic and harmonic points, and a majestic aura was achieved. The second half of the program was given over to the American première of Ornette Coleman's forty-minute concerto grosso "Skies of America." The solo parts were played by Coleman, Dewey Redman (tenor saxophone), Charlie Haden (bass), and Ed Blackwell (drums), and the written sections by the American Symphony Orchestra. The piece marked the first time, I think, that jazz and symphonic techniques have been successfully wedded. The composed sections sounded like Coleman improvisations, and the improvised parts were instantaneous Coleman compositions. The soloists and the orchestra continually fed one another. Coleman and Redman would work their way through a difficult contrapuntal section, and then Coleman, who played superbly, would solo, and after a time the orchestra would come in behind. Coleman would finish, the strings would state a theme (often lovely), and Redman would solo, with the orchestra backing him. Then everybody would lay out and Coleman would solo, his notes ringing in the void, and the orchestra would rush in again with thumping, widely spaced chords. And so it went, with Coleman conversing endlessly with himself in the many tongues and tones he made available on the stage. The composition was orchestrated by Coleman in a purposely thin, high-pitched fashion, and at first it was distracting. But perhaps Coleman is right. The alto saxophone is a lightweight instrument, and it would founder in the rich orchestral gravy of, say, Berlioz.

The evening concert at Carnegie Hall was notable for what didn't happen. Miles Davis, scheduled for both the afternoon and the evening, failed to appear. (He told the press that he wasn't being paid enough and that he had never agreed to do the concerts in the first place, but the real reason may well have been fear, for he has played little in recent months, and a trumpeter's chops, if not used, can deteriorate in a week.) Davis was replaced by the trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, who got off a vacuous set, and then Sonny Rollins came on with his quartet and pretended that he wasn't there, either. During his three numbers, he walked ceaselessly in and out of the wings, pausing occasionally as he passed along the back of the stage to deliver a short cadenza, to play one chorus of the melody of "In a Sentimental Mood," or to ruminate briefly on "There Will Never Be Another You." His sidemen—Al Dailey on piano, Larry Ridley on bass, and David Lee on drums—played some of the longest solos of their careers, all the while peering anxiously over their shoulders like Bo-peeps.

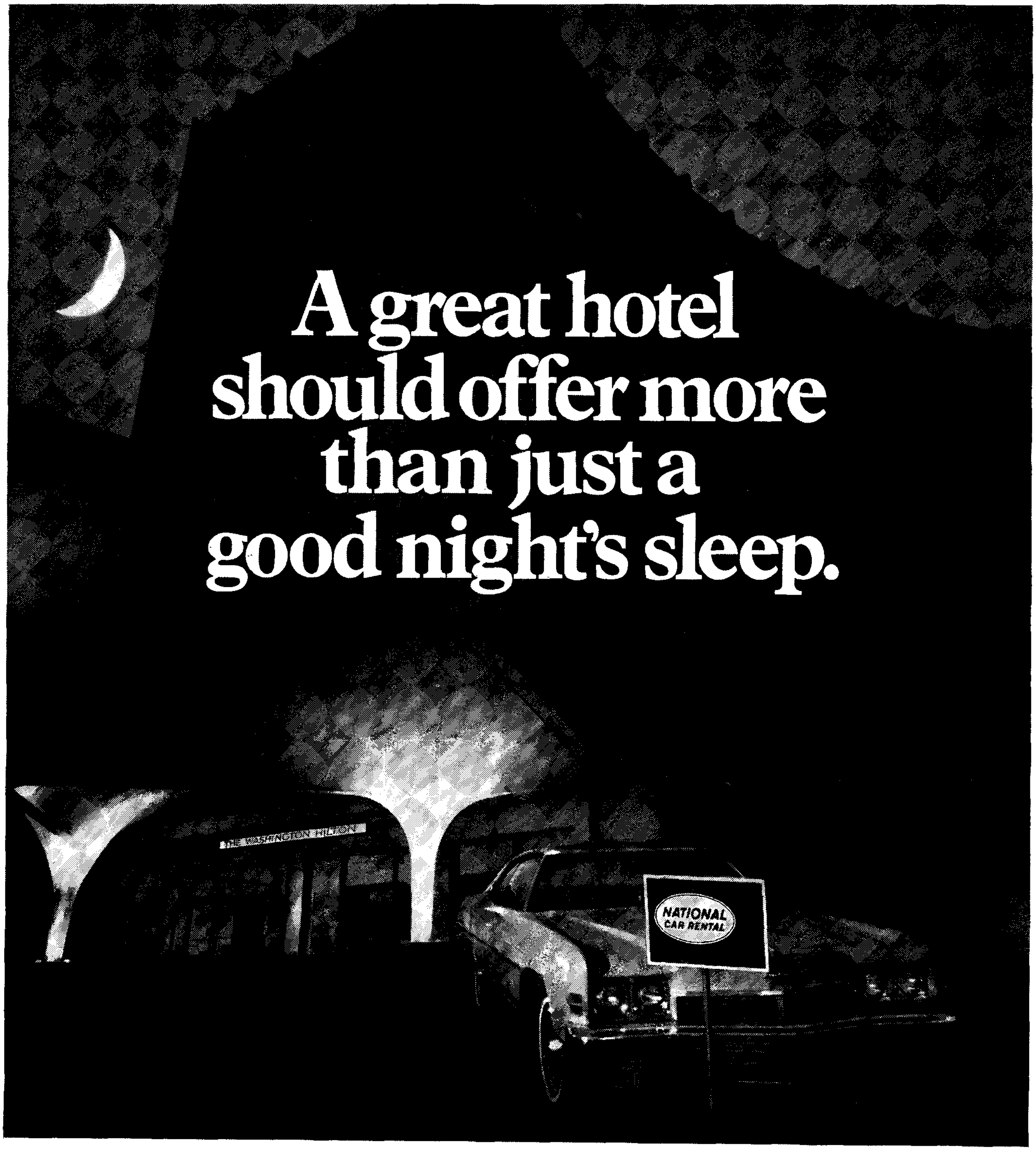
JULY 5TH: The halfway point of the Festival was marked today by two cheerful events—Dizzy Gillespie was awarded the Handel Medallion by the city, and Eddie Condon, in company with some of his old helpmeets (Lee Wiley, Wild Bill Davison, Georg Brunis, Max Kaminsky, Buzzy Drootin, Bobby Hackett, and Benny Morton), officiated at a delightful evening concert at Carnegie Hall. Two bands, padded with such non-Condon musicians as Joe Thomas, J. C. Higginbotham, Barney Bigard, and Dick Hyman, played six spirited evergreens. They were memorable for Davison's swearing, hell-bent lead cornet, for Brunis's short solos, still intact, note for note, thirty-five years after he invented them, for Bigard's swallow flights, and for a magnificent four-bar break delivered late in the evening by Hackett. Lee Wiley, long in retirement, sang midway through the concert. Her style, a subtle concatenation of Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey and Mabel Mercer (or is it the other way around with Miss Mercer?), remains absolutely on keel, and it was pointed up in almost every phrase throughout her dozen numbers by her accompanists, who included Hackett, Teddy Wilson, Bucky Pizzarelli, George Duvivier, and Don Lamond. Indeed, they unobtrusively provided the most gracious and inventive backing I have ever heard a singer receive. The World's Greatest Jazzband rounded out the concert. Vic Dickenson and Yank Lawson played a duet in "Colonial Tavern," Bob Wilber and Bud Freeman went through their funny, acrobatic "Just One of Those Things," Billy Butterfield and Lawson did "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home," Butterfield played a gorgeous flugelhorn version of "She's Funny That Way," and Ralph Sutton got off an expert revitalization of Meade Lux Lewis's "Honky Tonk Train Blues."

Gato Barbieri, a young Argentine tenor saxophonist who spends much of his time on the fringes of the avant-garde, gave a typically puzzling performance at the midday concert. He has a heavy, sweet, throaty tone, and most of his solos are made up of sustained, singsong planes of sound. But every once in a while, as if embarrassed by such a pounding-heart approach, he breaks into giant shrieks and wails, destroying the structure and mood he has so carefully developed. (The young virtuoso bassist Stanley Clarke reappeared in Barbieri's group and again demonstrated his dazzling gifts.) Eubie Blake, who will be ninety next February, brought his splendid time machine onstage and took us directly back to 1900 in five numbers, three of them new creations, including a willowy waltz written for his wife and titled "Valse Marian."

The five-o'clock concert at Philharmonic Hall was a washout. Charlie Byrd played several rhythmically static numbers, and Lionel Hampton's band ba-boomed around and then backed some creditable solos by the ringers Teddy Wilson and Roy Eldridge.

JULY 6TH: Every culture worth its salt has its counter-culture, and the Festival's is the so-called New York Musicians Jazz Festival, which started last Friday and will continue through next Monday. It is being held in churches and parks and studios and theatres around the city, and, despite its attempt to be rebellious, it appears to be merely an inevitable overflow from the Newport affair. In fact, some of the musicians in it (Sun Ra, Archie Shepp, Wilbur Ware, Bill Hardman, Milford Graves, Rashied Ali, Jimmy Garrison, and others) have appeared at earlier Newport festivals and/or will appear at this one. It's also interesting that many of the prominent members of the only real anti-Newport festival, given in Newport at the Cliff Walk Manor Hotel during the 1960 riot, have long since packed away their war paint and are ensconced in the Festival establishment, among them Max Roach, Charlie Mingus, Ornette Coleman, and Charlie Haden.

Dizzy Gillespie celebrated his new medal at one o'clock at Carnegie Hall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Following desultory performances by the Cannonball Adderley Quintet and by Oscar Peterson, *tout seul,* Mahavishnu, a rock-jazz group made up of two Americans (the violinist Jerry Goodman and the drummer Billy Cobham), a Czech (the pianist Jan Hammer), and an Englishman (the guitarist John McLaughlin), held forth at the 5 P.M. Carnegie Hall concert. It operated at well above the hundred-decibel level, and it was curious to hear improvisation so highly magnified. It was like walking through a garden full of Maillol nudes. At nine o'clock, in Lincoln Center, the New Orleans bands from the Staten Island ferry reappeared, and were joined by Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band, as well as by the country-blues singer Robert Pete Williams and by a solo pianist, Bob Greene. Williams, not the most agile of the backwater singers resurrected in recent years, moaned and cracked his way through several blues. But Greene was startling. He is a Jelly Roll Morton scholar, and he played four Morton tunes, including "Tiger Rag," a piece derived from an old quadrille, which he played straight before jazzing it up. He has mastered all the nuances of Morton's style—the splayed chords, the puppetlike runs, the echoing intermediate notes, the little trills—and, if one closed one's eyes, it was Morton himself onstage. The New Orleans bands did not fare as well, but they rarely do outside their habitat. They have become dependent on the trappings and the moods of the French Quarter, and exhibiting them separately is like plunking a good banister-back chair down in a Scandinavian room. There was one exception, though. Ellyna Tatum, the New Orleans singer and street dancer, sang "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" with the Olympia Brass Band and then danced behind the band as it marched through the audience. She has no bones or joints, and her dancing is one long, uninterrupted fluid motion. Her elbows fly in and out, as if she were pumping a bellows, her legs bend slowly and then shoot her back upright, her trunk undulates continuously, and her head whips wildly back and forth. She is a supreme free-form dancer, and it is too bad that she wasn't let loose onstage, where more of the audience could see her.

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George Wein's second Radio City Music Hall jam session took place tonight. Two different groups, made up of the likes of Elvin Jones, Gerry Mulligan, Nat Adderley, Sonny Stitt, Jimmy Smith, and Gary Burton, played buoyantly and well. Then the third and final group, which consisted of, among others, Buddy Tate, Charlie Mingus, Milt Buckner, Cat Anderson, Jimmy Owens, and Charlie McPherson, swept through a good fast blues before settling into a slow blues that had two astonishing solos. The first was by the young trumpeter Owens, and it was a series of stately choruses, each more intense and daring than the last, and the second was by Mingus, who has played very little solo bass in public in recent years. It turned out to be a masterpiece of jazz improvisation. He played heavy, ringing notes (the sound system was nearly normal tonight), endless, weird runs that skirted the edge of tonality, deep double-stops, broken, deliberately staggered connective passages, and double-time flights that moved faster than the ear. He ran through the entire emotional spectrum of the blues and, for that matter, of jazz. It was a piece of genius, and even Mingus, puffing and sweating afterward in the cathedral-like backstage, like a locomotive that has just been shunted into its roundhouse after a record-breaking run, was pleased.

JULY 7TH: A frustrating day. The one-o'clock concert was an interminable demonstration of the new abstract jazz. It is made up mainly of free rhythms, deafening volumes, electrified soloists who may play at length two or three times in one number, wild ensembles, little discernible thematic material and little discernible form, and percussionists who work from tables laden with bells, bones, gourds, gongs, and the like. And it is resolutely humorless. Only Archie Shepp's group appeared to enjoy itself. During one long number, he shouted rudely while his trombonist soloed, a poem was read to thunderous accompaniment, and a little girl in a white party dress sang in a flat voice and was backed up by a fat trumpeter in a floor-length blue gown. Shepp has always been an avant-garde dresser, and I wonder if his costume today was a bellwether one, for he was wearing a rumpled business suit and a plain white shirt with an open collar.

The double concerts at Carnegie and Philharmonic Halls have ended, and tonight, at seven, the Festival moved to Yankee Stadium. It was a mistake. The audience was small and the acoustics were horrible, it rained, and Nina Simone got laryngitis and didn't show up. The audience sat along the third-base line, and the musicians played in a small covered bandstand behind second base. Without binoculars, they looked like an animated Greek frieze. But jazz musicians have a way of breasting perversity, and one at least sensed good performances by Dave Brubeck, who had Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan with him; by B. B. King; and by Ray Charles, who turned in marvellous hi-jinks renditions of "Take Me Out to the Ball-game" and "Indian Love Call."

JULY 8TH: Yesterday, the *Times* ran a recent picture of the bandstand at Festival Field in Newport. It was standing knee-deep in grass, and it looked desolate and forlorn. It made me homesick, and tonight, instead of going back up to Yankee Stadium, where a predictable concert by Roberta Flack, Lou Rawls, Les McCann, and the Giants of Jazz was scheduled, I went to the New York Cultural Center to see the Bert Stern documentary "Jazz on a Summer's Day," which was shot during the 1958 Festival. There were fine, if mud-colored, glimpses of Anita O'Day, Jimmy Giuffre, Bob Brookmeyer, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Thelonious Monk, Big Maybelle, Mahalia Jackson, Buck Clayton, and Dinah Washington. They all played and sang well (especially Giuffre and Brookmeyer), Newport looked wonderful, and the movie should have cheered me up, but all it did was remind me that Teagarden and Armstrong and Mahalia and Dinah Washington and Big Maybelle are dead, and that Buck Clayton is suffering from an apparently incurable case of trumpeter's block, a weak lip. Worst of all, I saw myself fleetingly at an afternoon concert, sitting out front—thin, ferocious-looking, horn-rimmed, pen poised. No wonder the musicians sometimes looked apprehensive when they came onstage at Newport.

The last of the one-o'clock Carnegie Hall concerts was built around Duke Ellington and Bobby Short. The program, some fourteen or fifteen numbers long, was pretty much de rigueur, but it was performed beautifully (Cootie Williams, in "C-Jam Blues," "Take the A Train," and "Satin Doll," played with that great primitive ferocity he now has; it is, indeed, a weird throwback by a trumpeter who was once among the most sophisticated of his generation to what the very first jazz must have sounded like), and it included a ballad, "Happy Reunion," played fervently by Paul Gonsalves, a reworking of the fascinating "Harlem," a "tone parallel," as Ellington calls it, written twenty years ago. It opened with a stunning primeval trumpet call by Williams, went through several complex ensemble passages, taken at different tempos and enclosing brief solos, and ended with a long conversation between bass clarinet, alto saxophone, and two regular clarinets. The instruments, played by Harry Carney, Norris Turney, Harold Ashby, and Russell Procope, were truly people talking in the evening on a Harlem street corner, just as other parts of the piece suggested beautiful women strutting down Seventh Avenue or people shouting out of windows to passersby. The work has a denseness and tension that have largely disappeared from Ellington's composing, and it was a treat to hear it again. Near the end of the program, Bobby Short, thin as a pole and sporting a log-sized mustache, sang five songs associated with Ivie Anderson—three with the band and two at the piano—and they *did* summon up Miss Anderson, particularly "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," which Short sang with unerring plaintiveness and delicacy. Ellington closed the afternoon by bringing out a remarkable and beautiful Rumanian soprano named Aura, who hummed and scatted "Moon Indigo," pushing her voice up almost beyond hearing and never missing a note or losing pitch. The concert was the best swatch of Ellingtonia we have had in a long time.

JULY 9TH: The Festival ended in an anticlimactic fashion, which was suitable, for it left the many excellences of the past week standing clearly in the mind. A gospel program was held at 9 A.M. in Radio City Music Hall, and because there were seven groups and

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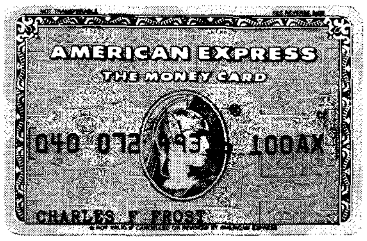

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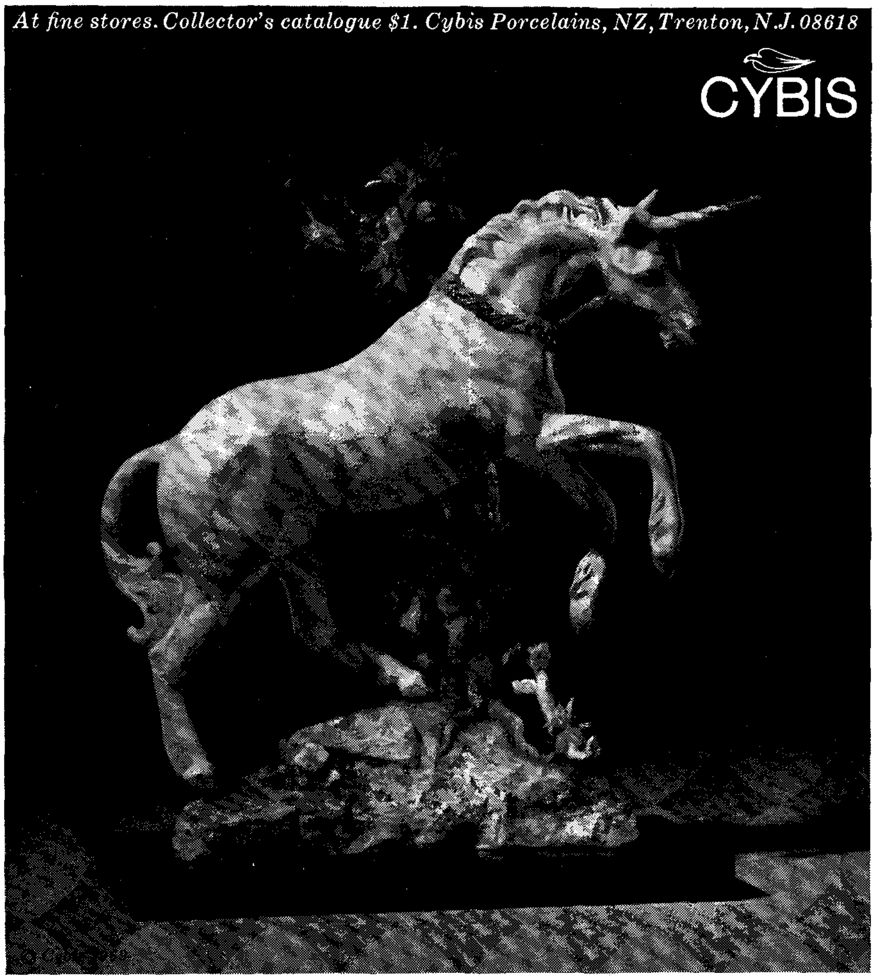


"The American Porcelain Tradition" Exhibit, Columbus Museum of Arts & Crafts; Columbus, Ga. July 17-Aug. 13.

just two hours for them to perform in (way had to be made for the regular twelve-o'clock show), no one could do much more than warm up his pipes. Gospel music is not just lyrical; it is a music of possession and frenzy, which take time. But it was a pleasure to finally hear the Birmingham singer Dorothy Love Coates. She has a fine contralto and a spacious, magisterial way of phrasing; she is ready for Mahalia's shoes.

Later in the day, I at last got to see "Miss Truth," which had been playing all week at the Carnegie Recital Hall. It is a drama with music and dance based on the life of a slave, Sojourner Truth, who was born in Ulster County, New York, in 1797, and who, after she gained freedom, became an activist and feminist. Written and composed and acted in by Glory Van Scott, it is a charming and funny curiosity that particularly delighted the children in the audience. It would do well touring schools.

JULY 10TH: Some Monday-morning quarterbacking: Running a jazz festival in a bucolic setting, where nature has a way of almost shaping the music, and running one in a big city, which minds its own business, are two different matters, and George Wein made some unavoidable mistakes. Yankee Stadium was one. If such spectaculars, always close to Wein's heart, must be staged, perhaps Shea Stadium, which is close to an amphitheatre in design, would be better. And Radio City—that pinnacle of white middle-class entertainment—was not the place for a gospel program; the Cathedral of St. John the Divine might be. Also, why not replace a couple of the one-o'clock concerts with public recording sessions? They could be held in Columbia's great Thirtieth Street studio, which was once a church and is the size of a big gym. The public would be privy to something it never gets a chance to see, and the musicians would be lifted by the audience. Finally, there should be more time between events; eating dinner every night in eighteen minutes is not conducive to gustation. Wein stated several times during the week that the Festival, which at least did not go into the red, is here to stay. That is very good news. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

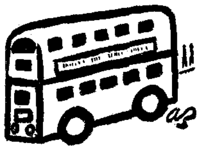
William T. McCaffrey of 89-25 63d Ave., Rego Park, was elected assistant vice president of the of the United States.
—*The News.*

Another mouth to feed.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 13

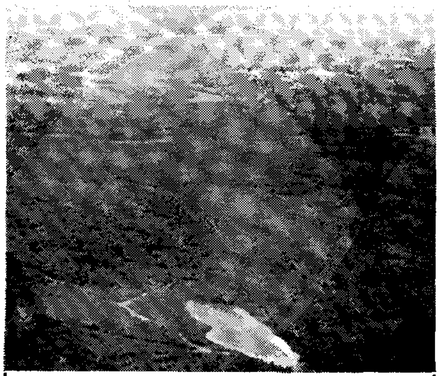
THOUGH there had been no belief that Mr. William Whitelaw, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, had secured more than a breathing space in Ulster, the news that the breathing space had come violently to an end was a shattering blow and made last Sunday evening a black one indeed for the British. Now that the province is back on Square One and things look graver than ever, the public mood seems to be compounded of despair and anger in equal parts. The hooded thugs of the Ulster Defense Association and the gunmen of the Irish Republican Army have become indistinguishable in people's minds, and there may be increasing popular support for the unthinkable, impossible solution of pulling the Army out and leaving both sides to go it alone in their dreadful urge to destroy themselves. Ulster is not yet a burning political question here, as Ireland's troubles have so often been in the past. On Monday, when Mr. Whitelaw reported to Parliament, both sides of the House of Commons listened quietly, without criticism, except for some shocked protest from M.P.s who did not relish the thought of his even talking to the Provisionals. On Ulster the two sides remain bipartisan, united in their acute anxiety like the ordinary people outside Westminster.



UNTIL last weekend, the major worry spot was, of course, Britain's monetary crisis, or as much of it as people understood, which was, generally speaking, not much. The vast majority of the public, who do not read the financial columnists or the money-market reports, were first startled and then uneasy when it was suddenly announced, early one morning, that sterling had been set afloat. Over the years of lurching from one economic crisis to another, the pound has come to be regarded as an almost mystical symbol of survival, for whose protection successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have had to ask the country to accept round after round of crippling and unpopular austerities. The daily spectacle of its bobbing and dipping on the tides of the world is being interpreted by mystified, uninformed public opinion, it seems, as fresh depressing news for Britain and as a sort of demoralizing public defeat. In spite of the plague of industrial troubles in the past months, people had been rather definitely cheered by the sharp fall in unemployment figures and by various optimistic Ministerial assurances that if all went well the future looked like being of a quite unparalleled brightness. Now they have been offered the candid external view that all is not well. This sudden setback has provided everybody with a dismaying but maybe salutary eyeopener on the conclusions that the outside world draws from the strikes, the threats of strikes, and the costly settlements—particularly of the miners' and the railway workers' recent pay claims—that have so long and disastrously weakened the British potential. President Pompidou's pointed remarks, after the pound was floated, on the indispensable necessity of agreement on fixed exchange rates before Europe opened the door to any new members came in for much discussion, not all of it displeased. The British in all parties who remain violently opposed to the Common Market were suddenly encouraged by the wild hope that Britain might not be keeping to the timetable of entry on January 1st. In last week's Commons debate on the monetary drama, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Anthony Barber, remained seated and silent when Opposition members, shouting "Answer!," challenged him to say if the fixed rate would be restored by then.

The decision to float the pound had been warmly acclaimed in the press. Even the Opposition speakers in the Commons added qualified words of congratulation to the Chancellor for having swiftly taken the right course in letting the pound find its own level, rather than following the old, wearily familiar pattern of borrowing abroad and clamping on the brake at home. His brisk disclosure of the staggering rate at which confidence and sterling were draining out of the City of London as the foreign money operators' nervousness increased over what the next round of pay claims might bring made the House utter a long whistle or groan of shock. Having agreed that the Chancellor's medicine was correct, however, members of the Opposition charged that the illness was still there, and that the Government was responsible. It had been brought about, they insisted—and lots of disenchanted voters think—by Mr. Heath's total failure to carry out his never forgotten election promise to tackle inflation better than Mr. Wilson's lot had done. This has not happened. Prices continue to rise alarmingly, with a consequent fretful drop in the Government's popularity, and, with everything so costly, the Labour argument runs, how can the belligerent unions be convinced that they will go hungry later if they reach out for a bigger share of the cake now? Mr. Heath's policy of hard, astringent government has been forced to soften up in places, notably by handing out massive financial aid to ailing industries—the "lame ducks" that in the early days were requested bracingly to limp off and save themselves or else lie down and die quietly. There is increasing belief among deeply anxious Conservatives that the moment may have nearly come to reach for the old, unpopular device of a statutory freeze on prices and incomes—another idea that Mr. Heath has always vigorously opposed. It seems that on this one, too, he may have to think again. Considering the present extraordinary hostility of the unions toward the Government, some observers find it difficult to see them agreeing voluntarily—and still less under legal compulsion—to accept a halt on wage increases; that is, of course, unless something should be done about the hated Industrial Relations Act, which the middle classes hoped was going to curb the power of the unions to hold up the nation at will, and which the workers claim has merely embittered feelings all around as never before in Britain. The workers want it, if not repealed outright, at least placed in indefinite cold storage, and their leaders went to Downing Street last week to tell the Prime Minister so. The only near bright spot in the worrying picture is that, Mr. Heath having promised them to look the act over critically at the end of another year or so, they have been invited to return for more talks, with their opposite numbers, the Confederation of British Industry, joining in. If these come off, as is devoutly hoped by everybody, the aim will be to lower temperatures somewhat and work out alternatives, if possible, to the seemingly intractable pattern of new wage confrontations and tests of muscle between bosses and labor. It would appear to be about time, with more hefty demands already in line for later in the year.

LONDONERS have suddenly become aware and highly critical of what is going on under their noses—or, strictly speaking, over their heads—in the way of unwelcome changes in the skyline of their city. From time to time, there have been protests over some particularly obtrusive tower block among the many that have gradually transformed so many cherished vistas, dwarfing the scale of the old buildings and sometimes gazing, like unwieldy,



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envious giraffes, right into the leafy greenness of the royal parks. The thing that perhaps focussed the present wave of public resentment against the hard-eyed (as they see it) race of property developers who are irretrievably changing the character and charm of London was a monster office block that was built eight years ago and has been deliberately left empty ever since, while its mounting value has continued to tick away dizzily for its owners, and firms have continued to search fruitlessly for offices in the neighborhood. The Secretary of State for the Environment, Mr. Peter Walker, was cheered in Parliament the other day when he promised to bring in legislation to stop such practices. Ordinary citizens are more disturbed over what is being planned for sites that are deeply rooted in the national affections, such as Piccadilly Circus, the dear old muddle that has been the subject of several schemes over the past thirteen years and is still unchanged, though growing steadily shabbier. There was much public indignation over the last plan but one. The latest version reportedly features lower buildings, spares the historic old Criterion Theatre, and proposes to furbish up Eros with trees and a waterfall. Now a chorus of criticism—not all of it deserved, some of his fellow-architects consider—has descended on the distinguished head of Sir Basil Spence, the designer of Coventry Cathedral. His plans for a new block to replace the monstrous Victorian horror of Queen Anne's Mansions, in Westminster, seems to many dismayed Londoners to be a top-heavy and clumsy neighbor to loom over the exquisite period houses of Queen Anne's Gate and the trees of St. James's Park. A hundred Tory M.P.s have just put down a Parliamentary motion deploring it, and objectors in the Lords have even rumbled something about trying to halt the construction work that is already under way on the site. More than by the fate of any one building, however, Londoners are worried by all the vast new developments that have been proposed piecemeal for various parts of the city. They fear that the paper planners are going to destroy London's humanity, and with it numberless little living communities that make it seem uniquely still a city of villages. Covent Garden is one of the areas that are due for large-scale development, after the market removes its cheerful clutter and its fruity and flowery smells to a less valuable site in 1973. The three thousand people who live happily in its courts and tenements have formed an association of protest against being shut away in a smart new area of tall office blocks, hotels, and boutiques, around which a ring road will run. Though this and other neighborhood cries of indignation may easily fail, what they seem to amount to is a new determination by Londoners to see what the planners are up to before it is too late, and as such it rates as good civic news.

THIS has been the coldest summer anyone can remember, with day after disheartening day of no sun and chilly winds. At Ascot, the fashion parade was distinctly impaired by the shawls clutched by shivering young ladies with lavender legs and by the fur coats that their mothers had taken out of mothballs. At seaside resorts, where unfortunate holiday-makers crowded into cinemas for a nice warm, there were loud lamentations from the purveyors of deck chairs, ice cream, and donkey rides. As the final touch of gloom for all, the weather experts came out with a prediction that good, hot summers had moved away from Britain for many years to come. The weather is unlikely to be really sweltering again before the mid-nineteen-eighties, they reckon. It seems a long time to wait.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

JULY 7, 1972

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

YOUR interview with Kahn-Tineta Horn, a Mohawk Indian, in the Talk of the Town department (May 27th issue), quotes her in a description of my comments on the James Bay hydro project in northern Quebec that is utterly erroneous. I answered the question about James Bay at a press conference devoted largely to consumer subjects by saying that we would look over the information the person wanted to forward to us. There was no statement of becoming involved or anything of the sort.

About sixteen years ago, when I completed a long paper on the condition of North American Indians, I came to the conclusion that self-reliance was the major key to their resurgence toward a more ample self-defined culture and livelihood. Ms. Horn makes a valid point that does not require imaginative concoctions about events which never happened or things I never said.

Sincerely,
RALPH NADER

THE RACE TRACK

High Dollar

THERE were rich pickings at three tracks last weekend. At Hollywood Park, Quack took the Gold Cup and $100,000 in prize money; at Monmouth, West Coast Scout won the Amory L. Haskell Handicap and $73,775; and, at Aqueduct, the Dwyer Handicap and $51,525 went to Cloudy Dawn.

The Dwyer was an echo of the Belmont Stakes. In that blue-ribbon for three-year-olds last month, the Greentree Stable's Ruritania finished second, lengths behind Riva Ridge but beating Pen-Y-Bryn Farm's Cloudy Dawn by three-quarters of a length for the place. In the Dwyer, Cloudy Dawn gave Ruritania a six-pound advantage in the weights and won from him by half a length. The Cragwood Stable's Halo was third, a neck away. It was an amazing race to watch. I wonder what the riding orders were to Arellano, who was on Alfred Vanderbilt's North Sea, for he took off at the start as though he were going five furlongs instead of a mile and a quarter. Maybe Arellano intended to steal the race with a dash of tactical enterprise. At any rate, he sent his mount along the first quarter in 0:22⅘, the half mile in 0:45⅘, and six furlongs in 1:09⅕. (The track record is 1:08⅗.) Turning for home, North Sea began to slow down, but he held on to be fifth. The final time for the ten furlongs was 2:03⅕; the last quarter was 0:27⅘. Needless to say, the fast early pace set up the victory for Cloudy Dawn, a gray by Grey Dawn II, who begins slowly and finishes fast, and who was handled to perfection by Hartack. In my book, Hartack is as good a race rider as we have around these days. As for Ruritania, he ran his race. He is listed as a gray, and he does have a funny gray face, though the rest of him looked almost black to me. John Gaver, who trains him, says he looks like an opossum. Could be. Still, he certainly wasn't curling up and playing dead on Saturday.

THESE seem to be the days for three-year-olds; Quack is the second to win the Hollywood Gold Cup in the annals of the race, which go back to 1938. As I've probably said before, Gold Cup day at Hollywood Park is more like a party than an afternoon of racing, but from all accounts this one included quite a horse race, too. There was no Cougar II, Unconscious, or Typecast in the field, but if there had been, he would have been beaten, for Quack put on a smashing performance, running the mile and a quarter in the record time of 1:58⅕ to win by nearly six lengths from Droll Role. The pace was set by Single Agent, whose time by quarters was 0:22⅗, 0:45, 1:08⅖, 1:33⅕. Meanwhile, Quack was always in a good position, and on the turn into the stretch he went round the leaders to win going away. Owned by Bwamazon Farm, Quack is a big bay by T. V. Lark out of Quillon, and he is trained by Charlie Whittingham, who saddled Ack Ack, the winner a year ago.

IT'S nearly a twelvemonth since West Coast Scout, who runs for the Oxford Stable of Ralph Wilson (he also owns the Buffalo Bills football team), won the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, for three-year-olds. Last Saturday, he beat nine other runners in the Jersey track's big one for older horses. In the months between, there had been a monotonous series of seconds, a third, and some also-rans—though once he was moved up into first place after the stewards ordered Cougar II's number taken down for bumping Puerto Rico's hero, Tinajero, as they came through the stretch in the Woodward Stakes. Winding up for the Haskell, West Coast Scout was a close second to Towzie Tyke in the Nassau County Handicap at the Big A, and third to Key to the Mint and Autobiography in the Brooklyn. I didn't see the race in Jersey, but I'm told he took the lead from Eastern Fleet in the first half mile and went on to win by six lengths from Hitchcock, who nosed out Eastern Fleet for second money.

TO get back to Aqueduct, earlier in the week, Elmendorf's Queen's Mark, winner of the Fashion Stakes at Belmont, rolled home by five lengths in the Astoria. Also, the Meadow Stable showed a likely two-year-old colt named Secretariat, by Bold Ruler, who won handily at six furlongs last Saturday. . . . By the way, the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, Inc., better known as Jehovah's Witnesses, will hold a convention at Aqueduct from the third through the sixth of August.

—AUDAX MINOR

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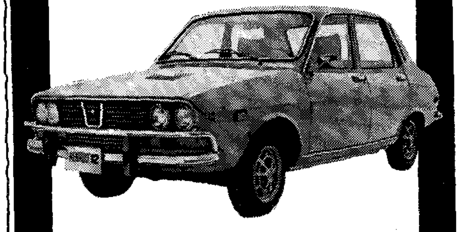

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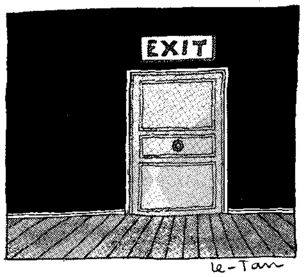

What talkies were the most entertaining in history? Not the most powerful, the most important, the most innovative but the funniest, the most sumptuously witty, the most desperately worldly? Probably the answer would have to be the Hollywood comedies of the thirties and the very early forties, and a lot of them would turn out to be from Paramount, which specialized then in a particular kind of swift sophistication as recognizably as Warner Brothers did in weepies with Bette Davis. Paramount is sixty years old this month, and a clutch of the sort of comedies I mean is included in a giant retrospective of eighty-eight Paramount movies being exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art from now until August 31st.

We are in the world of Jean Arthur and Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert; of Herbert Marshall speaking at a rate of knots, and Edward Everett Horton looking as agonizingly sniffy as if he had just seen a too loud pinstripe; of girls in gold lamé or slithery satin cut on the bias, with not much underneath; of sly sight gags and grapeshot repartee; of embraces like tango clinches. At the height of the age, even Cecil B. De Mille was still playing with comedy, and wasn't yet up to here in the Almighty. It was the time of the Depression, and nothing was sacred. The period was too serious for gags not to be made about it; when everything has gone, anything goes. Wits then trod on people's toes without a qualm. What a lot of ground the nightclub satirists of the fifties and sixties had to make up. It still hasn't been won back in most film comedy, partly because movies in the thirties spoke to audiences who shared a context. You might lose your job any minute. You hadn't anywhere much to go with your girl except the back row at the flicks. A car in a film looked a sweet romanticism that was of a kind with red roses, not a cupboard for Kleenex, as it looks now. Girls in the movies then had brains, and talk went lickety-split. The grammatical range of the ripostes was extensive and dangerous, with everyone very fast on his feet: a quick zeugma to the jaw, and the character replied with a nasty litotes on the snoot. It was a Hollywood where Noël Coward fitted in exactly—as he would have done in, for instance, Ernst Lubitsch's "The Merry Widow," which the great German made for Metro instead of his usual Paramount, working from a resplendently dopey-clever script by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson. The king's adviser in the film reveals that there is unrest in the country. The shepherds are talking, the rumor goes. The king is worried. "Influential shepherds?" he asks. The adviser shrugs. "East Side shepherds." "Intellectuals!" says the king. "Let them talk."

Thoughts about some such reasons for going to the Museum of Modern Art this summer:

YOU WON'T MIND IF I KEEP YOUR GARTER?

LUBITSCH made "Trouble in Paradise"—his favorite picture—in 1932, from a Samson Raphaelson screenplay that was very faintly taken from a play by Laszlo Aladar. Herbert Marshall plays a polished crook who tells a downtrodden hotel waiter he wants the champagne served with that moon in it. His beloved (Miriam Hopkins) is a sweet-faced international pickpocket who steals as a choirboy might warble. Marshall falls in love with her when he has stolen her garter and some money and then shaken her by her gold-lamé shoulders to get a wallet, which she herself has pinched, to fall out of her skirt. The film begins, characteristically, with a gondolier in Venice bawling "*O sole mio*" and paddling a gondola of garbage. The two lovers' object is to try to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis) out of her fortune. Miriam Hopkins has literally to sit on her hands to stop herself from taking the widow's jewelry—a move her man thinks would be imprudent. He has got himself hired as Kay Francis's private secretary. Miss Hopkins becomes her typist. Her great fear is that Herbert Marshall's manly backbone is going to get soft. (It is part of the comic nature of the film that people in it swallow camels and strain at gnats.) "I want you as a crook. I love you as a crook. I worship you as a crook. But don't become one of those good-for-nothing, useless gigolos," she pleads, in the starstruck but practical way of Lubitsch's lovers. Given the obvious limits of its genre, this is a nearly perfect film. It looks wonderful: full of what were then modernistic clocks and furniture, and gleaming with Lubitsch's elegance. The sight of Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembering the clue to Marshall's shady identity is unforgettable. He looks as if he had had a religious conversion. But all he says, seeming lit from within, is "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!"

BIRTH CONTROL AMONG THE CANNIBALS

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE" was directed by Cecil B. De Mille in 1933. It was his last throw of the dice with comedy before he plunged back into his career with the Deity. We are lost on a Malay jungle island. The four scared people are a shy chemist (Herbert Marshall); a schoolteacher in specs (Claudette Colbert), who naturally turns out to be a beauty when she takes them off, and even more so when she runs herself up a bathing suit out of bits of scarf and palm leaf; a battle-axe version of Marie Stopes (Mary Boland), who ends up telling cannibal husbands that they are being selfish, erotic beasts to have so many children; and a bombastic newspaper correspondent (William Gargan), who keeps wishfully threatening baffled savages that he'll write a story about their treatment of him if they don't stop this instant. There is also a much imperilled half-caste called Montague, who beguilingly insists that he's safe because he's *white* and the murderous pygmies surrounding them never kill white men. An optimistic chap all round, he has promised airily that the journey to safety will take three days ("It is a matter of how excellently the lady brothers can walk"), forgetting to allow for a good many months of inevitable delay caused by the wild beasts and marauding natives met with en route. The two lost men of the Western wellborn shave every morning, and the mousy schoolteacher gets more and more dishy and capable in the "Admirable Crichton" situation. The film is farcical, sentimental, satisfying, and beautifully delivered vocally. The discretion of the above-collarbone shots of Claudette Colbert bathing, veiled anyway behind a waterfall, makes you feel that the Godhead is definitely about to descend on the director with a vengeance.

HOW I WISH FOR YOUR SAKE THAT I WERE A FARMHAND. OR A PIANO MOVER WITH A HORSE IN THE BASEMENT

IN 1935, the young Noël Coward acted in a Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur film called "The Scoundrel," which hasn't been seen publicly in New York until now for twenty years. I went to it when I was ten or twelve and have gone about mumbling lines from it ever since. "It'll be a perfect match," the Coward character says about the prospect of his getting married to someone vapid. "Two empty paper bags belaboring each other." And a walk in Central Park is proposed: "On a *Sunday*?" he says. "It's full of *butlers*." Coward plays a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. His assistant consults him about the topics for the firm's new list. "Are we interested in the workingman's woes?" asks the assistant. "Only vaguely," says authority, definitely. No one gets to a full stop with the same speed and style as Coward. He props there like a polo pony beside a ball.

"The Scoundrel" is really an experiment to see what will happen if you put together a lot of Hollywood stock ingredients and then throw in Coward to wreck them. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of writing, producing, and directing a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The narrative goes into an eerie curl of mood three-quarters of the way through: Coward is killed in an air crash, returns from the dead healed even of liking booze, and can be put to rest (says God, in Coward's voice) only by the mourning of someone who really loves him. The ending, liquidly photographed, should put no one off. The film as a whole is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it because of the tacit determination of the principals to note that there is all the difference in the world between a wisecrack and a wise saying.

I'LL MEET YOU BEHIND THE GRAPEFRUIT

THE manic congestion of "Easy Living" (1937), written by Preston Sturges from a Vera Caspary

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story and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is a great part of its brilliance. Everything buffets into everything else. The content is packed: secretaries, millionaires, jokes, sight gags, furies, attacks of cool sense, Ray Milland funny as a rich boy working in an Automat. There are always three things going on at once, and fast. This is very much a dream film of the Depression. Jean Arthur plays a gutsy, pretty girl who earns a few bucks a week at an improving magazine called the *Boy's Constant Companion.* A steel magnate who is having a row with his wife drops her new fur coat down from their apartment onto Jean Arthur's head as Miss Arthur is riding to work on top of an open double-decker bus. Various complicated con tricks to insure the steel magnate's solvency involve her in being set up in a suite at a posh hotel called the Louis, and in keeping the coat. She is an intelligent girl, but her pragmatism leads her into being quite unable to grasp that there is such a thing as compound interest, or that there can be more than forty-eight weeks in a year when there are four weeks in a month. Such failures make the otherwise enthralled magnate hopping mad. Particularly the compound-interest question. He shoves himself out of his chauffeur-driven car talking wildly to her about finance. He tries to put things in a more earthy way. Say a farmer borrows a hundred cows. How much interest does the farmer pay at the end of the year, at five per cent a month? "Twelve cows," says Jean Arthur happily, cleaving to her points. Miss Arthur later has a charming scene when she attacks her piggy bank with a high-heeled shoe. Money is a matter of matter.

Sturges had a dappled life himself. His mother let him have champagne when he was a toddler, and she kept the company of Isadora Duncan; he first went to school in Grecian robes. All this early Art left him with a passionate desire to be a stockbroker. He invented a kissproof lipstick. Nonetheless, there was a residue of mysticism. All his life, it seems, he tended to believe in acts of God, though the evidence points to there having been a certain amount of collaboration. His films often run on a peculiar nervous energy rather than anything contemplative, but they have a crackling life. The script for "Easy Living" depicts a heroine with a vein of obstinate courage in the face of the impossible which makes it stirring about the lives of real people in the Depression. "Too far is enough," a character says.

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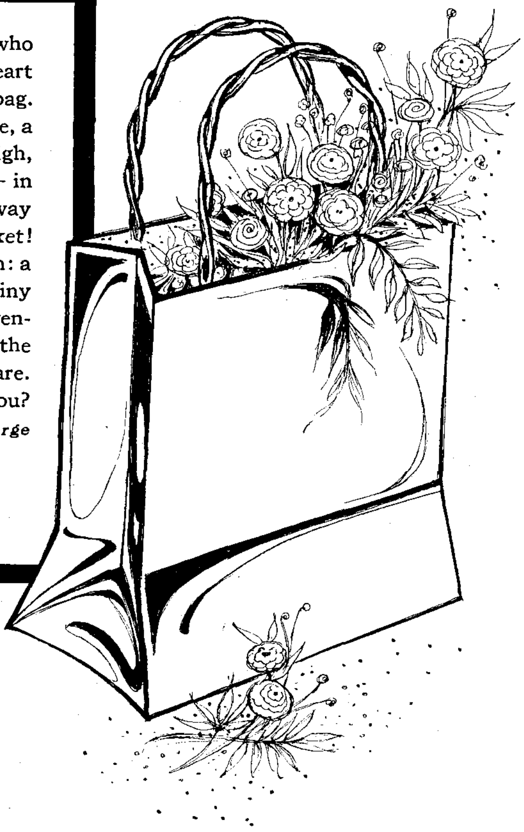

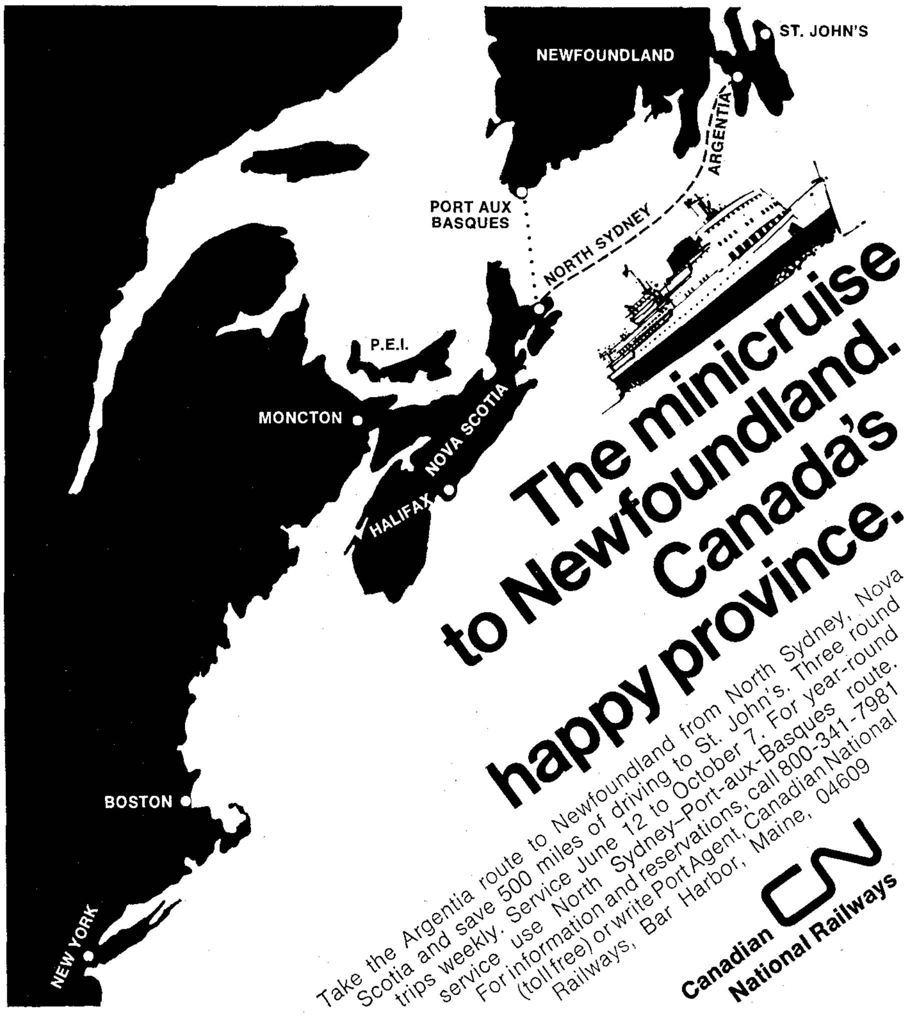

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ANNALS OF WAR

VIETNAM

IV—JOHNSON'S DILEMMA

BEFORE the dry season of 1965 ended, the Johnson Administration had taken those steps necessary to transform a holding action against the National Liberation Front into a major war involving North and South Vietnam. The American intervention in force did not rest on any single decision, nor was it a reaction to any unforeseen circumstance. As early as 1961, General Maxwell Taylor and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had predicted that American ground troops would be needed to preserve the Saigon government. President Kennedy resisted that final commitment, but from 1961 on the American buildup in Vietnam proceeded steadily with a series of incremental decisions. In February, 1964, a few months after the fall of President Ngo Dinh Diem, the Johnson Administration authorized the covert bombing of Laos near the North Vietnamese border and increased its program of secret intelligence and sabotage missions inside North Vietnam. In response to an amphibious sabotage raid in the Gulf of Tonkin by South Vietnamese forces, North Vietnamese PT boats, in August, attacked the American destroyer Maddox, mistaking it for one of the belligerent South Vietnamese vessels. The Administration portrayed this incident as an example of North Vietnamese aggression, and sent Congress a resolution authorizing the use of American force in Southeast Asia—a resolution American officials had drafted two months earlier. By September, 1964, during the Presidential campaign in which Johnson ran as the candidate who opposed an enlargement of the war, Administration officials had come to what historians who prepared the Pentagon Papers called a "general consensus" on the bombing of North Vietnam. The bombing was ordered in February, 1965, and in March the first American ground combat troops were landed in Danang.

In their history of American decision-making during this period, the Pentagon historians have shown that, apart from George Ball, no high Administration official came out against the general policy of intervention to save the Saigon government. The issues debated within the Administration were merely those of strategy and timing. Certain officials—principally the Joint Chiefs of Staff—urged that the President pursue a schedule of rapid escalation. Those whose views prevailed advised a slow and carefully orchestrated campaign combining a gradual increase of force with diplomatic initiatives that would signal to the North Vietnamese the strength of American resolve to go as far as was necessary. Interestingly, few, if any, of the proponents of the gradualist approach had confidence that such a strategy would deter the North Vietnamese from (in Dean Rusk's phrase) "doing what they were doing." Estimates prepared by the Central Intelligence Agency were uniformly pessimistic, and at no point were high officials deceived about the results of their actions. By the beginning of 1965, virtually all the high Administration officials had faced the prospect of a commitment of United States ground troops. Throughout this period, Johnson gave cryptic indications of his plans but concealed the official doubts about their potential effectiveness. The picture of Johnson the Pentagon history presents is that of a President constantly pushed forward by the tempo of events in Vietnam and constantly hanging back from the final commitment out of domestic political considerations. Politically, Johnson faced a dilemma. On the one hand, he, like his predecessors, judged the "loss" of Vietnam to be irreconcilable with American security interests and unacceptable to the American public. On the other hand, he had no reason to expect immediate success for his policy and felt that the American public would be reluctant to support another ground war in Asia. His political strategy was therefore to conceal his doubts about the outcome of the policy while attempting to convince the public of the necessity for the war.

"You want Hans Holbein the Younger."

THE early military results of Johnson's policy promised anything but a quick end to the war. Progress could only be claimed in negative terms. General William C. Westmoreland, the American commander, claimed that his troops had "defeated a concentrated North Vietnamese effort to cut the country in two." What this phrase meant was difficult to say, as the National Liberation Front had already "cut the country in two," in the sense that it controlled most of the central-Vietnamese countryside and had confined the Saigon government to air traffic between the province capitals. On the other hand, a military occupation of the northernmost cities did not seem a likely strategy for the N.L.F., given the weight of American air power in support of the G.V.N.—as Americans usually referred to the South Vietnamese regime. About all that could be said was that the presence of American troops had staved off total defeat for the Saigon government. Still, despite their less than decisive performance, the American troops brought a surge of optimism to the American Mission in Saigon. The Embassy officials and military advisers were not concerned, after all, with the long-range goals of United States policy but, rather, with their own appointed task of saving the Saigon government. As

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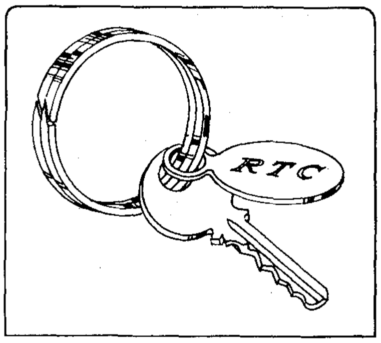

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they looked at it, the President had finally recognized their plight and given them the wherewithal to get the job done. They could not imagine that the Administration would take on something that it could not finish. And before the year 1966 was out, the United States had nearly four hundred thousand troops in Vietnam. American spending on the war had risen to two billion dollars a month.

THE year 1967 began with a bombing halt over North Vietnam and a flurry of peace rumors in Saigon, but that was a false start. There was to be no change in the war. No change at all, despite the bright new crop of Americans in the provinces—the AID representatives, with their scrubbed faces and short-sleeved shirts, and the young captains, in their starched fatigues. "Now, here we're plugging in three more R.D. teams, and if we can divert some of the budget allocations from District C and get the ARVN to cordon off the east bank of the river, we can give the settlements here, here, and here the status of New Life Hamlets." There was a timeless quality to the American effort, which is to say not that it was static but that it was constantly moving over the same ground. Each year, the new young men, so full of vague notions of "development," so certain of their own ability to solve "problems," so anxious to "communicate" with the Vietnamese, eagerly took their places in this old, old war.

Of course, there were always new approaches, new "concepts" in pacification. In 1967, it was a "rethinking" of the Revolutionary Development program in the countryside. After some notable failures in 1966, the American Central Intelligence Agency decided to call back the R.D. teams and give them a month more of retraining: a month more, but this time, so the officials said, the program would succeed. To measure that success more accurately, Robert Komer, who was by that time chief of the entire R.D. program, developed, with the help of Secretary McNamara, a new evaluation system, using computers and multiple-choice questionnaires. After explaining with logic and clarity how the Hamlet Evaluation System worked, he would say modestly that it was not a perfect system but that it was an improvement over its predecessors. And he was undoubtedly correct; the only uncertainty was about what was being measured. And Komer, in his clear and logical exposition of the R.D. program, apparently did not find it necessary to decide. "Some call this chiefly a matter of providing protection or continuous local security in the countryside," he said. "Others call it the process of winning hearts and minds. For my money, both descriptions are pretty good." It was enough, perhaps, that the new system convinced the American public that sixty-seven per cent of the South Vietnamese population lived under G.V.N. control, and that that figure represented a gain of four and eight-tenths per cent over the year before.

If the figures were not convincing, then a tour of Vietnam almost always was. Year after year, delegations of high officials, congressmen, and other dignitaries would arrive in Saigon and, still dizzy from the trip, receive two- or three-hour briefings from colonels with seven-overlay charts, then dine with the Ambassador or the commanding general—one of those tall, noble Anglo-Saxons who radiated all the confidence of surgeons talking with their patients. The next day, the delegations would be issued green fatigues and flown around by daredevil helicopter pilots to spend (but for the air trip) an unutterably boring day visiting hamlets with pig farms, maternity clinics, "miracle-rice" plots, and children, washed, scrubbed, and smiling, lining the streets and waving G.V.N. flags. Boredom and all, the tours were almost exact replicas of those that Ngo Dinh Diem used to take, and for which he was so stringently criticized by his American advisers. Only the Potemkin hamlets had changed, for Diem's tours were four pacification programs ago. The V.I.P.s would return home to announce that progress was being made. How could they deny it? The confidence of the Mission officials was so pure. Faced with the contradiction between the Ambassador's untarnished faith and a mortar attack on the Tan Son Nhut airbase the day of their arrival, the distinguished Americans would have to find that faith somehow more solid and convincing. "I was down in An Giang Province just yesterday," Komer would say, "and it's amazing how much of a difference there is down there in the course of a year." An Giang Province—the very name reduced a decade of American briefings to a single palimpsest. "Why don't you go down to An Giang Province and see for yourself?" But there had never been any N.L.F. in An Giang, for the Hoa Hao sect controlled the province and it had long ago made its accommodation with the Front. The generations of V.I.P.s who had gone down to An Giang without knowing that! Even the "dove" congressmen and the serious journalists found it difficult to resist this surreal dialogue with the Mission. When Komer announced that *x* per cent of the population was pacified, a reporter might sagely argue that the figure was probably closer to two-thirds of *x*, but would never ask what "pacification" meant or whether, indeed, it was the right thing for the United States to be doing in Vietnam.

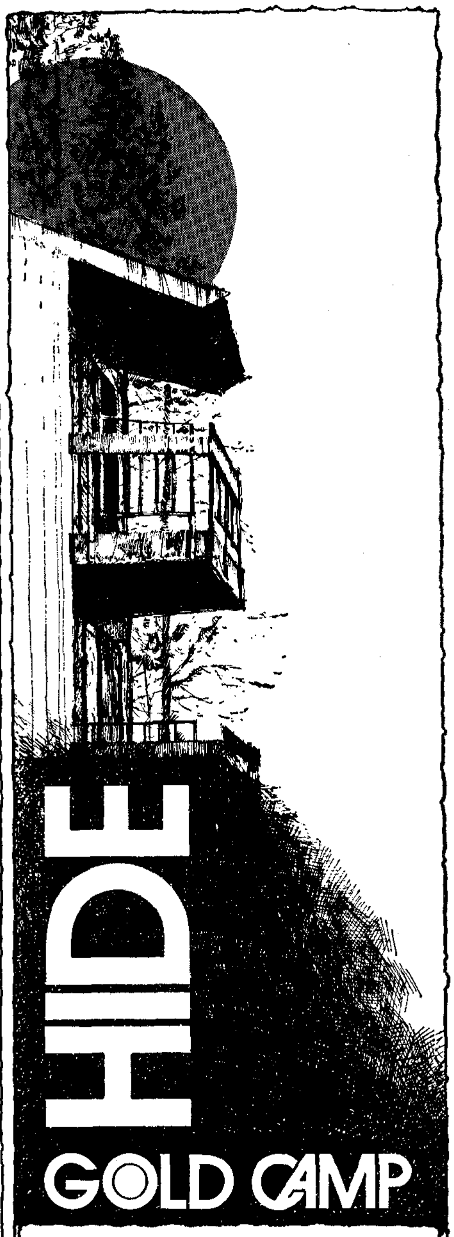
The dialogue was, of course, not entirely without issue, for though American policy had not changed, the American effort had increased by several orders of magnitude. By the fall of 1967, there were half a million American troops in Vietnam—and that partly a result of the Mission's confidence. "We are winning," the argument went. "With a little more support, the war can be won." Every two or three months, Westmoreland asked for thousands more troops and, after some debate, the President acceded—giving him each time, though, somewhat less than he asked for. Finally, Johnson put a "troop ceiling" at five hundred and twenty-five thousand men—or close to the number that the United States military could send without calling up the reserves. The figure was entirely arbitrary with regard to Vietnam, but then any figure would have been arbitrary, for no one knew how many troops or how long a fight would be necessary to stop the North Vietnamese from "doing what they were doing." The dilemma was that the figure of half a million represented not enough and too much at the same time.

In 1967, the "Free World" forces in Vietnam—Americans, Vietnamese, and Koreans, with some small contingents of Australians, Thais, and Filipinos—had reached a total of more than one million two hundred thousand men, or about one soldier for every fifteen people in South Vietnam. Now Westmoreland, with two thousand tactical jet aircraft and the B-52s of the Strategic Air Command at his disposal, had "for the first time," Komer said, "marginally adequate resources" to take the offensive. The year had begun with operations against the two oldest and most secure enemy base areas in the South: War Zone D, north of Saigon, and War Zone C, the jungle region of Tay Ninh, near the Cambodian border. It proceeded with a series of bloody set-piece battles against North Vietnamese regulars in the Central Highlands near the Laotian border and in the mountainous country just below the Demilitarized Zone. Dak To, Con Thien, the "Rockpile," Khe Sanh—all these battles ended with hundreds of Americans and thousands of North Vietnamese dead. Westmoreland accounted all of them victories—and they were victories in the sense that, with the support of saturation bombing, the "kill ratio" always ran in favor of the United States. From another perspective, they were defeats, for the United States seemed to have gained nothing by them—neither the control of territory nor any demonstrable reduction of the enemy's effective troop strength. The North Vietnamese managed once again to maintain their numbers in the South while drawing an important section of the United States combat forces away from the populated areas. The casualty figures and the apparent lack of progress toward the termination of the war combined to have an adverse effect on the popularity of the war in the United States.

Westmoreland's strategy had always been to use the American troops as "a shield behind which" the G.V.N. forces could move in to establish government security. The commanding general never quite came to terms with the fact that the war was being fought at points rather than along lines. With the support, or even with the neutrality, of the population, the enemy forces could break up into small units and go anywhere in the countryside, moving around the Free World outposts. The result was that Westmoreland kept having to make moves that in no way conformed to his strategy. From the very beginning, the American troops were forced to engage in the small-unit patrolling and the "holding" operations that were supposed to be the tasks of the ARVN and the local security forces. The difficulty was that the American forces could not be everywhere at once, and that military occupation did not constitute pacification. A different approach had to be found.

Westmoreland's new strategy for "pacification" had actually been outlined some time earlier. In 1965, he had said:

> Until now, the war has been characterized by a substantial majority of the population remaining neutral. . . . In the past year we have seen an escalation to a higher level of intensity in the war. This will bring about a moment of decision for the peasant farmer. He will have to



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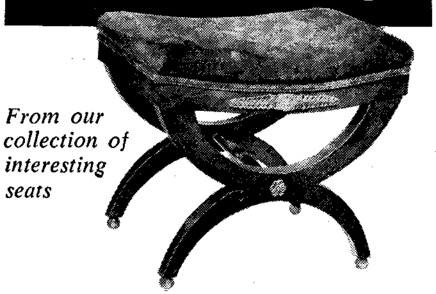

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choose if he stays alive. Until now, the peasant farmer has had three alternatives: he could stay put and follow his natural instinct to stay close to the land, living beside the graves of his ancestors. He could move to an area under government control. Or he could join the V.C. . . . Now if he stays put there are additional dangers. The V.C. can't patch up wounds. If the peasant becomes a refugee, he does get shelter, food, security, job opportunities, and is given a hope to possibly return to his land. The third alternative is life with the V.C. The V.C. have not made good on their promises; they no longer have secure areas. There are B-52 bombings, the V.C. tax demands are increasing, they want more recruits at the point of a gun, forced labor to move supplies. The battle is being carried more and more to the enemy.

"Doesn't that give the villager only the choice of becoming a refugee?" one journalist inquired.

"I expect a tremendous increase in the number of refugees," Westmoreland answered.

Westmoreland's statement was significant, for it meant that the United States command had largely given up hope for the conventional pacification schemes, whose aim was to drive the N.L.F. out of the villages and to secure the villagers' loyalty to the government. The new attempt would be to destroy the villages, and so dry up the "water" in which the "fish" of the Front forces swam. Robert Komer put it in American terms: "Well, if we can attrit the population base of the Vietcong, it'll accelerate the process of degrading the V.C." The logic was impeccable. Given the American war objectives and the political impotence of the G.V.N., the strategy was the only one available. Furthermore, it would have worked if the Vietnam war had been a war for control of territory.

In Operation Cedar Falls—the operation chronicled by Jonathan Schell in "The Village of Ben Suc"—the United States armed forces in effect drove a steamroller over the densely populated area of the Iron Triangle, flattening the villages with five-hundred-pound bombs, bulldozing the miles of tunnels, and destroying the jungle cover with herbicides. This single operation "generated" (in the impersonal military phrase) seven thousand refugees, and rendered the area uninhabitable by anyone except N.L.F. troops. According to Westmoreland's estimate, it put the Front headquarters out of action for a mere six months. In the region of the large-scale war in the Central Highlands and around the Demilitarized Zone, the United States forces moved a total of seventeen thousand people, resettling them in barracklike camps, where, without any independent means of survival, most had to depend on irregular handouts of supplies from the Saigon government. In other provinces of Vietnam, where the resettlement was not so well organized, the refugees swarmed to the government outposts and the cities of their own accord, to avoid the bombing and the military sweeps. The coastal regions of central Vietnam were particularly hard hit. Having failed to "pacify" Quang Nam Province even by a battalion-sized occupation of each district, the Marines simply tore down the villages, sending thousands of people into Danang, where not even the Americans were able to feed them. In this same period, United States forces intensified their use of herbicides, expending thousands of tons, which ultimately stripped an area as large as Massachusetts of crops and vegetation. The American command claimed that the aim of this maneuver, which was known as a "resources-control program," was to deny food to the Front troops. The crop destruction, however, affected the civilians almost exclusively, for while the troops, being mobile, could find other sources of supply, the civilians—and particularly the women and children—could not.

In early 1967, Westmoreland gave a most complicated and interesting explanation of the rationale behind the limitations on the number of American troops. "If you crowd in too many termite killers, each using a screwdriver to kill the termites, you risk collapsing the floors or the foundation," he said. "In this war we're using screwdrivers to kill termites because it's a guerrilla war and we cannot use bigger weapons. We have to get the right balance of termite killers to get rid of the termites without wrecking the house." To continue this extraordinary metaphor, the American force had managed to wreck the house without killing the termites—and, further, they had managed to make the house uninhabitable for any living thing except termites.

The influx of refugees from the countryside meant that the cities and towns overflowed with people. Two million refugees in 1966, three million or more by 1967—the numbers were impossible to estimate, because most refugees, if they came to the government camps to begin with, did not stay in them, for fear of exposure or starvation. But the total was surely greater than four and eight-tenths per cent of the population, which Komer claimed came "under government control" that year. The swamps of Saigon and the dunes seaward of Danang, Hoi An, Qui Nhon, and the other capitals of central Vietnam now supported small cities of tin shacks. Many of the neat towns of the Mekong Delta almost disappeared beneath a tide of *bidonvilles*. These settlements survived because of the American presence; they survived as dependencies of the American bases. The American aid went not into the improvement of these American-created slums but, as always, into the countryside for counter-insurgency.

IN May, 1967, President Johnson took the long-expected step of putting all civilian operations under the command of General Westmoreland. His move signified that Washington no longer accorded even symbolic importance to the notion that the South Vietnamese government was waging a "political" war. The reign of the United States military had begun, and, with it, the strategy of sheer quantity in civilian as well as military affairs.

As an assistant to Westmoreland, Robert Komer had something of the General's notion of scale. In the light of the long history of unsuccessful aid programs, he believed that the only hope of success lay in saturation. The Vietnamese officials might rake off twenty-five per cent, and twenty-five per cent more might go to waste, but the rest of the American aid would reach its destination. The United States government had no choice but to force its supplies upon the Vietnamese people: thousands of tons of bulgur wheat, thousands of gallons of cooking oil, tons of pharmaceuticals, enough seed to plant New Jersey with miracle rice, enough fertilizer for all that rice land, light bulbs, garbage trucks, an atomic reactor, enough cement to pave a province, enough corrugated tin to roof it, enough barbed wire to circle it seventeen times, dentist's drills, soybean seedlings, sewing kits, mortars, machine tools, toothbrushes, plumbing, land mines. In part, of course, this aid was absolutely necessary, for the United States military was at the same time bombing, defoliating, and moving villages at such a rate that all the aid the United States could have shipped would not have been excessive as refugee relief. The difficulty was that the Americans had to distribute the supplies through the Saigon government—a vessel that, despite its own spongelike properties, could not dispose of all the commodities. American aid had grown beyond the point of absorption.

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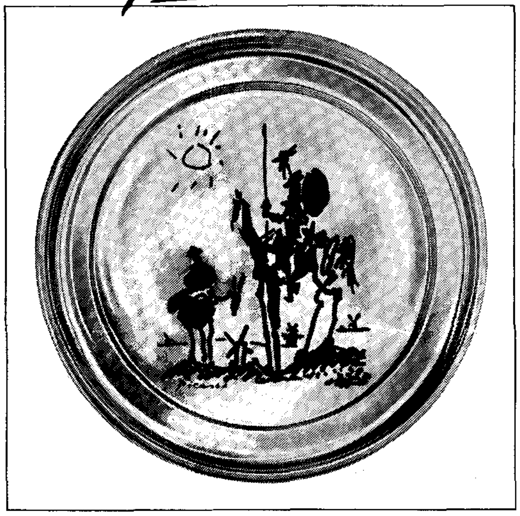

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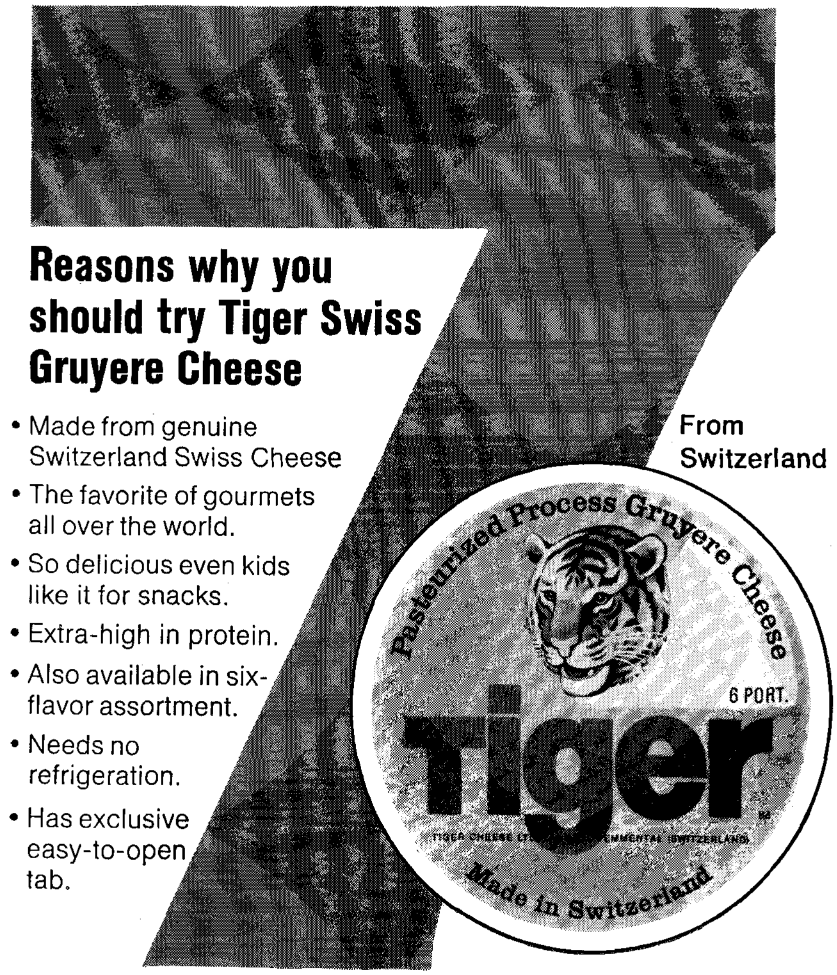

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31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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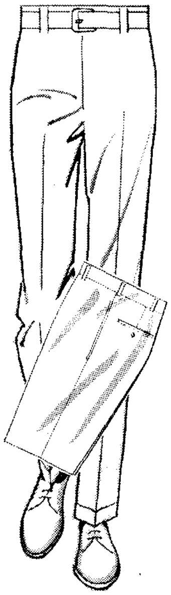

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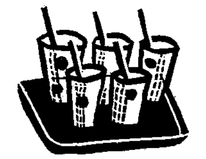
lem of G.V.N. inefficiency, the United States sent in more American advisers. At the beginning of 1966, the Mission had three or four civilians in each province capital; by the end of 1967, it had a small bureaucracy in each, comprising pig experts, rice experts, market and gardening experts, AID administrators, English teachers, city planners, accountants, doctors, police inspectors, welfare workers, handicraft consultants, "psychological-warfare" and counter-insurgency experts. (One man who was sent out in the early nineteen-sixties to study underground water levels remained in Vietnam unnoticed until the late nineteen-sixties, when a secretary happened to come across his dossier in the back of an old filing cabinet.) After a few months "in country," the advisers and experts usually came to the conclusion that the United States was not sending enough commodities for them to do their job properly. Most of them came to that conclusion in a most reasonable manner—the advisers' discovering that few of the commodities had reached their province capitals, much less the villages they wished to develop; the experts suggesting that, while progress was being made, a new approach might be more fruitful. So the U.S. government sent them more commodities and better transportation, utilization of which required more advisers and experts such as refugee-relief coördinators, underwater engineers, warehouse architects, port overseers, sanitation engineers, and systems analysts, who in their turn discovered new "requirements for" and "shortages of" new and different types of commodities: TV sets, plastic limbs, chicken feed, mosquito repellent, air-conditioners, bourbon, paper clips, prefabricated houses, and athlete's-foot powder.



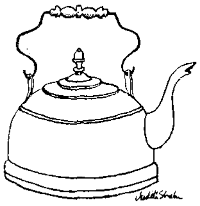
The Vietnamese government had developed the Midas touch—in much the same manner as the king himself, and with much the same results. Having once requested American support, the officials could not seem to stop it. Inefficiency, military defeats, rape, pillage, and coups d'état made no difference. Everything they touched turned to commodities—commodities that were, like Midas's gold, quite useless for the purpose of government. The pigs, the barbed wire, and the tin roofing sheets that actually arrived at their destinations remained pigs, barbed wire, and tin roofing—things with no political significance. Where the N.L.F. remained strong, the G.V.N. officials could not even use the commodities as bribes, for the peasants did not consider pigs an adequate inducement to take up arms against the Front. Where the American troops had gone with artillery and bulldozer, the commodities could not compensate the peasants for the loss of their rice fields and their ancestral homes.

But the American aid to the Saigon government was not merely useless. In the days of the Diem regime, the desire for profit persuaded at least some of the officials to try to keep the peasants alive, productive, and only moderately discontented, but now they could forget the peasants entirely and concentrate on filling out forms. The aid program had, in other words, relieved them even of their desire to exploit the peasants. If the farmers starved, died, or moved into the provincial capitals, the G.V.N. officials had merely to change their requisitions from agricultural extension to refugee relief. It was the culmination of a logical development: the more money the G.V.N. had, the less attention it had to pay to the peasants. Under the Diem regime, the paternalistic landlords were replaced by officials; under the Ky and Thieu regimes, the officials themselves began to disappear from the peasants' horizons. And since the "problem" facing the Americans was even further from solution, General Westmoreland began to discover new "requirements for" and "shortages of" American troops and advisers.

By 1967, the United States presence in Vietnam had become so large that Vietnamese officials, down to the level of district chief, spent most of their time dealing with Americans. On days when there were no visiting congressmen, no intelligence analysts, no AID supervisors, charity representatives, or journalists to see, the province and district chiefs would meet with their two sets of advisers and coördinate their operations with the local United States military command. The Vietnamese government, like the Vietnamese economy, had become little more than a service to the Americans. As it was not always a very efficient service, the Americans in some cases managed to dispense with it almost entirely. In the I Corps, for instance, the United States Marines carried out "civic-action" programs of their own, on a scale that quite overwhelmed the government aid. (They were, of course, doing a more than equivalent amount of destruction: as early as 1966, fully a quarter of the population of Quang Nam Province turned refugee.) Many of the Marine commanders were convinced that only the Saigon government kept them from driving out the Communists and pacifying the population. The goal of Lieutenant Colonel William R. Corson's scheme to turn one hamlet into a bastion of capitalism was not, the Colonel explained, "the official one of 'paving the way for the G.V.N. to assert its control over Phong Bac and to engender the support of the people for the G.V.N.' but, rather, to make Phong Bac strong enough to resist the encroachments of *both* the G.V.N. and the Vietcong against the rights of the people."

What did it matter now that the Vietnamese province chiefs were corrupt and that the peasants had no affection for the government of General Thieu? The Americans had not taken over the Saigon government, as many would have liked, but they were in occupation of large parts of the countryside—only the lower Delta continued to be policed exclusively by Vietnamese. And the Americans had changed the entire life of the cities. Into a country that, even under the French, had lived close to the economy of barter, the Americans poured billions of dollars. The actual amount was impossible to compute, for it included not only the direct military and civilian aid to the G.V.N. but the value of the Vietnamese labor used in all the construction projects and the private spending over the years of occupation by more than half a million Americans. The cities were flooded with piastres. Between January, 1965, and the end of 1967, the cost of living in the cities rose, by conservative estimate, a hundred and seventy per cent, while the price of rice rose by two hundred per cent. The inflation had been restrained somewhat by the issuance of scrip instead of dollars to the American G.I.s and by the Commercial Import Program. But these devices, too, exacted a toll of the Vietnamese economy. Near every American base, a black market flourished on dollars, scrip, and PX goods. The Commercial Import Program, designed on the model of the Marshall Plan to deliver aid in the useful and uninflationary form of heavy production equipment, did something quite different in Vietnam from what it had done in Europe. Instead of buying tractors or industrial machinery with their dollars, the Vietnamese importers bought what could be sold to that part of the population which made the most money from the Americans. The result was a vast influx of luxury goods, including watches, refrigerators, radios, Hondas, television sets, sewing machines, and motorcycles. With the decline of rice production (owing to the bombing and the defoliation), the United States also had to import millions of tons of rice into Vietnam to keep the price somewhere near the means of the huge city populations. The peasantry, therefore, did not enjoy any of the profits. The Commercial Import Program maintained two entirely separate economies—the barter economy of the countryside and the inflated economy of the cities. In addition, it destroyed all nonagricultural types of production. Most of the cottage industry and such larger industries as the Vietnamese possessed—textile mills around Saigon, and small mining concerns—went down before the flood of American goods. But it could not be helped; the country's economy was simply not strong enough to support the vast American military presence.

There were, of course, people who profited—for instance, the hotel owners, the licensed importers, and the brothelkeepers, and pharmacists, real-estate dealers, diamond merchants, and distributors of American luxury goods. The big businessmen knew the value of a dollar; many of them had made similar profits during the last war, when the French drained *their* gold reserves to support the piastre. And many of these businessmen had profited enough by the war to hope that it would go on forever—and to take what steps needed to be taken through their influence on G.V.N. officials to see that it did. Behind these Vietnamese profiteers—indeed invisible both on the streets and in the pages of any economic analysis—were a number of non-Vietnamese: Chinese merchants who dealt in rice and war materials between Saigon and Hong Kong, Paris, Singapore, and perhaps Peking, and Indian merchants, money traders, and black marketeers. These men bled the Americans as they had once bled the French. Whereas only a small élite had profited by the French war, a considerable sector of the urban population was now involved: the restaurant owners who put up their prices to New York rates, the hotel managers who demanded a sizable bribe to rent a room, the PX clerks who stole from the commissaries (with or without the help of American supply sergeants), government clerks who demanded large



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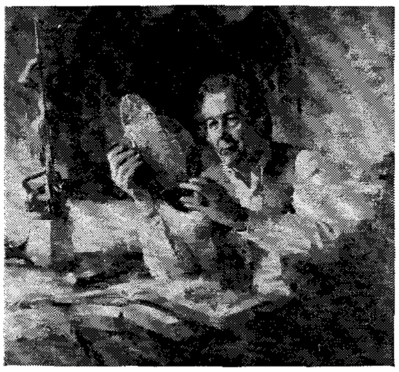

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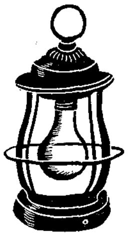
sums for exit visas and other necessary papers. Then, there were the bar girls and prostitutes of Tu Do Street—those lovely girls, in their floating *ao dais*, who told the soldiers sad stories of widowed mothers, took their money, and invested it in another bar. Finally, there were professional beggars, pimps, drug dealers, thieves—a Brechtian cast of characters in the midst of a new Thirty Years' War.

Saigon had a long and well-integrated tradition of corruption, which only a revolutionary upsurge could have changed. Now that corruption took on new dimensions. In the fall of 1967, a young American Embassy officer told David Halberstam that he had recently listened to the wife of General Cao Van Vien, the chief of staff, giving orders to a group of provincial officials on the distribution of San Miguel beer. "What was so amazing was not the extent of her financial interest, which was very considerable, but the *flagrancy* of it—the absolute indifference to what we thought," he said. "She knew I spoke Vietnamese, and she simply did not give a damn." A few months before, General Nguyen Ngoc Loan's police arrested a leading member of the French community, who was the head of all the beer and soft-drink concerns in the country, on the charge that he was making payoffs to the Vietcong. The gentleman in question had granted distributorships to the wives of four generals, and his company had been paying N.L.F. road taxes almost openly for years; it was therefore not hard to imagine just why he went to jail, or just how he managed to walk out of jail a week later with no more questions asked.

Under the Diem regime, corruption was covert and was restrained by the barriers of practicality and good form; it was now unlimited, all-pervasive, and naked of hypocrisy. The mayor of Qui Nhon, for instance, turned his official residence into a "massage parlor" for American soldiers, and the American officials could not induce his superiors to order him to get the girls out. When AID imported forty garbage trucks to clean the fetid streets of Saigon, the G.V.N. ministry concerned left them at the docks for a few days. Upon going down to check on them, an American official found some of them missing and the rest empty shells, from which all the movable parts had been taken. On a rather grander scale, the head of the Saigon city council, La Thanh Nghe, took nine hundred thousand dollars in kickbacks from American drug companies for his pharmaceutical business. According to Halberstam, the corps commanders sold the job of district chief for a million piastres (somewhere around ten thousand dollars, depending on the rate of exchange) and that of province chief for three million. Given the size of the American war budget, the price of a Vietnamese official was not, perhaps, excessive—if by paying it one got the job done. But while some kinds of corruption may permit an ill-made system to function, others become the raison d'être of the system—and the corruption in the G.V.N. was of the second type.

A Tokyo or a Berlin could perhaps accommodate an American occupation and survive with some of its privacy intact, some of its leaders uncorrupted. But Saigon was a small and terrified city, and though money could not kill, the vast influx of American dollars had almost as much influence on it as the bombing had on the countryside. It turned the society of Saigon inside out. Almost every night, a young man would stand by his Honda at the end of Tu Do Street waiting to take the American soldiers from the bars and brothels back to their bases; the young man was an under-secretary in the Ministry of Revolutionary Development. The French war had sustained the old professions of land ownership and government service, but this war profited only those who served the Americans. In the new economy, a prostitute made more than a government minister, a secretary working for AID made more than a full colonel, a taxi owner who spoke a few words of English made more than a university professor. Small wonder, then, that so many G.V.N. officials were corrupt and that the students, so criticized by the Americans for their refusal to "participate" and "assume responsibility," put off taking their final exams year after year. The old rich of Saigon had opposed the Communists as a threat to their position in society; now they found that the Americans took away that position in a much quicker and more decisive fashion—and, with it, what was left of the underpinning of Vietnamese values. One Vietnamese soldier complained ironically, "We people in this society curse the Communists because we live in a free society. Thus, crooks, cheats, thieves, and prostitutes are free to climb the ladder of values." For many, the life of the cities had become a carnival existence, a permanent *Fasching*; Mar-



shal Ky and General Thieu reigned as the Lords of Misrule over a country where all law was suspended, all license permitted.

Just before leaving the United States for a two-week tour of South Vietnam in 1967, the defense analyst Herman Kahn listened to an American businessman give a detailed account of the economic situation there. At the end of the talk—an argument for reducing the war—Kahn said, "I see what you mean. We have corrupted the cities. Now perhaps we can corrupt the countryside as well." Kahn went on to make it clear that he was not joking but was thinking in terms of an effective counter-insurgency program: the United States would win the war by making all Vietnamese economically dependent upon it. In 1967, Kahn's outline was on its way to becoming a reality, for the corruption even then had reached to the lowest levels of Vietnamese society. Around the American bases, from An Khe to Nha Trang, Cu Chi, and Chu Lai, there had grown up entire towns made of packing cases and waste tin from the canning factories—entire towns advertising Schlitz, Coca-Cola, and Pepsi-Cola a thousand times over. The "food," "shelter," and "job opportunities" that Westmoreland had promised came to this: a series of packing-case towns with exactly three kinds of industry—the taking in of American laundry, the selling of American cold drinks to American soldiers, and prostitution for the benefit of the Americans. But to Komer and Westmoreland these towns meant only more Vietnamese under "government control." They had become obsessed, these important people—from Johnson to McNamara and the patrician Henry Cabot Lodge—with the eradication of a few thousand Front troops and cadres. In their pursuit of "pacification," it did not seem to matter how much the United States spent, how many soldiers were required, or what happened to the millions of other Vietnamese. Nor could they build the Saigon government to stand on its own; at least, if that was their goal they were coming no closer to it. In fact, quite the contrary.

Toward the end of 1966, Westmoreland had authorized the United States 199th Light Infantry Brigade to integrate its operations with those of the Vietnamese 5th Ranger Group, and placed all the troops, from squad to battalion, under the joint command of an American and a Vietnamese officer. In November, 1967, the brigade's commander, Brigadier General Robert C.

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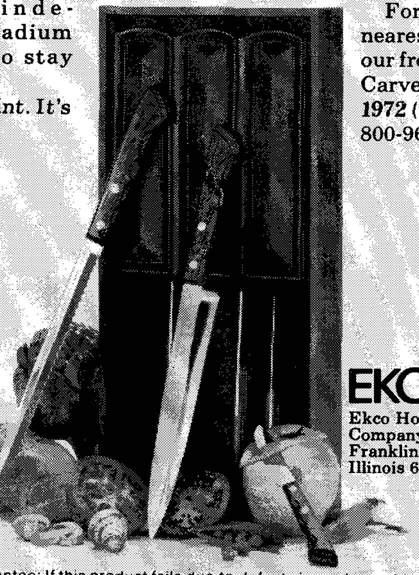

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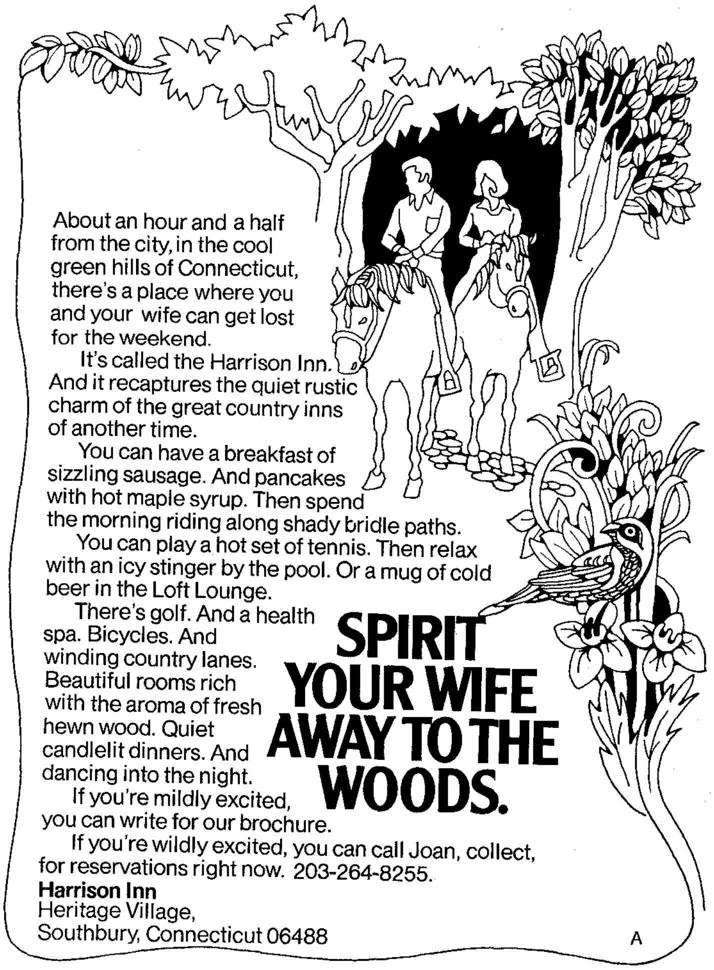

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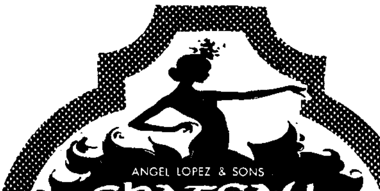

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Forbes, decided to terminate what he then called an "experiment." "Quite frankly," he said, "integrated operations are relatively good if they don't go on too long. . . . Six to eight months is enough. Other than that, you're going to get involved in a situation where the undeveloped forces are going to become totally dependent on the developed forces. That's not the name of the game here." The General, it appeared, was somewhat understating the case. According to his subordinates, the Vietnamese officers were already dependent on the Americans to the point where they sometimes forsook their commands in the field, leaving the Americans with two companies to command instead of one. "They became dependent on us for rations, for medical supplies, for calling in air strikes, even for leadership," one American officer said. "Well, they're not supposed to be mercenaries, they're supposed to be an independent fighting group." The truth was that all the other Vietnamese units, to the degree that they received United States aid and support, were becoming similarly dependent on the Americans.

In 1967, an experienced American adviser told the *Times* correspondent R. W. Apple, Jr., that recently his "counterpart," a battalion commander, had disappeared during one ferocious all-night battle. Assuming that the officer was dead, Apple reported, the adviser took command of the battalion and led it through the fight. The next morning, however, the commander emerged from a foxhole where he had spent the night, shook himself, and ordered his men to move out. When the adviser suggested that he deploy his men in a less bunched-up formation, the officer coldly ignored him and marched his men back to base as they were. The officer was an exception—an exception, that is, among thousands of exceptions—but the story is an excellent illustration of what, in a wider sense, United States military "support" did for the Vietnamese government. Instead of helping the officials to govern, it alienated them from their own position as leaders. Such officers did not act like puppets, but they saw themselves as puppets or mercenaries in respect to their public duties. The Vietnamese, being mistrustful of the Americans, attempted to box them into accepting the total responsibility for a situation that was, as the Vietnamese saw it, of American making. By Vietnamese reasoning, the Americans had no right to exact anything from them; on the contrary, the Americans owed them something for the use of their soil to fight a war that was really directed against China and the Soviet Union. The fact that so many American soldiers thought of themselves as giving their lives to save the lives of a lot of "ungrateful" Vietnamese officials did not change the Vietnamese officials' point of view. The greater the number of Americans who spent their best efforts and their lives in Vietnam, the less influence the United States had for reform upon the G.V.N. With both men and material resources, the Americans were enforcing corruption and destroying the tissue of Vietnamese society. In addition, they were tearing the G.V.N. officials more and more sharply away from their own people. The thousands of dead ARVN soldiers, the bombed-out villages, the refugees—all attested to the alienation. The officials continued to speak of "the Vietnamese nation" and "the Vietnamese people," but they had lost whatever solidarity they once had with the villagers. The Saigon government had turned over on its back to feed upon the Americans.

IN 1966, Senator George Aiken, of Vermont, suggested that the United States government simply announce that it had won the war and then withdraw its troops. In refusing to adopt this plausible expedient of ignoring reality altogether, Johnson condemned those of his officials who worked on Vietnam to the excruciating mental effort of holding reality and the official version of reality together as they moved further and further apart. For many officials, the attempt entailed a total self-contradiction. In 1966, for example, Vice-President Hubert Humphrey went to Vietnam at Johnson's bidding to congratulate the Saigon government on the progress it had made in the area of Revolutionary Development. In the course of a ritual visit to the R.D. training camp in Vung Tau, he heard the chief instructor of the program, Major Nguyen Be, assert that the program was not working, because the entire Saigon government was corrupt. The Vice-President, who had made his political start as a reformer in Minneapolis, found himself in the position of defending against a Vietnamese reformer a government he must have known was corrupt.

The incident only illustrated in a public way what happened in private to many American officials who had to deal with the Saigon government. The aim of the American advisory program was, after all, to help the Vietnamese officials; in practice, this meant to help them with whatever they wanted. Few American advisers dared to criticize their "counterparts" for fear of limiting their own "effectiveness" in the future; few dared to send in pessimistic reports for fear of damaging their own careers. Even if their "counterparts" were corrupt or otherwise incapable, the Americans would send in glowing reports, recommending that the Mission send more aid, more arms, more men, in order to make up for a deficiency that remained invisible to their superior officers. The result was that the necessity for false reporting would increase—along with the fortunes of their "counterparts." As men with access to the source of supply, the advisers became active participants in the Vietnamese network of corruption. The penalty for doing otherwise was too severe. In 1967, William J. Lederer, co-author of "The Ugly American," discovered that a district chief in Quang Nam Province was stealing the rations of his own soldiers, thus causing the soldiers to desert and to leave United States Marine pacification teams unprotected. When he took that story to the American adviser of the I Corps commander, the adviser, a U.S. Army colonel, denied that the story was true. A Marine officer later explained to Lederer that the adviser was caught in an impossible situation: if he cut the district chief out of the supply line, the corps commander—from whom the district chief had undoubtedly bought his job—would complain to Saigon; a general in Saigon would then tell the American command that the adviser was unable to get along with the Vietnamese; the adviser would then be removed (losing his chance for promotion); and the district chief would continue to steal the supplies.

To the end of "helping" the Vietnamese government, American officials not only concealed Vietnamese corruption of this type but suppressed information about extortion rackets, rape, pillage, and outright military atrocities. For at least two years, the generals of Westmoreland's staff refused to let even analysts under contract to the Defense Department investigate incidents involving wholesale slaughter of civilians by Korean troops carrying out their "pacification" program. And it was not until 1970 that the existence of a concealed group of "tiger cages" on Con Son Island came to light: cages in which for years the Vietnamese military, with the knowledge of Amer-

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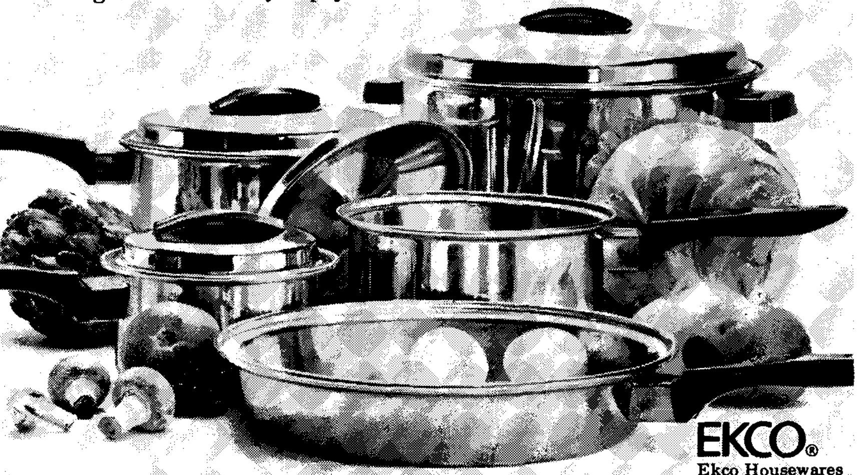

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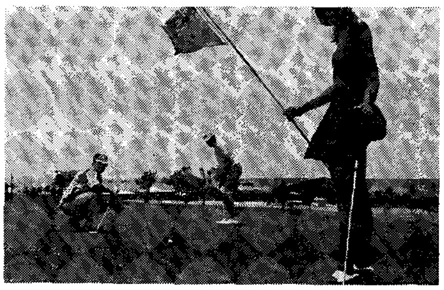

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ican advisers, had kept political prisoners—that is, Buddhist students—under conditions that hardly bore description. The cages were revealed to members of a congressional committee, but, even so, the public learned about them only from unofficial sources until one member of the committee staff decided to resign and tell what he knew; the camp situation had not been discussed in the official congressional report. A few days after that disclosure, a doctor working for the American Friends Service Committee in Quang Ngai Province told the press that she had treated "political prisoners" after they had been tortured in a Vietnamese interrogation center—with the knowledge of American officers—by Vietnamese officers, who were carrying on a thriving extortion racket through the center. To suppress information of that kind required the coöperation not only of a few colonels bucking for general but of the heads of the American Mission in Saigon.

That the Mission heads were capable of tolerating such abuses should not, perhaps, have surprised anyone. After all, in 1966 Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge had condoned the slaughter of more than a hundred Buddhist civilians in Danang, and in 1967 Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, the distinguished career diplomat who succeeded Lodge, had applauded a rigged election and condoned the imprisonment of a large number of opposition political and labor leaders on false charges. In the name of freedom and democracy, the Ambassadors stood by while the Saigon officials arrested or murdered whomever they liked. In the end, it was the Americans who were responsible for the arrests and murders, for the Saigon government had no power beyond that given to it by the United States. Far from reforming the Saigon government, as had been promised, high American officials presided over a system that corrupted both Vietnamese and Americans.

The effort to hold reality and the official version of reality together finally took its toll of the Americans in Vietnam. Added to all the other strains of war, it produced an almost intolerable tension, and this expressed itself not so much in criticism of American policy as in fierce resentment against the Vietnamese. The logic of that anger was a simple one, compounded of guilt and illusions destroyed. The nature of those illusions was even less apparent to the Americans than it had been to the French, and in a way that made them all the more powerful. At the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings in 1966, General Taylor, just returned from being Ambassador in Saigon, said in describing the pacification program, "We have always been able to move in the areas where the security was good enough. But I have often said it is very hard to plant the corn outside the stockade when the Indians are still around. We have to get the Indians farther away in many of the provinces to make good progress." In Vietnam, American officers liked to call the regions outside G.V.N. control "Indian country." It was a joke, of course—no more than a figure of speech—and yet it put the Vietnam war in a definite historical and mythological perspective: the Americans were once again engaged in a heroic and (for themselves) almost painless conquest of an inferior race. To the early American settlers, the defeat of the Indians had seemed not just a nationalist victory but an achievement made in the name of humanity—the triumph of light over darkness, of good over evil, of civilization over brutish nature. Quite unconsciously, the American officers and officials in Vietnam used a similar language to describe their war against the N.L.F. According to the official rhetoric, the Vietcong did not live in places, they "infested areas;" the American forces went on "sweep-and-clear" operations in order to "clean them out," or moved all the villagers into refugee camps in order to "sanitize the area." Westmoreland spoke of the N.L.F. as "termites." The implications of this language rarely came to consciousness (some of the American field commanders actually admired the Front as a fighting force), but they were nonetheless there. The Americans were white men in Asia, and they could not conceive of the possibility that they might fail in their enterprise, could not conceive of the possibility that they might be morally wrong.

Beyond all the bureaucratic and strategic interests in the war, it was this sense of righteous mission that led the United States government deeper and deeper into Vietnam. Moral infallibility, military invincibility: the two went together and were not to be differentiated—not in Vietnam, in any case, where the enemy was not only Communist but small, yellow, and poor. The difficulty was that the "allies" of the United States fell within almost the same category—the same category with the one term of Communism removed. The distinction between Communist and non-Communist, so obvious in theory, became an elusive one in practice when it was juxtaposed with the much greater contrast between Americans and Vietnamese. In coming to Vietnam, most American advisers, for instance, expected their "counterparts" to render them their due as members of a more "advanced" society. The expectation was not, after all, unreasonable, since the United States government had sent them out to advise the Vietnamese. But the advisers tended to see themselves in the roles of teacher and older brother, and when the Vietnamese did not respond to them in the expected manner—when they did not even take their advice—few succeeded in reconstructing the truth of the matter. Few saw that the Vietnamese were not the pupils of the Americans but people whose view of the world was very different and whose interests only occasionally coincided with their own. For those few Americans who succeeded, there were an equal number who took an extreme parochial view, looking upon the Vietnamese as savages or children with empty heads into which they would pour instruction. Filled with righteous platitudes, theirs was an essentially colonialist vision, born out of the same insecurity and desire for domination that had motivated many of the French. When their "counterparts" did not take their instruction, these advisers treated the Vietnamese like bad pupils, accusing them of corruption or laziness, and attempted to impose authority over them. And when the attempt at coercion failed, they retreated from the Vietnamese entirely, barricading themselves behind American weapons and American PX goods, behind the assumption of American superiority and the assumption that the Vietnamese were not quite human.

"Don't you realize?" a young Embassy officer once exploded. "Don't you realize that everything the Americans do in Vietnam is founded on a hatred of the Vietnamese?" His outburst was shocking, for he, unlike most Americans in Vietnam, had managed to preserve a sense of balance. He understood the point of view of the Vietnamese officials as well as of the Americans, and, because of his own success at reconciling the two, he had long believed that the best in both would prevail. Two years earlier, he had been confident that the two could find some common ground for coöperation against the N.L.F. But he, the diplomat par excellence, had seen his compatriots turn into spineless bureaucrats and frustrated proconsuls. And into murderers.

In 1969, an incident came to the attention of the United States Congress which had occurred a year and a half before in the wake of the Tet offensive. On a "search-and-destroy" operation, a company from the Americal Division had walked into the village of My Lai and without provocation gunned down some three hundred and forty-seven civilians, most of them women and children. A photographer had taken pictures of screaming women, dead babies, and a mass of bodies piled up in a ditch. Even after the story was substantiated, it seemed incredible to many people. How could American soldiers have committed such an atrocity? A congressional subcommittee investigating the incident wrote much later, "What obviously happened at My Lai was wrong. In fact, it was so wrong and so foreign to the normal character and action of our military forces as to immediately raise a question as to the legal sanity at the time of those men involved." But, as teams of psychiatrists were later to show, Lieutenant William Calley and the other men involved were at the time quite as "sane" as the members of the congressional subcommittee. The incident was all too characteristic of the American war.

The G.I.s who came to Vietnam found themselves in a place halfway around the earth, among people with whom they could make no human contact. They knew something about military tactics but nothing about where they were or who the enemy was. Their buddies were killed by land mines, sniper fire, and mortar attacks, but the enemy remained invisible, not only in the jungle but among the people of the villages: an enemy who inflicted upon them heat, boredom, terror, and death, and gave them nothing to show for it—no territory taken, no visible sign of progress except the bodies of small yellow men. And they passed around stories: you couldn't trust anyone in this country—not the laundresses or the prostitutes or the boys six years old. The enemy would not stand up and fight, but he had agents everywhere—among the villagers, even among the ARVN officers. The Vietnamese soldiers were lazy and the officials corrupt—they were all out to get you one way or another. They were all "gooks," after all. Just look how they lived, in the shacks and the filth; they'd steal the watch off

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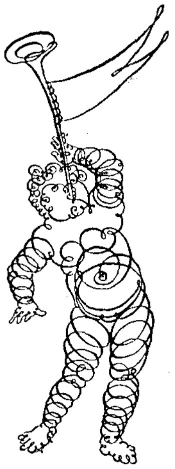

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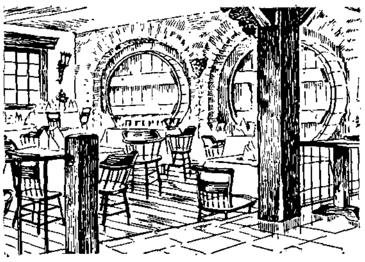

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your wrist. And the stories of combat were embellished: about how the enemy attacked Alpha Company one night and hundreds of them were killed, but they kept on coming in "human waves," screaming like banshees. It didn't matter how many you killed, because they were fanatics, who didn't know the value of human life. In boot camp or in the barracks late at night, an experienced sergeant would tell about how the V.C. killed women and children and tortured their prisoners, cutting off the ears of their victims, or their genitals. And how the ARVN soldiers did the same when their American advisers weren't around.

There was terror in these stories but also a kind of release, for if the Vietnamese did not act like human beings, then they did not have to be treated as such. All the laws of civilization were suspended. "And when you shot someone, you didn't think you were shooting at a human," one veteran reported. The war brought out latent sadism, as perhaps all wars between races (and particularly guerrilla wars) have brought it out in all armies. The Americans were no different—that was the shock. "You'll look at your enemy and these people that you're sort of a visitor to, you'll look at them as animals, and at the same time you're just turning yourself into an animal, too," one soldier said.

Reports of the My Lai massacre led to the courts-martial of five soldiers—among them Lieutenant William Calley. Some of the defense attorneys talked about raising the question of the legitimacy of the war and the responsibility of the higher political and military authorities. The military courts naturally refused to touch such an explosive political issue, but the very fact that the issue had been raised allowed Calley and others to take a moral position that proved sympathetic to thousands of Americans all over the country: Calley had committed no crime; he was just doing his job as a soldier in killing Vietnamese—civilians though they were. The argument did not, of course, take account of the principle of individual responsibility established at the Nuremberg trials of Nazi war criminals, nor did it take account of those thousands of American soldiers who did not see killing civilians as being in the line of their duty. Still, there was a sense in which it could be said that the responsibility belonged to American policy in Vietnam.

According to the State Department's justification of the war in international law, American soldiers had been sent to Vietnam to defend the South Vietnamese against "invasion from the North." In this, the State Department had, of course, deceived the soldiers, for the G.I.s, when they arrived in Vietnam, found that they had to fight South Vietnamese as well as Northern invaders. This deception did not surprise them, however, for the Administration officials and the G.I.s' superior officers had as much as told them that the justification in international law was no more than a fiction, and that they were going to Vietnam not so much to defend territory as to defend the Free World allies of the United States against totalitarian Communism. But it was in this purpose that they felt themselves most bitterly deceived, for upon arriving in Vietnam they found not a nation of Communists and democrats but a nation of "gooks." To say that one "gook" was a Communist and another was not was to make what seemed to be a purely metaphysical distinction, yet one that if it was wrongly made might cost you your life. Thus, in the My Lai massacre the soldiers abandoned the unrealistic war aims of Dean Rusk and drew their illogical but nonetheless understandable conclusion: since all Communists in Vietnam are Vietnamese, and since the only good Communist is a dead one, then all Vietnamese have to be killed.

The syllogism was faulty, of course, and the defenders of Calley were being disingenuous in describing the cold-blooded murder of babies and old women as necessary to the protection of his troops. But there were many other cases in which the moral issue was much less clear. When, as happened frequently, a unit received enemy fire from a village, the officer in charge would have the choice of flattening the village with artillery or ordering his troops to go in and search it. If he chose the former course, he might discover that the village contained only one or two snipers and a large number of civilians—many of them now dead. If he chose the latter, he might discover that it contained an enemy company, and that he had (unnecessarily?) forfeited the lives of his own men. His dilemma pointed to the fundamental dilemma of the highly mechanized American armed forces fighting a "people's war" in a foreign country. The basic problem was, of course, that the official United States picture of "the Vietcong" as an army and a coercive administration fighting over a nonpolitical peasantry was simply a misrepresentation of the facts. In many regions—and those where the greatest United States military effort was made—the unarmed peasants actively and voluntarily coöperated with the Front troops, giving them information, carrying their supplies, laying booby traps for their enemy. Where, then, was the distinction between soldiers and civilians? In many regions, "the Vietcong" were simply the villagers themselves; to "eliminate the Vietcong" meant to eliminate the villages, if not the villagers—an entire social structure and a way of life.

THE central aim of United States policy in Vietnam had never been to develop the economy and reform the Saigon government but to "stop Communism" in Southeast Asia. When military aid together with attempts at reform and development failed to achieve that end, the United States adopted two additional strategies: the bombing of the North and the commitment of American ground combat troops. The second strategy was one that the officials had hoped to avoid, because it cost American lives and gave rise to political difficulties at home. The first was much less "expensive." In 1965, accordingly, they began to prosecute the air war on a large scale, for reasons that were of dubious rationality.

The American bombing of North Vietnam, enclosed though it was in "tough-minded" analytical terms, such as "graduated escalation" and "limited war," made little military sense. As Clark Clifford pointed out when he came to the Defense Department as Secretary in 1968, it did not constitute a strategy for winning the war, or even for gaining the Administration's "limited objectives." During the Second World War, the Allies had—or so it could be argued—contributed to the defeat of Nazi Germany by bombing its industrial plant and thus impairing its capacity for warmaking. The Americans could not, however, hope to defeat North Vietnam in the same way, because that country could continue to obtain munitions from the outside, from noncombatant powers. In August of 1967, Robert McNamara himself took pains to show a Senate subcommittee that the bombing had not significantly affected North Vietnam's capacity for warmaking. In his opinion, it was not so much the air war that limited the infiltration as "the ability of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, operating, by the way, without, for all practical purposes, a single wheeled ve-

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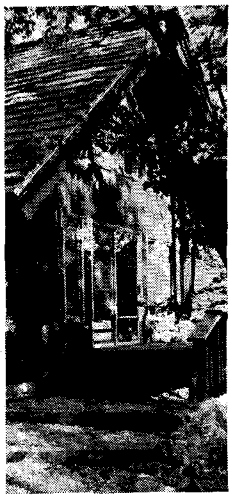

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hicle in all of South Vietnam, to accept the men and materiel from the North." As answers to his objections, the U.S. Joint Chiefs had only psychological theories about "punishing" the North Vietnamese and "destroying their morale." In order to believe that they might destroy North Vietnamese morale by the bombing, the generals had to assume the North Vietnamese to be psychologically inferior to the British under the German air raids of the Second World War—and, indeed, to themselves.

The military's theory proved false. The North Vietnamese insisted upon being treated as equals—as an enemy. At that point, the Administration, if it was to pursue its objectives, had very little choice but to adopt a strategy of attrition. And because of the very nature of the war, that strategy meant the attrition not only of enemy troops and military supplies but of all Vietnamese, in the South as well as the North. No one in the American government consciously planned a policy of genocide—the military commanders would have been shocked or angered by such a charge—but the fact is that the commanders' policy had no other military logic, and their course of action was indistinguishable from it. By 1969, South Vietnam had become the most heavily bombed country in history. It was also the most heavily bombarded by artillery.

The American commanders, of course, liked to interpret their whole military policy as nothing more than an impersonal exercise of the vast American military machine. But, as applied in Vietnam, the policy of "harassment and interdiction," the creation of "free-fire zones," the use of artillery to replace ground patrolling in heavily populated areas—these and other bombing and artillery practices would have been unthinkable for American commanders to adopt in occupied France or Italy during the Second World War. In Europe, the Americans rejected the use of chemical warfare, but in Vietnam they used napalm, phosphorus, tear gas, and defoliants of various kinds as a general practice and in such quantities as to render parts of the country uninhabitable. The use of a "body count" as the principal index of progress was also unique to the Vietnam war. Besides all these unconventional military tactics, though to some extent the guiding force behind them, was the Westmoreland-Komer strategy for pacification: to remove from the countryside all those people who could not be put under military occupation. The ARVN commanders had no great record of humanitarian concern for civilians, but even they would never by themselves have gone to the lengths of removing entire villages to refugee camps for the sake of eliminating the N.L.F. from a certain piece of real estate. And, humanitarian concerns aside, the strategy did not bring the Americans any closer to winning the war; it merely postponed the losing of it for a time, and it strained the resources of South Vietnam beyond their limits. (In the I Corps area, it even strained the American resources beyond *their* limits. In 1967, the United States military command was asked to stop "generating" refugees, because AID had neither the food nor the logistical capacity to feed the people who had already been removed from their land. The military command agreed, but, rather than stop its bombing raids or its search-and-destroy operations, it merely stopped warning the civilians that their villages would be destroyed. The omission of the warnings was a change that the American commanders had wanted to make for some time, because they suspected—with reason—that the enemy units were the first to take notice of them.)

By the beginning of 1968, however, it was time that mattered more than anything else to the American government in its attempt to save itself from something that might look like a defeat. Whether or not Johnson ever had any greater ambitions, it now became clear that the original war aims as explained to the American public no longer held. What had looked like an attempt to "save Vietnam from Communism" was, rather, an attempt to save American "prestige" around the world. But the opportunity for that had already passed. The leaders of other nations had already seen what a small and determined group of people could do to the United States, and were in the process of drawing their conclusions. The American war effort had, then, become almost entirely solipsistic: the United States government was trying to save "American prestige" for Americans alone, to convince itself of American superiority.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

(*This is the fourth of a series of five articles on Vietnam.*)

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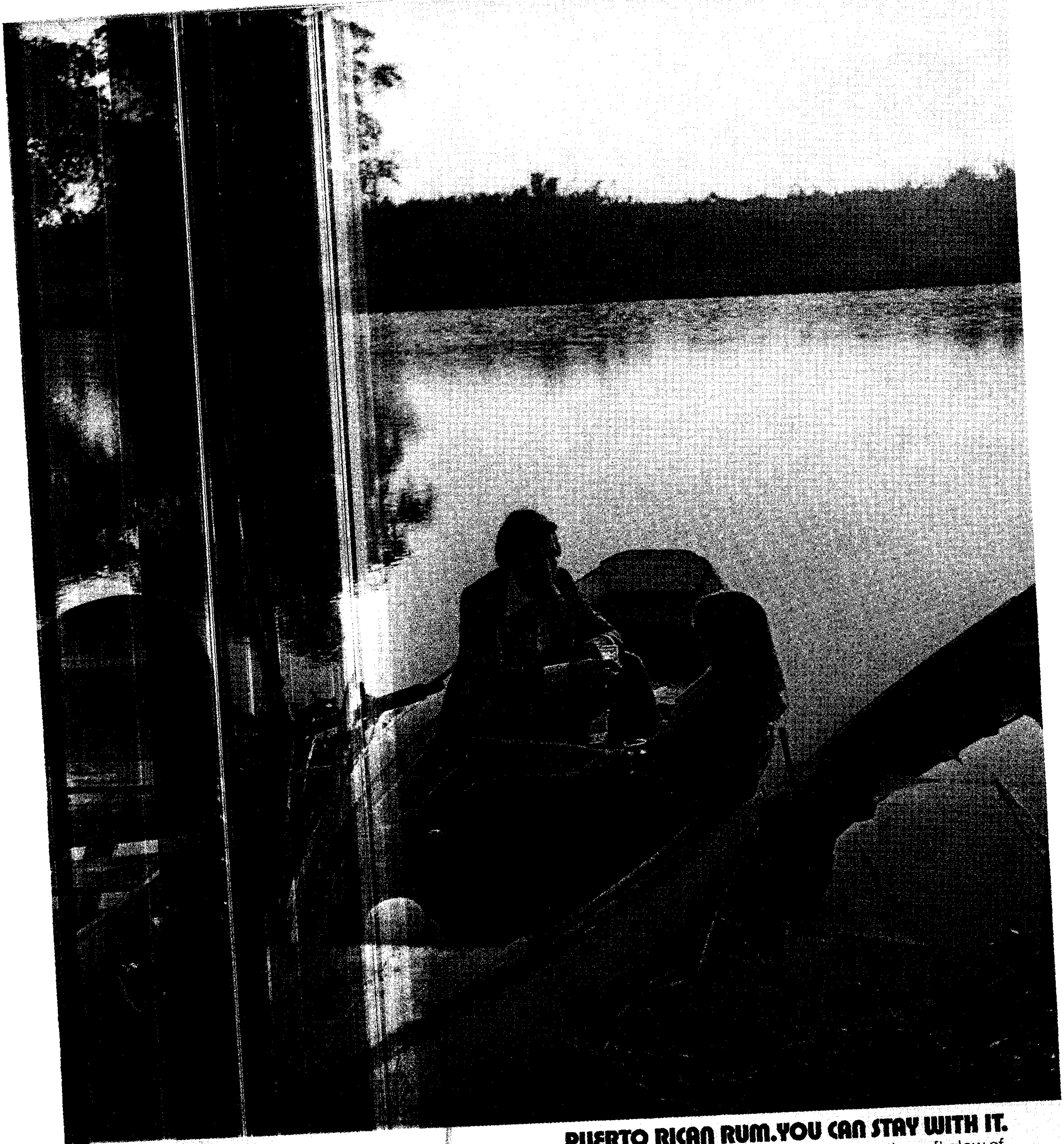

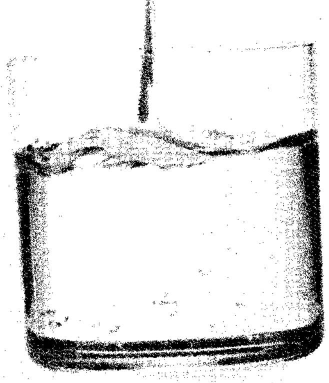

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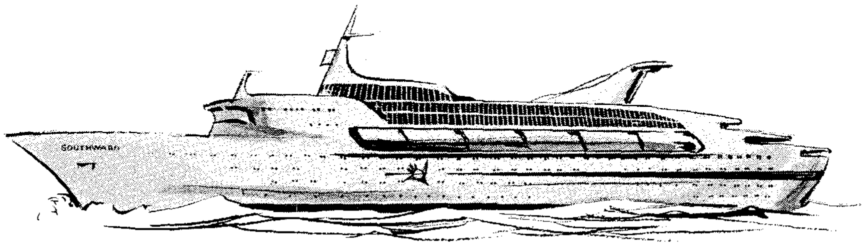

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LETTER FROM MIAMI BEACH

JULY 15

IT has been clear since 1968 that the Democratic Party as a national organization faced either extinction or radical reorganization by new leaders proclaiming new doctrine. The political future is more than uncommonly opaque, and a smashing defeat this fall could again raise the spectre of Democratic disintegration. For the moment, though, the Party has been reorganized under new, intelligent, and personable leaders and is proclaiming doctrine that can hardly be called new but has been in disuse so long that it has the appearance of freshness. As the National Convention gathered here a few days ago, it was far from clear whether the week would end in early collapse or in reorganization. When the first gavel fell, the most promising of the new leaders, George McGovern, had a slender edge statistically, but the possibility remained that those who resented reorganization and the surrender of personal and factional power might, by parliamentary devices, successfully challenge the credentials of the new delegates and for four more years keep the organization in the hands of those who had presided over its defeat in 1968. The old managers were, and in many cases still are, superb politicians; their only difficulty was that their vision had dimmed and was no longer capable of following the pace of change. McGovern and his young followers were *au courant* with change but were for the most part untested as national strategists. But this large and crucial question was settled for the most part at the first night's meeting, when the attempt of the old masters to deprive McGovern of a hundred and fifty-one of the two hundred and seventy-one delegates committed to him in the California primary was beaten back by the reformers, who, it immediately became apparent, had mastered parliamentary tactics, of the soiled as well as the pure variety. (McGovern, of course, had some veterans on his side who were doubtless of help to the amateurs moving speedily on their way to professional status.) Though there were other bridges to be crossed, it looked pretty much as if the Convention would be his from then on.

There remained, however, serious doubts about the newcomers—even among their seniors who rejoiced in their success. A certain number of them were 1968's Chicago protesters grown four years older, and while all the young people had clearly studied the books in the interim, it remained to be seen whether the rudeness and crudeness and desire to give hurt that had characterized many, if not most, of the Chicago protesters remained an element of the politics of the young—in which case their victory could prove another disaster. If one can judge by the performance at Miami Beach, the rough edges have been almost entirely smoothed off in four years. (By no means all of those still inclined to make trouble were here, of course, and Miami Beach next month, when the Republicans show up, may be as ugly as Chicago in 1968.) Despite the resort-town setting, which is anything but unconducive to rowdiness, this was the most decorous political convention in living memory and, according to some students of such matters, compared favorably with gatherings of the Epworth League. There were here and there some bizarre costumes but nothing that could have seemed out of the way to anyone who has travelled much around the country in recent years. When kind words were now and then spoken for the stricken George Wallace, they drew no audible disapproval. There was courtesy and consideration to spare. There was no more shouting than was necessary to be heard in crowded quarters. There were here and there a few crazies, but they were observers exercising their Constitutional privileges, not participants in the solemn rites. An ugly scene appeared in the making when some young militants banded together and marched on the Doral Hotel, McGovern's headquarters, demanding to put some hard questions to the Senator. Despite Secret Service disapproval, McGovern left his room in the hope of giving them satisfaction, which it seems he more or less did. After a few exchanges on the war and on drugs, they left quietly and in good order. Nothing seriously disturbed the impression that Miami Beach was full of young people who wanted to create a civilized society in a civilized fashion.

Although before the Convention there had been much talk about new ideas, new policies, new approaches, there were really few, if any, of these. George McGovern had circulated a plan for reforming welfare and the tax structure in order to bring about a genuine redistribution of wealth, but economists who shared his aims along with those who did not felt that it was ill-conceived in even the simplest arithmetical terms, and the sympathizers promised to work out something that was economically sound as well as socially desirable. As things stand now, there is little in the platform that promises novelty along with the hope of congressional approval. McGovern's promised cutbacks in defense spending and troop deployments overseas differ scarcely at all from suggestions made several times each year for the past several years by Mike Mansfield, the Senate Majority Leader, who has got nowhere. Most of the criticisms of the Nixon Administration were made by others years ago, which, of course, invalidates none of them—and substantiates none, either. McGovern has been described and describes himself as a

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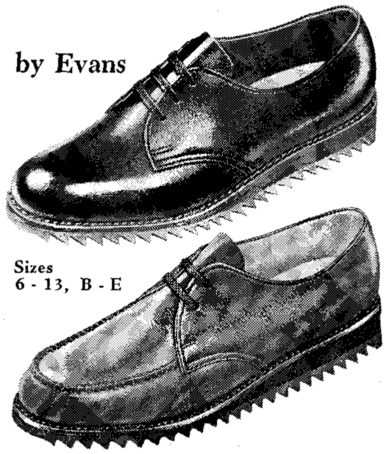

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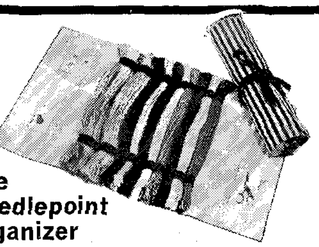

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"Populist," but there have always been Populists around, and there are plenty now; he and most contemporary ones (George Wallace excluded) differ from their predecessors mainly in having shed the racial and religious bigotry that once was thought of as part of the doctrine. By and large, McGovern is in the mainstream of modern economic liberalism and stands alone mainly in a sense of commitment rarely encountered nowadays, and in his passionate campaigning against our involvement in Indo-China. It may also be said that he stands almost alone in his amiability, his sense of enjoyment of his profession, and a manner so forthright that it seems to exclude any capability for duplicity or deception. Many of the same things, it would seem, may be said of his running mate, Senator Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri.

The Democrats appear to have pulled themselves together again, to have chosen attractive leaders, and to have offered the kind of program that has always appealed to large numbers—though not always a majority—of Americans. They offer themselves to a manifestly tired, confused, and disenchanted country, whose domestic and foreign undertakings offer little hope of early success. The Democrats far outnumber the Republicans in registered voters, and the newly enfranchised young are at least to some degree more heavily Democratic than Republican. (This, at least, is the common view. The statisticians seem to have reached no clear consensus yet, and many reputable ones are inclined to believe that the new voters will swell the rolls but leave the balance of power unchanged.) Yet it is very far from certain that the Democrats will prevail. The smart money seems to be on the Republicans, and it is possible to argue plausibly that the Democrats have achieved unity at the expense of power. For every bright-eyed boy and girl who sat as a delegate here occupied a seat that normally would have gone to someone who had occupied it before and had given many years of hard work for the good of the Party. Almost every black was an upstart who found himself casting the vote normally cast by some white who customarily gave orders on the plantation or in the union hall. We will be a long time learning whether in 1968 the reform movement strengthened the Democratic Party as an election machine or weakened it by breeding resentment among the organization men. For years, it has been taken for granted that the Democrats could win a national election only when their urban bosses put their backs into the effort. Very few have been on hand here this week, and one cannot help supposing that their enthusiasm for a ticket they had no part in choosing and a platform they had no part in drafting will not inspire the zeal they displayed in their years of power. It may be that a half-dozen graduate students from the University of Chicago will prove more than a match for Mayor Daley, but Jimmy the Greek is not the only one who has his doubts about this. Every political student society in the country could pool its resources for McGovern and Eagleton and still have only small change to match the contributions George Meany is capable of rounding up. Since the nomination, a few labor leaders have come out for McGovern, and it is hardly conceivable that many of those who don't will support Nixon, but there are as yet no signs that McGovern can get the help from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. that most Democrats are accustomed to having. McGovern has every reason to expect most of the Negro and Mexican-American vote, but registration figures for these minorities remain low, and the Party claims to lack the funds to launch a really large-scale registration drive.

Then, there is the question of the Richard Nixon that McGovern will be trying to unhorse in November. Two years or so ago, it seemed safe to say that any Democrat with an I.Q. of 103 or better could beat Nixon without lifting a hand. Nixon had invaded Cambodia to no avail. He was getting nowhere with Congress. Inflation had begun to threaten, and unemployment was mounting. Word had not reached the streets that the President opposed crime in them. The Vice-President was energetically antagonizing Americans at the rate of several thousand a day. It seemed so likely that Richard Nixon would be a one-term President that some political scientists suggested he might find discretion the better part of valor, as Lyndon Johnson had in 1968, and announce his withdrawal rather than accept defeat. Suddenly things changed. Cambodia was such a flop that he got out in a hurry, and the whole affair was quickly forgotten. He started pulling American troops out of South Vietnam at a rate most gratifying to parents, wives, and offspring. Then the ping-pong players went to China, and Nixon announced that he planned a visit there himself. Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai smiled on him, and more troops came home. He invited the People's Republic to join our gang, the United Nations, and it accepted with alacrity. It used to be thought that the American people disapproved of this, but then it turned out they thought it was great. Then he went into the Communist world from the other side—Moscow—where he exchanged friendly greetings and made a few deals to advance peaceful coexistence. The troops kept coming home on schedule or a bit ahead of it. We stepped up our bombing of Laos and North Vietnam, and while we lost a few men and aircraft that way, the troops kept on coming home. Now, as Nixon starts to fight for a second term, the country thinks the war is pretty well over—as, indeed, it may soon be if the Communist powers decide they'd rather keep Nixon in office than deal with some former bomber pilot named McGovern. The economic system shows little in the way of improvement, but Nixon's standing shows a good deal in the way of improvement, and there is absolutely no doubt that in an election held this week McGovern and Eagleton would be crushed. And they will be crushed in November if things are in the same relative balance then as now.

A weakness, perhaps unavoidable, of the Democratic Convention was that everyone acted as if the election were imminent rather than four months away. For all his charm and his several skills, McGovern came to national attention as an anti-war man, and that was the basis for his rise to nomination. This would not mean much, though, if Nixon and his Communist friends decided that the war really should be over and would be over before November, and a troopship sailed into San Diego bringing home all our P.O.W.s the same day that an announcement was made that all our ships and planes were heading eastward from Indo-China. Stranger things have happened, though rarely. McGovern and other anti-war candidates would have to wrest what they could from a recently dead issue and from others still alive. A dramatic ending to the war would probably be impossible to overcome. Of course, the likely alternative—continuation of the fighting at its present level of intensity—could still be made a large issue, despite the withdrawal of the ground troops. A skillful group of politicians should be able to persuade the American people—those who still need persuasion—that what we are doing now is morally and politically no more defensible than what we were doing before we introduced "Vietnamization." It is sparing the lives of Americans but probably taking those of others in num-

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bers greater than ever. It is costing us a bit less, but the money saved will, unless we get some new Administration that is really serious about altering priorities, go right back into weaponry and other military expenses. With his keen sense of the issues, Nixon might have to promise to divert some share of the Vietnam "dividend" to social uses, but he wouldn't find this easy, for he has encouraged Melvin Laird to frighten us all with warnings of the need to step up research and development if only to be able to keep abreast of the Soviets as we talk arms limitation and peace with them. And, of course, it seems unlikely that any of the major economic issues will go away between now and November.

In any event, there were very few spokesmen at this Democratic Convention advocating military victory, and once again the Democrats have clearly been able to pull themselves together as a national party—even if they fail to recapture the White House. One of the chief anti-McGovern arguments heard here is that if he lost because the war had ended or seemed about to be ending, he would drag down all the rest of the Democratic state and local candidates with him. Henry Jackson, the poorest loser here, repeated this several times at press conferences as an anti-McGovern argument and found some way of working it into every public statement he issued. But more and more in recent years the electorate has made sharp distinctions between national tickets and lesser offices, and only overwhelming Presidential victories—Roosevelt's in 1932, Johnson's in 1964—bring about overwhelming changes in Congress and in the statehouses. Eisenhower's victory in 1952 was accompanied by a Republican victory in Congress, but in the three congressional elections that took place during his popular Presidency the opposition prevailed. McGovern's most fervent supporters do not look for a landslide, and if they manage to get, as they hope to, a modest victory, the balance of forces in the legislative branch is likely to remain about as it is—the same thing being true if Nixon is returned, even by a somewhat more impressive margin than in 1968. What this suggests is that neither man will have an easy time institutionalizing the large-scale reforms he believes necessary if the country is to deal with its major disorders and discontents. It is possible, of course, that McGovern may revive Populism and lead a whole parade of Sons of the Wild Jackass into public office with him; he somehow doesn't seem the type, but perhaps the times are with him. On the other hand, the prospect of Populists in power may seem scary, and Nixon may change the coloration of Congress by bringing forward, with the help of John Connally, a new group of conservative and circumspect representatives of Middle America. But the record suggests a fairly close contest for the White House, accompanied by very little in the way of congressional change and followed by very little in the way of early social change.

◆

Until a couple of months ago, most analysts took it for granted that George Wallace and his American Party would be as active in this year's struggles as in 1968. His following is not known to have suffered any shrinkage in recent years, and his performance in the primaries he entered, and even in some he did not enter, was impressive and, to those who despise his views, frightening. While he was hospitalized after the attempt on his life in May, there was doubt whether he would emerge physically able to function as a public figure. But when he left the hospital in a wheelchair, partially paralyzed but with a mind as alert as it had ever been and a faith in his rightness quite unshaken, there seemed no reason he could not take up where he had left off. He flew back to Montgomery to keep his franchise in the statehouse, then came here, apparently ready to resume the battle. (Franklin Roosevelt had won five elections from a wheelchair.) But the show he put on in no way compared to what had been expected of him after his primary victories. It was possible to get hold of a Wallace bumper sticker or straw hat, but little was heard from him, and his troops were a straggling band. Some slight, harmless variations of his rhetoric found their way into the platform, and everyone was generous in expressing sympathy and hope for full recovery, but by week's end it was clear that he was out of it as a Democrat, and probably as an independent, too. It is hard to see now what this may portend for November. Most analysts during the sixties had seen Wallace as hurting the Republicans, who had been trying to build a real base in the South, more than the Democrats, who had been losing most of it for years. On the one hand, the white, upward-mobile Southerners—those who had been counted upon to build up the Grand Ole Party—have been well served by Nixon and should stay with him; on the other hand, the old slogans of Populism had nowhere been as well received as

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by the poor whites in the South, and, as for the blacks, a McGovern Administration would surely be more zealous about civil rights than the Nixon Administration has been. Senator Eagleton stands well with the civil-rights leaders—as he does with George Meany and many other labor leaders—and the Democrats may once more have a chance. There is still time, of course, for Wallace to return to the fight, but, from the appearance of things now, he will stand aside for the time being. (It took Roosevelt the better part of a decade to get back into shape for hard combat.) It is possible that there will be a real two-party campaign in the South this year.

IF convention politics is ever again to become a real spectator sport in this country, something drastic will have to be done about its scheduling. The networks have been reasonably generous with their time, and the parties have shown their good sense by cutting out demonstrations, cutting ritual almost as far as it could be cut, reducing the number of speeches, screening out the certifiable bores, and putting a premium on brevity. Even so, the Democratic Convention gave the impression of being staged mainly for insomniacs and citizens of Hawaii. Nothing of public interest or importance ever seemed to happen before midnight, and many important speeches were heard long after that hour. Changes have to be made. It is an ancient and perhaps indispensable custom for nominations to be seconded. But seconding *speeches* are dispensable in most organizations; they serve no purpose except the vanity of the speakers and might serve even that purpose as well if mimeographed and handed out for breakfast reading. Balloting time could be greatly improved if entrusted to honest and decorative computers. If, as is almost never the case, there are dramatic episodes in and around the convention hall, they can be filmed and clips of them can be aired on news shows at reasonable hours. (Chicago in 1968 was an exception, but the riots were, wisely on the part of the demonstrators, held in prime time—a foreknowledge of this perhaps explaining Mayor Daley's no-parking orders to the mobile television units during riot time.) By and large, the 1972 Democratic Convention at Miami Beach was an orderly and moderately interesting affair, but around the country only night creatures are in a position to attest to this.

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OPEN HEART, by Frederick Buechner (Atheneum). This sequel to Mr. Buechner's previous novel, "Lion Country," brings back the Southern evangelist Leo Bebb and his friend Antonio Parr, who is now married to Bebb's daughter, Sharon. The narrative begins in Texas, where a funeral is held for Bebb's benefactor, Herman Redpath, and moves to Connecticut, where Antonio teaches English in high school and is experiencing certain difficulties in his marriage. It is a puzzling narrative, laden with scatological humor and hints of significance in banal things. Antonio says to us, "I have a feeling it's the in-between times, the times that narratives like this leave out and that the memory in general loses track of, which are the times when souls are saved or lost." Later, he says, "All our lives that summer were less like a book that ends and more like a comic strip where episode follows episode without ever getting anyplace in particular."

THE WATER-METHOD MAN, by John Irving (Random House). Our hero is Fred (Bogus) Trumper, a soundtracker employed by a New York underground filmmaker. Bogus has an unusual birth defect that requires him to drink glasses and glasses of water before and after making love to his girl friend, named Tulpen. He has other problems, too: an Old Low Norse Ph.D. thesis, which he will have to go back to Iowa to finish; a wife and child, who are living in Maine with an old pal of his; and a flipped-out diabetic friend named Merrill Overturf, whom he last saw tearing through Vienna in a 1954 Zorn-Witwer. The novel flips back and forth through Bogus's life as if it were telling three or four stories at once, and it's often three or four times as funny as most novels. The trouble is that the book gradually loses its grip on reality. Bogus ends up as a lovable soup-head telling us that life is just great.

EAT OF ME, I AM THE SAVIOR, by Arnold Kemp (Morrow). Mr. Kemp's first novel is an extended fantasy of violence, having to do with a charismatic black leader, the leader's principal disciple, and the disciple's return to Harlem after serving seven years in prison for killing two of the leader's assassins. Shootings, beatings, insults, brutal sexual encounters, revolutionary declamations—all these facts of life somehow become muddled in the story, which wanders about in a manner that seems borrowed from the author's acknowledged Inspirator, Norman Mailer. The only thing one wants to encourage here is Mr. Kemp's energy.

18/44, by Étienne Leroux, translated from the Afrikaans by Cassandra Perrey (Houghton Mifflin). This short book takes the form of monologues delivered by a forty-four-year-old hack writer, Mr. Y, and addressed to four women in his life, or perhaps in his mind: his thin, aristocratic, consumption-racked aunt; his six-foot, deaf, manic-depressive Teutonic wife; his nymphlike Russian fantasy-love; and his eighteen-year-old correspondent, Miss X. Miss X and Mr. Y: eighteen and forty-four, 18/44—an unimportant year (the writer observes), but soon to be 1945. Well. Like other dazzling and fantastic books, this one probably has more than meets the eye, but that's all there is to be said at the moment.

GENERAL

O CONGRESS, by Donald Riegle, with Trevor Armbrister (Doubleday). Mr. Riegle is a young Republican representative from Michigan who has recently been in trouble with his own party for opposing President Nixon on a variety of issues, from the war to the economy. He kept this diary for publication in order to help voters learn about the House, how it works, and what a representative's life is like, and Mr. Armbrister, a professional writer, edited the journal into a readable, informative book. Mr. Riegle is outspoken but not vindictive or ill-tempered. His own experience in Congress has been costly, since his perpetual busyness led to a painful divorce, followed, in the course of this book, by a hopeful second marriage. He makes us see the strains that nowadays seem inescapable for men trying to be good legislators: what with studying unfamiliar issues and new bills, helping one's constituents, and politicking, there is simply too much to do. Mr. Riegle is not self-pitying as much as—what he set out to be—illuminating.

MEDITATIONS ON HUNTING, by José Ortega y Gasset, translated from the Spanish by Howard B. Wescott (Scribners). The first appearance in English of an unusual anthropological study by the late Spanish philosopher. Ortega is entirely concerned, as the title declares, with hunting, but his ideas, as always, have broader implications. He begins: "The life that we are given has its minutes numbered, and in addition it is given to us empty. Whether we like it or not we have to fill it on our own; that is, we have to occupy it one way or another. . . . The animal is given not only life, but also an invariable repertory of conduct. . . . His life has never been empty, undetermined. But man is an animal who has lost his system of instincts." At this point, he notes that original man—instinctual man—was a hunter. He then goes on to discuss the essence of hunting, its total absorption of mind and body, its atavistic reverberations, its animalistic fulfillment, its tonic immersion in nature. "By hunting," he writes, "man succeeds, in effect, in annihilating all historical evolution, in separating himself from the present, and in renewing the primitive situation. . . . He succeeds in diverting himself and in distracting himself from being a man"—from the emptiness of the human condition. Paul Shepard, visiting professor of environmental perception at Dartmouth College, contributes an appreciative introduction, and there are drawings by Lewis S. Brown.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, by Howard Teichmann (Atheneum). Mr. Teichmann, who collaborated with Kaufman (1889-1961) on "The Solid Gold Cadillac," his last hit, met Kaufman at the end of his life, when the great days were over. This book, subtitled "An Intimate Portrait," is not a conventional biography, nor is it particularly intimate; it is an arrangement of facts and anecdotes about a wit who never missed his mark, a fine playwright and expert director, a husband, son, father, friend, and lover, and, as a special bonus, an absolutely splendid fellow. Mr. Teichmann's writing doesn't amount to much, but that turns out not to matter. Once launched, the story is completely taken over by Kaufman, who continues even posthumously to give his audience its money's worth.

A POPULIST MANIFESTO: THE MAKING OF A NEW MAJORITY, by Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield (Praeger). This brisk book calls attention to the appalling persistence of exploitation in this country, and offers political solutions (anti-trust action for one, tax reform for another) to reduce the staggering inequalities that leave large numbers of Americans sick, uneducated, and—perhaps worst of all—simply ignored. All or any of the authors' prescriptions may be questioned on grounds of political feasibility or economic effectiveness, but their forthright diagnosis is mostly undeniable.

THE DUEL: DE GAULLE AND POMPIDOU, by Philippe Alexandre, translated from the French by Elaine P. Halperin (Houghton Mifflin). This long yarn about the battle for succession waged inside the French government during de Gaulle's Presidency is fascinating—surprisingly so, since it tells a lot about a number of French politicians who do not mean much to Americans. The reasons for the book's success are literary. M. Alexandre, a journalist, is interested in character and in the different ways that men respond to one another and to outside events. He is persuasive, portraying a tenure of office that must be called a reign, along with a reign's concomitants—councillors, counsellors, and courtiers, and all their loyalties and intrigues. He writes with considerable detachment yet conveys with remarkable force the actors' passionate involvements. The translation is top-notch.

THE BARRIER AND THE BRIDGE, HISTORIC SICILY, by Alfonso Lowe (Norton). For anyone interested in the cultural club sandwich that the island of Sicily represents, this handy little volume should be very valuable. It is not precisely a history, but it notes countless facts of historical interest; it is not precisely a guidebook, but it can serve as a superior one. Mr. Lowe has obviously been over practically every square foot of the island and delights in correcting misinformation found in traditional guidebooks. He is full of knowledge about pre-Christian influences—for example, that the ceremony of the "*incontro*," in which a statue of the Virgin is carried in a parade to meet a statue of her Son, is a remnant of an earlier ceremony in which the goddess Demeter was carried to meet her long-lost daughter Persephone. And he proves his points: In

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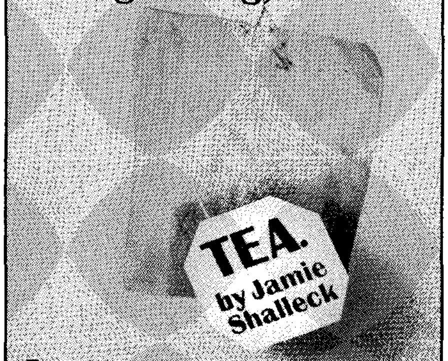

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the cathedral of Enna, there is an archaic statue of Demeter holding Persephone that once did duty as a Madonna and Child.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SOMETHING UP A SLEEVE, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Another smooth Lockridge tale of gruesome but soundless violence in New York City in the hot summertime. As the story opens, Bernard Simmons, red-haired boy wonder of the D.A.'s office, witnesses the murder of his old friend and adversary Abe Levinsky. There is a chance that Abe was murdered because he was on his way to visit Bernie, and there is also a chance that he was mistaken for Bernie. Abe, for the defense, and Bernie, for the prosecution, have both been deeply embedded in the peculiar J. Stanley Martin trial, in which high society and hoodlum society are thoroughly entangled. Bernie's romance with a very pretty and very sensible girl named Nora Curran adds respite to this fast story at the moments when respite is needed.

BONECRACK, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). Mr. Francis's title may be taken literally: an arm, a leg, a collarbone; also several similarly maimed race horses. The scene (as always in the best Francis thrillers) is an English training stable and all the famous racecourses just over the horizon. The action revolves about the determination of a doting Mafia-type father to seat his horsy son on the horse being groomed by the stable for the Derby, and the pace is fast enough to satisfactorily blur the presence of any number of absurdities.

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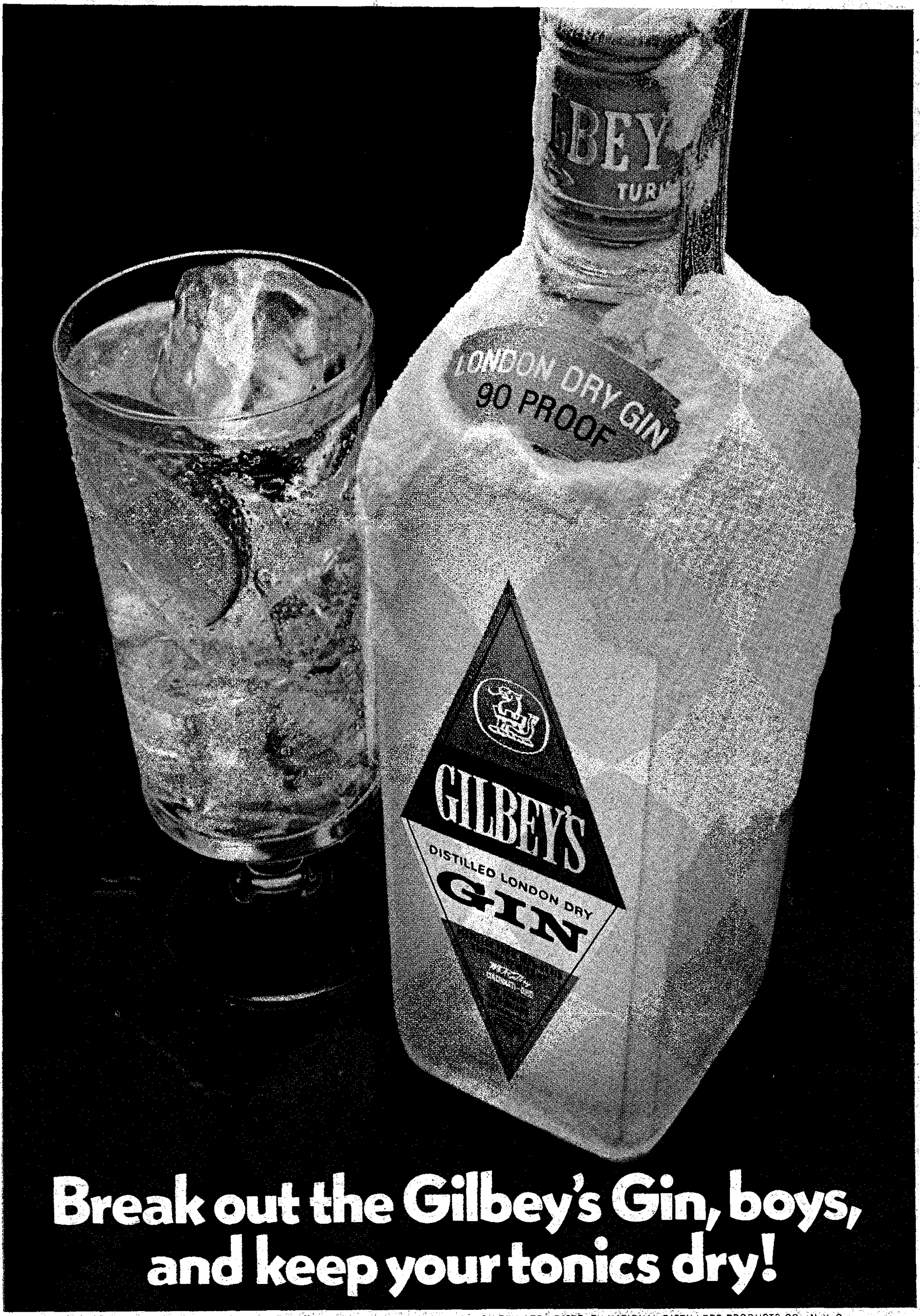
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